This Week

November 25, 1950

Cover Drawing by Arno

Features

Page

THE PIED PIPER OF VIDEO
By Robert Lewis Shayon..... 9

MELVILLE: OUR FIRST TRAGIC POET
By Robert E. Spiller.....24

THE LAST WORD
By Melville Cane.....26

SRL RECORDINGS FOR DECEMBER.....55

Reviews

THE HINGE OF FATE
Reviewed by Crane Brinton.....12

A PLAN FOR PEACE
Reviewed by Lewis Mumford.....13

OPERATION CICERO
Reviewed by Merle Miller.....14

THE EPIC OF KOREA
WHY WAR CAME IN KOREA
Reviewed by Arthur L. Grey, Jr.....15

COUNTY CHRONICLE
Reviewed by Walter Havighurst..16

THE SILVER HOOK
Reviewed by Josephine Lawrence..17

BEST ARMY SHORT STORIES
Reviewed by Ray B. West, Jr......17

THE FAMILY MOSKAT
Reviewed by Nathan L. Rothman..18

MY LIFE IN MUSIC
Reviewed by Carleton Sprague Smith 28

TWO CENTURIES OF BACH
Reviewed by Arthur Mendel.....29

THEY ALL PLAYED RAGTIME
Reviewed by Wilder Hobson.....30

POPSKI'S PRIVATE ARMY
Reviewed by Henry B. Kranz.....36

THE GOVERNMENT AND POLITICS OF CHINA
Reviewed by Harold M. Vinacke...38

THE CHOICE
Reviewed by Albert Z. Carr.....39

SMERSH
Reviewed by Hal Lehrman.....40

Departments

TRADE WINDS
By Bennett Cerf..... 4

LITERARY CRYPT.....18

EDITORIAL 20

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.....22

NEW EDITIONS
By Ben Ray Redman.....25

MUSIC TO MY EARS
By Irving Kolodin.....27

LITERARY I.Q. 30

SRL GOES TO THE MOVIES
By Hollis Alpert 32

TV AND RADIO
By Goodman Ace.....34

THE CRIMINAL RECORD.....44

BOOKED FOR TRAVEL
By Horace Sutton.....46

DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 870.....54

THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, published weekly by the Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 W. 45th Street, New York 19, N.Y. E. De Golyer, Chairman of the Board; Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Norman Cousins, Vice President; Amy Loveman, Secretary; Nathan Cohn, Assistant Treasurer; Robert A. Burghardt, Acting Advertising Director; Jay Woodruff, Advertising Director of Recordings Section; Bert Garmise, Circulation Director; Ray Goodman, Circulation Manager. Subscription $6 a year; $7 in Canada. Member of Audit Bureau of Circulation. Printed in the U. S. Vol. XXXIII, No. 47, November 25, 1950. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office in New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature." Entire issue copyright 1950 by Saturday Review Associates, Inc.

OXFORD
UNIVERSITY PRESS
Publishers of Fine Books for over Four Centuries

"Ars longa vita brevis est"

The Story of Art
By E. H. GOMBRICH

A vivid and fascinating picture of the great periods of our artistic heritage. "A good general presentation of art developments from prehistoric cave paintings to Dali . . . of value to those wishing a simplified introduction to the subject." —*Chicago Tribune*. 370 illustrations, 21 in full color. $5.50

Layman's Guide to Modern Art
By MARY C. RATHBUN *and* BARTLETT H. HAYES, JR.

This astonishing book makes modern art understandable by explaining pictures *with* pictures, plus text. "For those to whom modern art is confused and unintelligible, here is a book which makes everything crystal clear."—*Boston Herald*. 100 illustrations, 17 in full color. $4.00

Six Centuries of French Master Drawings in America
By REGINA SHOOLMAN *and* C. E. SLATKIN
Foreword by CHARLES STERLING

A superb volume containing 140 masterpieces of French drawing selected from this country's outstanding public and private collections. Full catalog data and other information for each drawing, followed by critical notes. "Definitely one of the finer art books. The quality of the reproductions is first rate."—*Washington Post*. $7.50

PHAIDON ART BOOKS

THE PAINTINGS OF HANS HOLBEIN	206 plates, 6 in color, and illus. in text.	$8.50
DÜRER AND HIS TIMES	170 plates, 8 in full color.	$6.50
PAOLO UCCELLO *The Complete Work*	110 plates, 3 in full color.	$6.50
MICHELANGELO PAINTINGS	109 plates, and illus. in text.	$5.00
MICHELANGELO SCULPTURES	150 plates.	$6.50
TITIAN *Paintings and Drawings.*	336 plates, 8 in full color.	$6.50
STUDIES OF ITALIAN RENAISSANCE SCULPTURE	250 illustrations.	$12.50
BOTTICELLI	103 plates, 14 in color.	$6.00

At all bookstores

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
114 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 11, N. Y.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRADE Winds

SHARES OF Book-of-the-Month Club common stock will soon be listed on the New York Stock Exchange, along with General Motors, U. S. Steel, Dupont, and Standard Oil of New Jersey. In the over-the-counter market BOMC shares have fluctuated in recent months between eight and ten, but promotion to the big board often provides a fillip both to the rate of trading and the bid and asked price of a security. . . .

Another success story: George Hecht is celebrating his twenty-fifth anniversary as a member of the Doubleday organization, having risen from lowliest of clerks to exalted and undisputed Pooh-Bah of the twenty-four Doubleday retail bookshops (and Silly Putty headquarters) in less time than it took one of Horatio Alger's legendary heroes to promote a job shining shoes on a Staten Island ferry boat. More success and more outlets for you in the years to come, George! And more books and fewer phonograph records in your beautiful windows! . . .

THERE'S ANOTHER anniversary being celebrated in San Francisco this month. The famous old Palace Hotel opened its doors seventy-five years ago, and since that time closed them to the public only once—when the 1906 quake and fire gutted the establishment and sent a distinguished guest, Enrico Caruso, fleeing panic-

stricken into Market Street with a bath towel draped around his otherwise naked torso and an autographed picture of Theodore Roosevelt clutched tightly in his arms. The Palace register includes the names of Sarah Bernhardt, Lillian Russell, Oscar Wilde, Mark Twain, Carrie Nation, Vanderbilts, Rockefellers, Koshlands, Morgans, Krochs, Wimpfheimers, Carnegies, Harrimans, and Kaisers. Presidents Harrison, McKinley, T. Roosevelt, and Taft slept there, and President Harding died there. *Fortnight* magazine relates that General Ulysses S. Grant entered the lobby in triumph one evening, but a Chinese waiter, leaning over the balcony for a look-see, spilled a loaded tray directly on the General's noggin. It is hoped that no such untoward incident will mar the gala dinner planned to celebrate the Palace's seventy-fifth birthday. I rely upon Clarence Lindner, publisher of the *San Francisco Examiner*, to supply me with all the details. At a recent Banshee luncheon Mr. Lindner disclosed the fact that he is a graduate of P. S. 10, Manhattan, and, as such, eminently qualified to

share in and report the carryings-on of the country's elect. . . .

THE EXPOSE of the fabulous forgeries of Thomas J. Wise, respected English bibliophile; the bowdlerizing of Hawthorne's journals; the peculiar circumstances surrounding the death of Marlowe; the discovery of Wordsworth's illegitimate daughter, and the analysis of ingenious and complicated codes and ciphers are all dealt with in "The Scholar Adventurers" (Macmillan), by Richard D. Altick, professor of English at Ohio State. There is also a chapter describing the uncovering of Boswell's papers, though Joseph Henry Jackson is authority for the statement that these discoveries now have come to an end. By this time, says Joe, there's no place to Malahide. . . . The Jackson note arrived in the same mail with a message from Washington, announcing the arrival of a very effeminate Indian at the nation's Capital. He calls himself Homo the Brave. . . . William Saroyan has changed publishers again. His new novel, "Rock Wagram," the story of a man's "rise from bartender to movie idol," will appear on January 2 under the imprint of Doubleday. . . . Another spring Doubleday headliner will be Ethel Waters's life story, "His Eye Is on the Sparrow," already earmarked for distribution by the Book-of-the-Month Club. Miss Waters is one of the very great ladies of the American stage, and her uninhibited autobiography will bring tears to the eyes of anybody who loves the theatre. . . .

ONCE IN A LIFETIME an opportunity is afforded a modest book publisher to dazzle a high-powered movie publicist in Hollywood. To Allan Ullman, trigger man of the Random House sales-promotion staff, befell such a rare and heady moment recently. A frantic phone call from M-G-M revealed the fact that Dore Schary's "Case History of a Movie" was sold out in every bookshop in Hollywood, and that six copies were needed instanter in the home office. "Rush them first-class mail, special delivery," pleaded the M-G-Missary. "Random House does not cope with emergencies in any such archaic manner," said Ullman loftily. "We'll send you the copies by special messenger. They'll be in your office at ten tomorrow morning." "You don't understand," cried the bewildered movie executive. "I'm calling from Culver City, California." "Of course, I understand," Ullman assured him. "You're simply not used to Random House service." Then he hung up. Sure enough, the six copies of "Case History of a Movie" were delivered personally at M-G-M the following morning. Secret: Irving Ash, big-time Beverly Hills insurance expert, happened to be sitting at Ullman's desk when the call came through. He also happened to have remarked that he was boarding a Stratoliner for Los Angeles that evening. . . .

C. S. HAMMOND & CO., one of the country's oldest map-publishing firms, have followed the lead of Baker & Taylor and moved their plant to Maplewood, New Jersey. Publishers probably will find it obligatory to continue maintenance of editorial headquarters in the heart of New

York, but there is no reason why they can't move manufacturing, shipping, and bookkeeping units to the suburbs, where rents and labor costs are lower, and there are fewer traffic snarls to cope with. Watch this trend continue—with several publishing houses combining operational forces to keep down their overhead. . . . Margot Johnson, formerly with Ann Watkins and the A. & S. Lyons agency, will

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE LIFE WORK OF

"an all-time titan" —N. Y. TIMES

SELECTED PLAYS OF BERNARD SHAW

Volume I

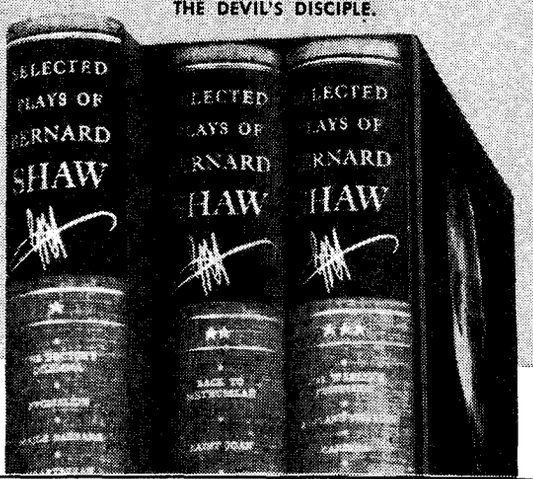
THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA • PYGMALION • MAJOR BARBARA • HEARTBREAK HOUSE • THE MAN OF DESTINY • ANDROCLES AND THE LION • CAPTAIN BRASSBOUND'S CONVERSION.

Volume II

BACK TO METHUSELAH • YOU NEVER CAN TELL • JOHN BULL'S OTHER ISLAND • SAINT JOAN • IN GOOD KING CHARLES'S GOLDEN DAYS.

Volume III

MRS. WARREN'S PROFESSION • MAN AND SUPERMAN • CANDIDA • THE DARK LADY OF THE SONNETS • CAESAR AND CLEOPATRA • ARMS AND THE MAN • FANNY'S FIRST PLAY • THE DEVIL'S DISCIPLE.



TWENTY GREAT PLAYS with their famous Prefaces, comprising the outstanding dramatic work of Shaw. In three volumes, uniform in binding and printed in the beautiful Ayôt St. Lawrence typographical format. Each volume 6¼ x 9 inches.

Available singly or as a set
Each volume $5.00

At all bookstores **DODD, MEAD**

☛ **Have you read Shaw's *Sixteen Self Sketches* . . . a characteristically unconventional autobiographical work, with 24 pages of uniquely Shavian photographs never before published?** ***At all bookstores, $3.50***

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MORROW

The famous military analyst — and author of THE GERMAN GENERALS TALK, etc. — gives realistic answers to such urgent questions as:

- *Is war with Russia inevitable?*
- *What would the war be like?*
- *Could cities — even nations — survive?*

B. H. LIDDELL HART

DEFENCE OF THE WEST

Fighting men and diplomats rate Capt. Liddell Hart as one of the greatest military analysts of our time. WINSTON CHURCHILL: "He has immensely stimulated technical and professional thought." GENERAL GUDERIAN, chief of German Armoured Forces: ". . . the best analytical brain in the world." GENERAL PATTON: "I have been nourished on his books for twenty years."

$4.00 at bookstores

head the newly-created literary department for Bernard L. Schubert. . . . David Appel, book editor of the *Philadelphia Inquirer*, has a new book on the spring list of the World Publishing Company. It is called "Comanche" and tells the story of a famous horse—the lone survivor of "Custer's Last Stand." World also will publish "F. Scott Fitzgerald: The Man and His Work," edited by Alfred Kazin, uniform with John McCaffery's book on Hemingway. . . . Jim Forrestal's diaries will be published in book form by Viking. . . .

GROUCHO MARX told Ken McCormick, "I find television very educating. Every time somebody turns on the set I go into the other room and read a book.". . . Irving Hoffman has discovered the present whereabouts of the fellow who used to tear telephone books in half: he's art director at *Flair*. . . . Russel Crouse, asked to perform his celebrated "Shuffle Off to Buffalo" dance routine at an after-theatre party on Fifty-second Street, begged off with this novel excuse: "I'd love to oblige but, unfortunately, I changed my name to Ray Bolger, and am now vacationing on the Pacific Coast.". . . Emily Kimbrough remembers the chairman of a ladies' club who introduced her by declaring, "Miss Kimbrough is our only speaker today. The rest of the program is entertainment." . . . Chris Morley observes, "A man who has his initials on his pajamas must be uncertain of himself. Surely you ought to know who you are by bedtime.". . . A famous American novelist met an Italian friend in a cafe in Venice. One round of drinks followed another, with the Italian finally passing out across the canal and under the table. Boasted the novelist, "I'm the first Middle Westerner who ever drank a Venetian blind!" —BENNETT CERF.

This Is Living

By Fern Maddox

TO COME to a strange land,
And know it is home;
To smell and recognize
Pungent odors not unfamiliar;
To feel, and hold in your hands,
The leaves and tufts of grass . . .
The rocks, and mountain water . . .
To hear words not heard before
Yet speaking their tongue;

To come a far distance
And find rest;
To know it is good,
Believing our pattern undiffused,
Is living.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Announcing The New American MERCURY

December 25 Cents

FACTS
ESTAL CASE
S OLD MAN
XOTES
INDMILLS
Huie

CREDO · from the First Issue

THE NEW MERCURY will offer battle to most of Mencken's old adversaries as well as to some new ones. Mencken impaled a few; but others have prospered and proliferated. The boobs have become bureaucrats; the censors have become commissars; the yahoos have been marshaled into pressure groups. The Common Men have joined the armies of those who specialize in millenia; and these armies are threatening the individual man wherever he makes a stand.

Now, perhaps even more than in the Twenties, is the time for those who value the human personality to assail those who would persuade men to become slaves so that they may sooner enjoy water closets and burial insurance...

Since Mencken's Mercury there has arisen this massive Cult of the Common Man; and this cult has seduced young men, even young writers with its material blandishments. Men are now reveling in commonness—it is supposed to be a virtue...

...Against this cult we shall array as many young authors as we can find; for if there is to be hope in the world again, there must be a new realization that the business of a man is to aspire to be exceptional.

There is an aristocracy among men: an aristocracy of will, work, intelligence and character. On them depends whether the human procession advances or retreats. So instead of encouraging young Americans to relax and enjoy their commonness, we shall invite them to strive again.

...We shall encourage men to become different again. We shall urge races of men to cherish their racial characteristics, and we shall hope that individual men will dare to become Characters again.

...We shall cry a new crusade of intolerance. Not racial intolerance nor the intolerance of difference, but the intolerance of bores, morons, world savers and damn fools.

...Since Mencken's Mercury, too, we have had the Cult of the Happy. There is a paper shortage today. A man can't find enough paper to wrap up a good bottle of whisky because of all the books that have been printed telling folks how to Get Happy.

The new Mercury is opposed to Happiness: the happiest creatures in the world are pigs lying in a wallow.

...We are more interested in manners, morals and the arts than in politics, but we can't avoid politics because it is here that the individual man is suffering his most appalling defeats. We can assail boobs and censors only by invading their bureaucratic fastnesses.

...Not all the censors, however, are in the government. Every little pressure group has hirelings who are reading copy, ready to bedevil and boycott. The new Mercury will be a magazine which can chuckle at censors—can tell government censors, pressure group censors, advertising censors, even subscriber censors—can tell them all to go censor themselves...

...Surely, with taxes as they are, and with the atomic cloud hovering over us, free men should not be denied such little diversions as giving hot feet to pomposity and jabbing hat pins into fat bottoms.

...The new Mercury will be a hopeful magazine. We believe that we may live to see the banner of freedom unfurled on a Ural mountain-top. And we believe that young Americans, rejecting the vice of mass thinking, will, like Mr. Dos Passos, come to understand that "this country was not founded to furnish offices for politicians, or to produce goods and services, or handouts of easy money. This country was founded to make men free."

William Bradford Huie
Editor

HIGHLIGHTS OF THE DECEMBER ISSUE

Don Quixotes Without Windmills
Untold Facts in the Forrestal Case
Life in the European Jungle
An Early Show, *A Story*
Tribulations of a War Correspondent
A Plan for a UN Police Force
This Mortal Coil, *A Story*
To Europe for $100
As the Fingersmith Said to the Glue
We Are Kidding Ourselves in Japan
Can Truman be Educated?
The Americanization of Emily
Antiebiotics Hit the Doctor's Wallet

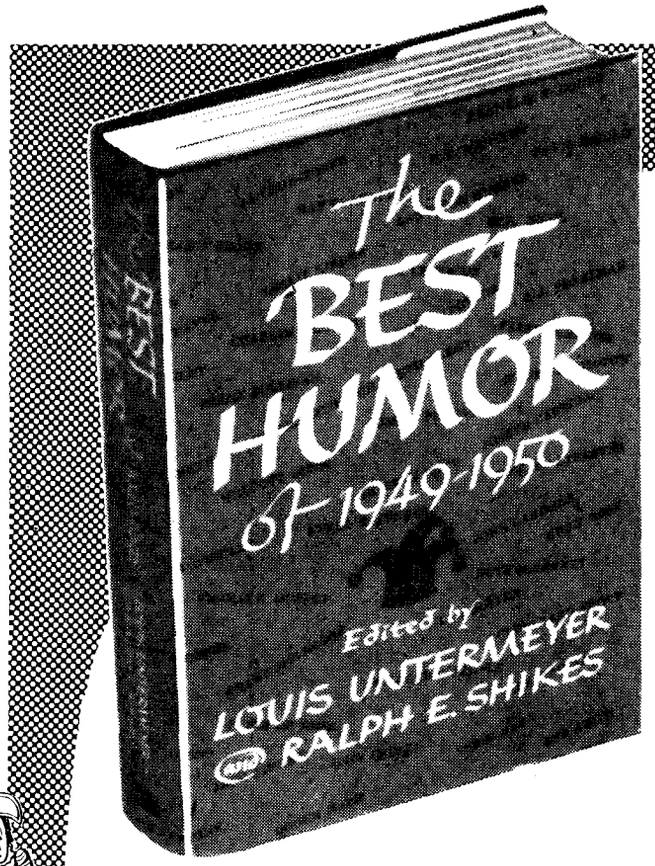
Also regular departments: *Books, Movies, TV and Radio, Theatre, Down to Earth, and Draughts of Old Bourbon.*

NOW 25¢

at Leading Newsstands
or $3 a year by subscription to
32 East 57th St., New York 22, N.Y.

The New American MERCURY

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Loaded with laughter!

THE Best Humor OF 1949-1950

Edited by LOUIS UNTERMEYER and RALPH E. SHIKES

The arrival of this cargo of laughter is a great event. For not only is it a wonderful example of how outstanding such a book can be when its editors are past masters of the art of mining the best work from a lavish lode of material, but it is the first of a projected series of annuals for the many, many people hungry for relaxing good humor.

The editors selected the choice gems of humor in *The Best Humor of 1949-1950* from more than a thousand articles and short stories, over one hundred books, and countless columns. Contributors include Robert Benchley, Frank Sullivan, Robert C. Ruark, John Crosby, Parke Cummings, Arthur Kober, Ogden Nash, S. J. Perelman, Red Smith, Wolcott Gibbs, Billy Rose, and dozens of others.

"In a glum era of few real laughs, Untermeyer and Shikes have managed to assemble a wonderful evening's entertainment . . . eminently readable . . . I hope *The Best Humor* becomes an annual event."—Sterling North, *N. Y. World-Telegram & Sun*

$3.00

AT ALL BOOKSTORES

HENRY HOLT & COMPANY

"Magnificent merriment"

—N. Y. Times

"A hilarious hike through the ages . . . Will Cuppy's last laugh is his best."—*Chicago Tribune*

"Sly and subtle humor . . . like an old crony poking you in the ribs."

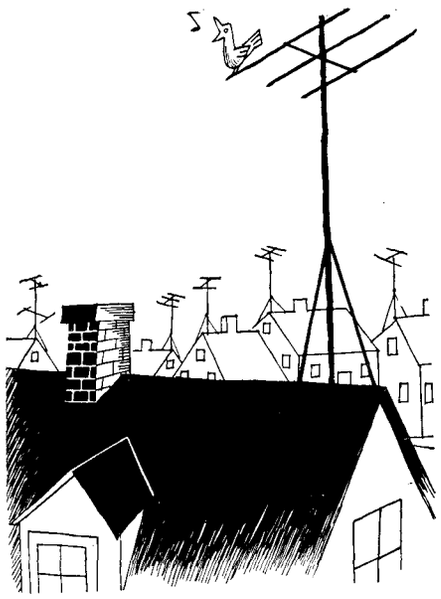
—Saturday Review Syndicate

"Inimitable . . . other humorists insist on hitting you on the head. Cuppy merely tells you something funny."—*Book-of-the-Month Club News*

WILL CUPPY'S THE DECLINE AND FALL OF PRACTICALLY EVERYBODY

With more than 50 drawings by WILLIAM STEIG, $3.00 **2nd Large Printing**

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The Pied Piper of Video

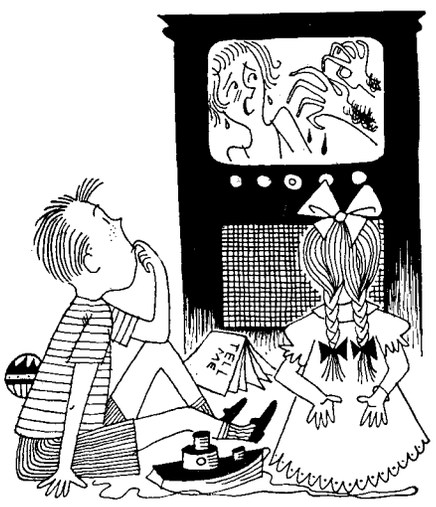
ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON

—Paul Cordes.

Robert Lewis Shayon

The Mayor was dumb, and the Council stood
As if they were changed into blocks of wood,
Unable to move a step, or cry
To the children merrily skipping by.

THE PIED PIPER is back. In Hamelin town the wandering fellow wore a gypsy coat of red and yellow. In New York, Fort Worth, Los Angeles, and at all points along the coaxial cable he comes disguised as a television transmitter. His cunning witchery is piped through air channels which it is estimated will reach 13,000,000 sets by the spring of 1951. And once again the Piper hasn't lost his charm. The children still come running "merrily after the wonderful music with shouting and laughter." (The Piper, it seems, has always been a mass communicator, whether his messages were aimed at rats, bats, moles, toads, scorpions, or tots.)



Unlike the burghers in Robert Browning's poem, however, who, by the river Weser, "could only follow with the eye that joyous crowd at the Piper's back," twentieth-century parents between the Atlantic and the Pacific are quite vocal in their viewing-with-alarm. Expressions of horror at the allegedly evil effects of television upon our children, dire prophecies, urgent calls to action rise in unremitting chorus from parents, teachers, editorial writers, Government officials, bankers—yes, even advertising executives!

The Cassandra chorus is not the only one heard, however. Television has its disciples, as well as its opponents. They are as enthusiastic as "the Hamelin people ringing the bells till they rocked the steeple," when the Piper had cleared their city of its rats.

Television's admirers don't rock steeples but they do hail the new medium as the greatest this, the most wonderful that, the unlimited everything, according to their particular interest: salesman, educator, propagandist, artist, or parent needing a perfect baby sitter.

No one, of course, quarrels with great expectations. Indeed, television has already fulfilled many of them with telecasts from the United Nations, coverage of elections and the opening night at the Metropolitan Opera, and a fair number of artistic and worthwhile entertainment programs. But we are not concerned here with television's virtues. Let us examine the grievances that dissenters lay at TV's expanding screen, report the arguments made in its defense, and then have a word from the learned experts who use sound research methods to arrive at useful conclusions.

First the demurrers. Here is an excerpt from a typical poll taken in Evanston, Ill., by Professor Paul A. Witty of Northwestern University: "Parental disapproval [of television] stems from a feeling that programs are too violent, too sensational, too stimulating, and include too many Westerns. A surprising number of persons who do not yet own TV sets look upon television with something very close to terror."

A UNITED Parents Association survey in New York City indicates that the heaviest concentration of child viewers of TV is in the five-to-six-year age group. The tiny ones watch television four hours a day! Effect? The UPA finds "less interest in active outdoor play, arts and crafts, interference with eating habits, emotional well-being."

Parental concern is not limited to parents who have no connection with the broadcasting industry. *Tide* is the magazine for advertising executives. Advertisers control television. Each month *Tide* canvasses a panel of 200 leaders in advertising, marketing, public relations, and related fields. On March 31, 1950, the Leadership Panel surveyed "TV & Kids." It reported: "There is strong evidence that panel set owners do not consider television an unmixed blessing in the home, at least in respect to its impact on children. A heavy majority (67 per cent) believes that viewing cuts into children's reading and study time sufficiently to be detrimental to their education. One states bitterly that he must eat dinner in the dark so the family can watch TV. Another hails the medium as a great boon to manufacturers of cowboy suits and toy guns but denies it any other virtue."

A letter from a teacher, Mrs. Leland H. Merrill, of Melrose, Mass., is worth quoting at some length: "Since 1927 I have maintained a private school for children of three to six years. About

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the middle of November [1949] my assistants began to observe a change. The children 'got television.'

"Any toy that has any possible resemblance to a gun becomes one in the free play time; a group barricades itself in the doll house; another group, armed to the teeth, gallops up and attacks them. For several days I found drawings all done by the same artist and complementing some conversation which we had heard about 'the Clutching Claw.'

"The children are tired nervously, physically, emotionally, and mentally; they show the effects of eye-strain; they have acquired erroneous ideas, and their minds are so completely engrossed by television that they have no capacity for learning.

"They have no sense of values, no feeling of wonder, no sustained interest. Their shallowness of thought and feeling is markedly apparent, and they display a lack of cooperation and inability to finish a task. Could this be the result of passively sitting and watching? Or are minds and bodies alike too tired?"

The defenders of television disagree with its critics about some of its alleged evils and assert that time will take care of its admitted defects. For every poll indicating that students suffer poorer grades in school because of excessive TV viewing they present another which shows the opposite.

Samplings, they maintain, are still too isolated and too small to be conclusive. And if excessive viewing should be found to be directly responsible for a drop in marks, improved parental discipline will remedy this, they confidently expect. TV's upset of eating and play habits will also be adjusted in time, they hold.

AS FOR television's effects on children's emotional well-being and taste, this is part of the larger, continuing controversy over the mass media which time does not end nor the years abate. TV is merely the newest battleground—admittedly the most crucial because it combines the appeals of movies and radio, is easily accessible to the child, and it is difficult to control his viewing of it.

Actually, what effect do mass media have on a child's emotional well-being and taste? After years of patient research the experts can tell us little that is definitive, one way or another.

Wilbur Schramm, director of the Institute of Communications Research at the University of Illinois, reviewing the effects of mass communications in the *Journalism Quarterly* for December 1949, sums up a recent authoritative principle this way: "In general, the large amount of escape and entertainment material on the mass media does not change people's interests or behavior patterns, but is rather used in accordance with existing interests and behavior patterns. (That is, persons who have a great deal of social awareness ordinarily select more of that kind of material, less escape material, from the mass media. Persons who have less social awareness select more escape material. *Whether the escapist content of the mass media encourages social apathy is not known.*)"

It would seem, then, that what television can do to your child will depend on what your child is and what you are educating and guiding him to be before he looks at television. What part television will play in that shaping is—for the social scientists and, paraphrasing Winston Churchill,—a guess wrapped in a conjecture hidden in a speculation.

What are the important facts about our children's viewing of TV?

The first important fact is that children see more of all TV's output—including the programs for grownups—than grownups do.

The second important fact is the agreement among all observers that children's viewing is "excessive."

Another important fact is that teenagers seek in television contact with the grown-up world; they seek to know and learn and participate, to achieve status.

These needs are easily detected in a survey compiled by Miss Anita Titine Sire, a high-school teacher in New York City. Miss Sire asked 200 students ranging in age from fourteen to seventeen to write about television. Here are some of their replies, together with Miss Sire's comments:

"The practical instructions appealed to many. A girl learned to play the ukulele. Sheila learned to dance.

"Travelogues and news were highly praised. They saw celebrities whom they never expected to meet. Stephanie commends the ballet and Paris modes. Sports seemed very popular. Students felt that they were present at the event.

"Eli is astonished. He predicts the end of the theatre. A hand stretches out and gives him a soft-drink bottle. He wishes it were so.

"Rita says she doesn't have to read but 'can look and learn.' Eugene finds that a set gives the house an air of distinction.

"Among the programs the opera was outstanding. Broadway shows were well liked, the comment being they

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

were unlikely to be seen otherwise."

Miss Sire's teen-agers' praise for TV is not unalloyed. Witness the following:

"Some find comedies, mysteries, and variety shows stupid, silly, boring, even dangerous. Gloria finds the boxing and wrestling ugly. Stanley's neighbors all walk into the house, sit down, and you have to give them something to eat. When they leave, you have to clean the house.

"Father doesn't mend the fence and mother doesn't do the housework. They lose interest in good books and the theatre. The family is often not in agreement on the choice of programs. This leads to arguments. They eat too fast because a certain program comes on at eight o'clock.

"Aaron doesn't like the advertising, but another boy says, 'You see it and you want to buy it.' Miriam cannot knit, sew, or read. There are educational shows, but these are the shows that students don't watch."

Apparently, our teen-agers, like their elders, know well the shortcomings of the new medium. And yet — unlike dissenting adults — they watch it avidly. They may be repelled, appalled, offended — but they are fascinated.

Children below the teens seek in television to satisfy the same hungers as the adolescents — even to a greater degree, it is suggested, because they are subject to more restrictions than their elder brothers and sisters. This greater amount of restriction seems to develop special needs in this age group for freedom, adventure, excitement.

Florence N. Brumbaugh, director of the Hunter College Elementary School in New York City, asked 375 children between the ages of seven and eleven to complete this statement: "If I could choose only one, it would be (books, comics, movies, radio, television) because—" Television won, hands down, of course. Books, surprisingly enough, ran second. Here are some views of seven-to-eleven-year-olds on TV:

"Some of the children said that instead of spending their allowances for the movies they now used the money for 'snacks' to serve their friends who came in after school for the television programs. 'At the movies,' wrote one boy, 'they make a fuss if you eat popcorn or peanuts, but at home you can have a whole meal while you watch.' "

At home the figures of the usher or the movie nurse—stern symbols of the adult, authoritarian world—do not loom above the TV screen.

"Marc sums up his reasons for liking television best in a matter-of-fact fashion. 'It gives you stories like a book, pictures like movies, voices like radio, and adventure like a comic. Television has action while you stay in one spot.' "

To a child TV is freedom — Marc's own private four freedoms!

"Nettie, who gives the impression of perpetual motion at school, must settle down now and then at home. Listen to her reasons for liking TV:

"If I had to choose one, it would be television because many times before I got it I would say, 'Mummy, can't we go to the movies today?' And the answer usually was, 'No, the weather's too bad.' Or, 'No, I have to go shopping.' But, now that we have television, on the rainiest of days who wants to go to the movies when I can watch a cowboy film? Another thing, at night I have an excuse for staying up late. 'Just let me see the end of this film.' 'Well, just this once,' says my mother every night. If I didn't have television, do you think I could find something to do every night?"

How can you miss the hint of a vacuum in Nettie's life?

THERE isn't much representation of children under seven in these polls. Isolated samples of their response run to this typical form: "I like television because you can see what is happening" — and, to make sure you see the point clearly, the youthful author of the sentence repeats it with slight variation, in the best advertising manner, thus: "I like television better than radio because you can see what is happening."

What would the tiny ones say if they knew how? Miss Brumbaugh puts it as well as any adult can: "The four-year-old can turn a knob and get a picture that is better than one in a book because it speaks to him. A six-year-old is not troubled by hard words that he cannot sound or guess so that both find satisfaction in television and can spend long periods watching the screen."

Knowledge, adventure, excitement, contact with the grown-up world, status, freedom from restriction — these, then, are all our children's important emotional needs. To satisfy them they follow the Pied Piper television. They follow him "excessively."

There can be only two conclusions: The first is that apparently television, like all other mass media, does not really satisfy these hungers of our children. If it did, they would not sit for long periods passively before screens in a patient, fruitless vigil of search and unfulfilment. The reason for this is plain: television cannot satisfy these hungers; it is not a genuine experience but merely a substitute for genuine experience.

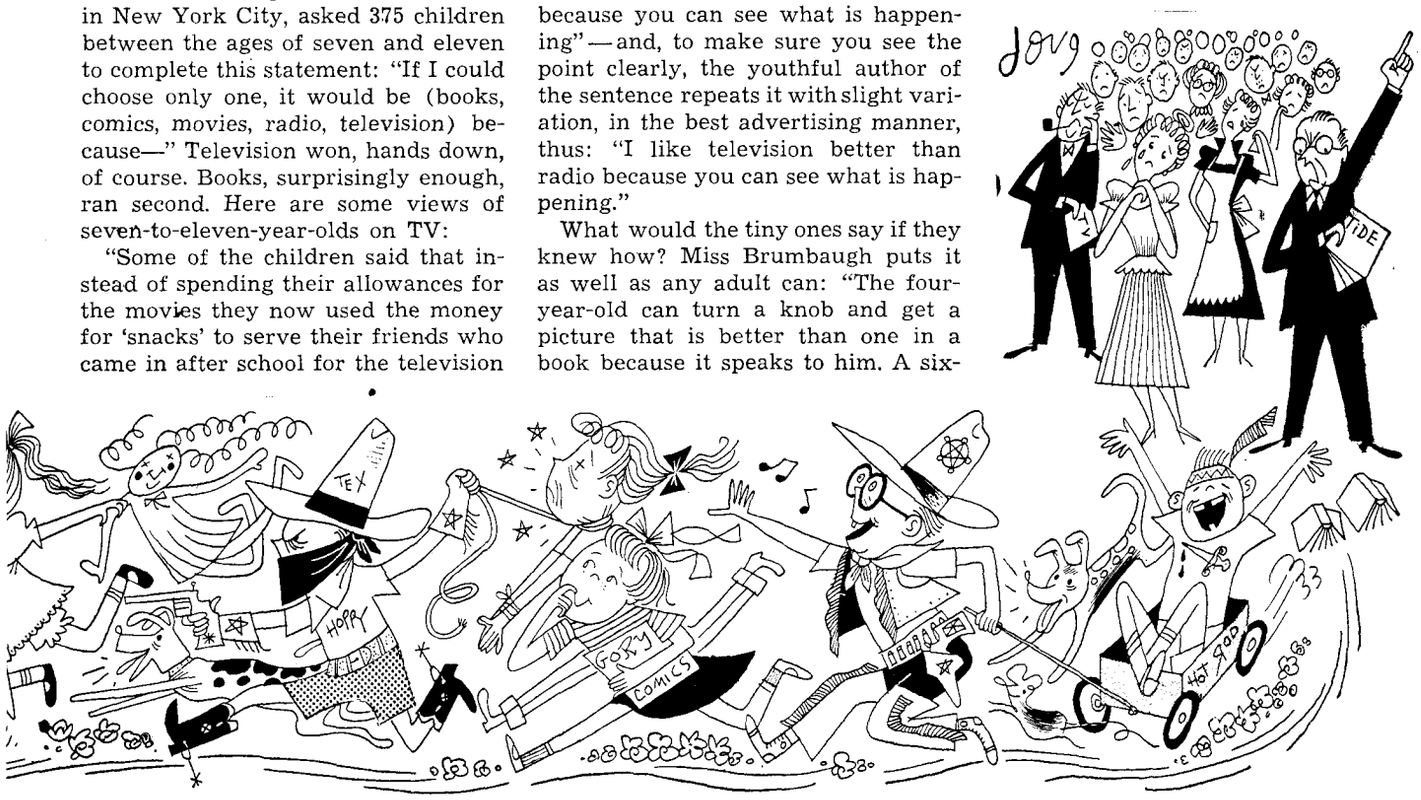
The second conclusion is that our children's emotional needs, these days, are "excessive."

Why are they "excessive"? The social scientists offer two main theories. The first may be called "the aggression theory."

The "aggression theory" holds that children innately possess something which we call the spirit of liberty. In order to fit them into our civilized society we train them. Training requires discipline, prohibitions. Improperly applied, these curbs result in frustrations which express themselves in open or secret hostility.

The theory also holds that there is

(*Continued on page* 49)



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The World.

Half of the books we review here this week are contributions to the still uncompleted history of World War II, the other half background material for what may very well become World War III. Winston S. Churchill's "The Hinge of Fate" is the second volume of the wartime British Prime Minister's memoirs to appear this year, the fourth in his ambitious project. Moyzisch's "Operation Cicero," Peniakoff's "Popski's Private Army," and Sinevirsky's "Smersh" provide melodramatic footnotes to the recent war that should be read with just a soupçon of skepticism. Turning to the current hostilities, both A. Wigfall Green's "Epic of Korea" and Robert T. Oliver's "Why War Came in Korea" provide fresh insights, but George M. McCune's "Korea Today" [SRL *June 22*] *remains the best book available on the subject. Grenville Clark's "Plan for World Peace" suggests a way we may possibly avoid World War III.*

A Change in the Struggle

THE HINGE OF FATE. By Winston S. Churchill. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1,000 pp. $6.

By CRANE BRINTON

THE UNCOMMON reader who begins Mr. Churchill's memoirs of the Second World War with this fourth volume need only be assured that this work is one of the major pieces of writing of our time, that it is essentially contemporary history based on the kind of access to documents only a man in Mr. Churchill's position could have, that it is written with all the historian's skills Mr. Churchill has acquired in a long life of handling men and words with at least a corner of his eye on history, that it is not that mythical thing a "definitive" history of the war of 1939-45, but the nearest to such a definitive history we are likely to get for a long while.

Churchillian fans need only to be assured that in this volume their hero is fully up to his usual form. They can be sure of this from the very preface:

> I have called this volume "The Hinge of Fate" because in it we turn from almost uninterrupted disaster to almost unbroken success. For the first six months of this story all went ill; for the last six months everything went well. And this agreeable change continued to the end of the struggle.

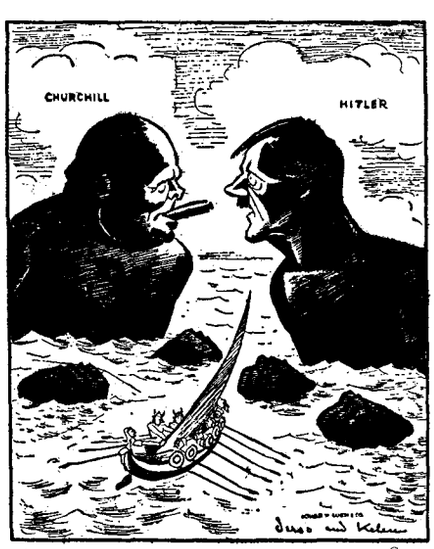
They can be equally sure from the touch at the end of the book where Mr. Churchill tells how very stupid German agents in Lisbon in June 1943 signaled home that a short, thickset man smoking a cigar had entered the London plane. On the assumption that the man was Churchill, the Germans shot down the plane with fourteen civilian passengers, among them Leslie Howard. Mr. Churchill was indeed in the Mediterranean area, returning from a conference with General Eisenhower on the final arrangements for the plan to invade Italy. But only the unreality of a spy melodrama could see the British Government allowing Mr. Churchill to fly home by daylight in a neutral commercial plane from Lisbon. He and his party actually made a wide circle at night and got home safe. "It was," he adds characteristically, "a painful shock to me to learn what had happened to others in the inscrutable workings of fate."

"The Hinge of Fate" begins with Mr. Churchill's return to Plymouth in January 1942 after the Washington conferences that followed Pearl Harbor and ends with his return from the Mediterranean in June 1943 with "Africa redeemed." In this volume, with Japan and the United States really in the shooting war the story becomes, if possible, even more complex than in the previous volume. Now there is war in the Philippines, Hong Kong, Malaya, the Dutch East Indies, the whole Pacific. In the U-boat war it comes close indeed to our own inviolate American shores.

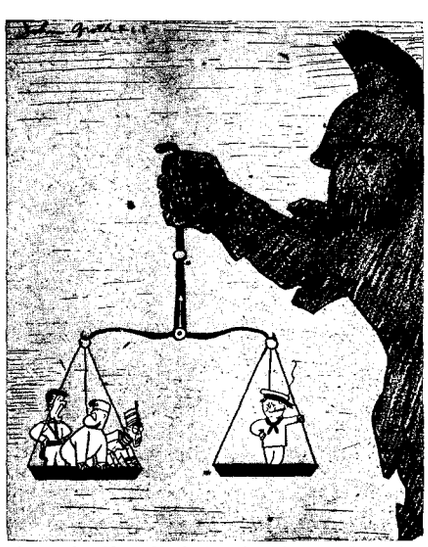
Mr. Churchill manages to weave these varied strains of analysis and narrative together in an intelligible and often moving whole. His gifts for clarifying complex situations come out especially well in his analysis of the most confused events of the first few days after the Allied landings in North Africa. He is tactful, as always when he really wants to be tactful Nevertheless it is crystal clear that he found Roosevelt's policy toward the French unrealistic and unwise, a series of blunders strengthened by

—© Strube.

"Determined to Resist."



"Scylla & Charybdis—Peril for the Vikings."



—Cartoons from the New York Public Library Collection.

"I Never Thought He Was That Heavy."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

what Mr. Churchill frankly calls Roosevelt's prejudice against General De Gaulle.

Mr. Churchill found our attitude toward the Chinese at least as unrealistic — though for different reasons—as our attitude toward the French. We overestimated the strength of the Chinese, perhaps, he thinks, just because we were used to quantitative judgments, and there were, of course, more Chinese than any other humans.

It must not be thought that there runs through this work any more of the I-told-you-so touch than should be expected of a great and wise, but still very human, person. Mr. Churchill is at heart a Tory, unable to believe that much will be very different from what it has been, just a bit callous toward reformers, idealists, toward the generally sensitive. But he is no lamenting Tory, no Cassandra. He has an aristocratic reticence and rather archaic touch of chivalry. He quotes here the tribute he paid in the House of Commons in January 1942—in the full tide of war —to the skill and daring of Rommel, notes that some Englishmen objected to anything good said of an enemy, and concludes, "This churlishness is a well-known streak in human nature, but contrary to the spirit in which a war is won or a lasting peace established." So, too, Mr. Churchill, though writing in the midst of the current tension between the West and Russia, though obviously abating in no sense his dislike for Communism, refuses to depreciate Russia's part in the war. In a most interesting chapter on "Soviet 'Thank You'" he shows how difficult indeed it was to get on with the Russians, how exacting and how ungrateful they were. But he does not withhold tribute to the "magnificent struggle and decisive victory of the Russian armies."

This same feeling for tact and chivalry, and a wise feeling that Americans ought not to be annoyed beyond necessity, probably explains the gentleness with which he handles Roosevelt. Certainly in this as in the earlier volumes one of the fascinating psychological problems that confront the reader is what Mr. Churchill *really* thought of Roosevelt. One guesses that Mr. Churchill was at bottom contemptuous—the word is not too strong—of what he regarded as Roosevelt's naive political idealism, and that he did not much like the odd way in which that idealism was combined with realistic political skills.

Crane Brinton, professor of history at Harvard University, is author of the recently published "Ideas and Men."

Unfreezing the Frozen Capital Minds

A PLAN FOR PEACE. By Grenville Clark. New York: Harper & Bros. 83 pp. $1.

By Lewis Mumford

GRENVILLE CLARK'S voice is one that deserves to be respectfully heeded whenever he chooses to discuss matters of war and peace. He performed signal service to his country in two world wars, first as the projector of the Plattsburg officer's training camp in 1915 and twenty-five years later as the chief proponent of the bill for universal training. The timely introduction of this second measure probably shortened the Second World War by as much as a year and possibly even saved us from defeat. Mr. Clark's military vigilance is matched by an equal understanding of the terms that will make a lasting peace possible, through the wider application of law and order in world government; and his present book, "A Plan for Peace," which begins with a shrewd military appraisal of the present situation, reflects a combination of practical grasp and far-sighted political vision that is as rare as it is valuable.

Mr. Clark's plan for peace was prepared before the Korean war began; it was presented first as a memorandum to a subcommittee of the Foreign Relations Committee of the United States Senate. Thus it was conceived at a moment when American statesmanship in war and peace had reached a low-water mark of negativism, indecision, and blind complacency. If the negativism was mainly diplomatic, arising from the false notion of achieving stability by "containment," in a series of improvised countermeasures against Russia's purposes and policies, the complacency was due to the confidence of Secretary Johnson and his advisers in the strategy of unlimited genocide, masked as "retaliation," as a means of winning a conflict against Soviet Russia: a strategy that led to the progressive dismantlement of the Navy and the Marine Corps as useless in any future military operation. Mr. Clark did not need the Korean crisis to become aware of the shocking moral destitution and the practical folly of this policy: if his judgment of probable moves in an all-out war with Russia possibly errs in underestimating Russia's capacity for exploiting the resources and manpower of Western Europe, it does so far less seriously than our Pentagon strategists for long seem to have done. But the aim of Mr. Clark's canvass of military possibilities is not to assure his countrymen of eventual victory, but to remind them how ruinous, in both physical and moral ways, victory itself would be.

—Blackstone Studios.

Grenville Clark—"a voice to be respectfully heeded."

The major effort of this plan for peace, therefore, points in the opposite direction: it is an attempt to unfreeze the frozen minds in Washington, whose increasing commitments to the cold war have kept them from even contemplating the possibility of a dynamic policy that would have, not containment and military countermeasures, but genuine peace itself as its objective. When Government leaders shrink from taking far-sighted measures, it is the duty of the people themselves, Mr. Clark properly insists, to inject fresh ideas into our policies and to push officialdom out of its established groove. One of the measures that will bring about such a change, Mr. Clark believes, is "clearer recognition and wider public discussion of the implications of a third world war."

By now it is plain that the Korean war has forced our Government to commit itself to the United Nations more wholeheartedly than it has done since the one-sided Truman policy was instituted: it has likewise revealed the suicidal nature of a military plan that lacked both the trained men and the weapons for local police actions. In both cases Mr. Clark's foresight and wisdom have been abundantly justified. There is even a possibility that Mr. Clark's memorandum, which has been in private circulation for some time, may have performed the same service on the minds of our State Department, if not of Congress, that his earlier proposals on military training did. At all events, he would doubtless be among the first to welcome the kind

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of positive leadership Mr. Acheson promised in his Assembly speech in September; and one trusts that a wide reading of his book, which should be in the hands of every responsible citizen, will provide the continuous pressure from the electorate which will overcome the inertia, the suspicion, the isolationism, and bellicose tribalism in Congress that still obstruct the road to effective world government.

I shall not attempt to summarize Grenville Clark's concrete proposals: his book is so admirably compact that the reader would do well to ponder every word he has written. But there is one matter Mr. Clark stresses, with the wisdom born of an extensive practice of the law, that cannot be emphasized too often. If we seek a peace which must eventually include Russia, it is unwise to copy the Kremlin's truculence in our public statement of the issues that divide us. Here, too, we must not let Russia dictate our response — our very tone suggests that there are nonrational factors in our own judgments as well as in Russia's. American leaders would do well to control their anger, even when they are intolerably provoked, and to use methods of conciliation and understanding, if only to prove that we are open to reason and that the peace we profess in words has its roots in our hearts and will flower readily in our actions. If our cause is not that of a selfish nation seeking domination over the weak, but the cause of all men, we shall be in no danger of appeasing aggression when we ourselves demonstrate, even by the tone of our voice, the usages of peace.

Lewis Mumford is author of "Values for Survival" and other books.

Valet-Spy in the British Embassy

OPERATION CICERO. By L. C. Moyzisch. New York: Coward-McCann. 209 pp. $2.75.

By Merle Miller

ERIC AMBLER might have clarified a few details, and Graham Greene would certainly have written a more precise prose; nevertheless, "Operation Cicero" is one of the slickest spy stories I've recently come across, and, best of all, the author *says* it's true. So does his wartime superior, Franz von Papen, then German Ambassador in Ankara. Moyzisch was an attache. Moreover, during an acrimonious debate on the book in the British House of Commons recently, Ernest Bevin said, yes, the valet of Sir Hugh Knatch-bull-Hugessen, the British Ambassador to Turkey, did photograph a lot of "highly secret documents" and sell his films to the Germans. What Bevin neglected to add was whether or not the valet, if he was a valet, might not have been working for the British all along. Is it possible the Allies wanted the Germans to see certain documents and paid the "valet" to photograph and sell them? We can only guess.

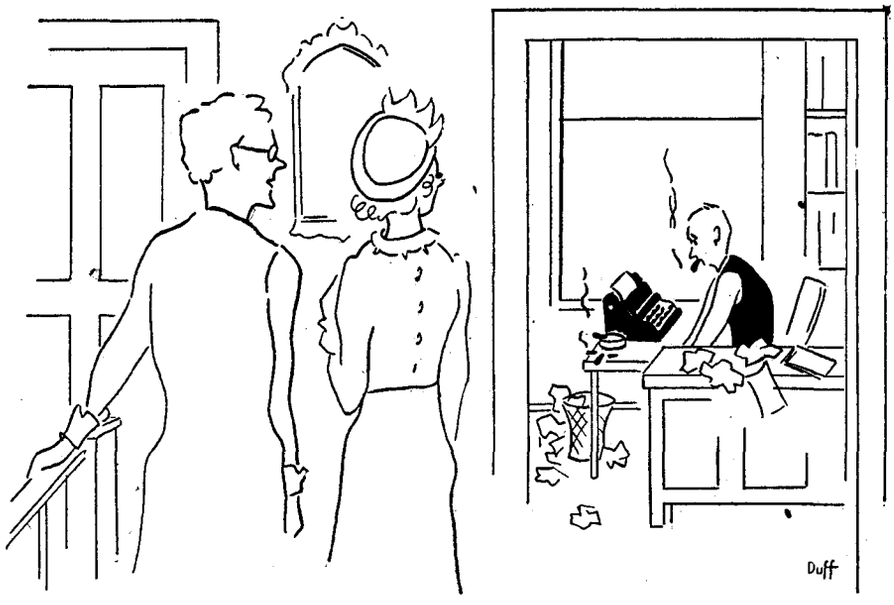
Until then we don't even know the valet's real name; he called himself Pierre, but Von Papen insisted on naming him "Cicero," because the secrets his photographs revealed were "so very, very eloquent."

Appropriately, as happens in all good spy stories, Cicero first appeared after midnight; when Moyzisch saw his face he was reminded of "a clown without his make-up on . . . a man accustomed to disguising his true feelings." The valet's offer was short and pointed. He had, he explained, access to all of the most confidential material in the British Embassy. He also knew how to use a camera ("I've spent years preparing for this day"), and he would start to work at once—if the Germans would give him 20,000 pounds sterling for his first batch of films and an equal amount for every batch that followed. When Moyzisch hesitated Cicero started for the door. If there was any disagreement, he said, he would have to find out "if they like my documents over there." His thumb pointed in the direction of the Russian Embassy.

After a good deal of haggling over price Moyzisch and the valet agreed, and, from October 1943 until April 1944, when Cicero vanished, the Germans paid him some 300,000 pounds, slightly more than a million dollars. However, assuming Cicero wasn't a double agent in the employ of the British, he probably isn't living in quite as big a house or employing nearly as many servants as he expected. Most of the bank notes he received were forged.

Anyway, Cicero said money wasn't his main interest; during that very first interview, in an outburst even E. P. Oppenheim might have considered a little too flamboyant, he blurted out the principal motivation for his treachery. "I hate the British," he hissed; Moyzisch seems to have agreed. Herr Moyzisch, it should be explained, does not appear to be a man of overwhelmingly democratic instincts; if he found anything to object to in Nazism, he has conveniently forgotten to mention it. Later, Cicero, in a moment straight out of Franz Lehar, whispered that he was Albanian and that, in his childhood, his peasant father had been shot by an Englishman in a hunting accident. If that unnamed (and possibly invented) Englishman had just been a little better shot, quite a little history might have been changed. Maybe.

Cicero's documents didn't prove of much value to the Nazis; they apparently did not understand the significance of the breakdown of the lend-lease equipment received by the Soviet Union, and later they failed to evaluate the results of the supposedly secret Moscow conference; they did not even understand the importance of the conferences at Cairo and Teheran, and nobody seemed to get very excited about something called "Operation Overlord." When Moyzisch figured out that this was the code designation for the forthcoming sec-



"Ever since they called him 'a significant voice' he's been afraid to say anything."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ond front the reply to his deductions from Berlin was both tardy and laconic. "Possible," the telegram said, "but hardly probable." Of course, there will be those readers, like this one, who will wonder how the Nazis could possibly have failed to know that a second front was coming during the spring or early summer of 1942; such a secret could not possibly have been kept, and nobody tried very hard. The only questions were precisely when the landings would be made—and where—and there is no indication in "Operation Cicero" that the valet's documents indicated either.

What's more, most of Cicero's films wound up in somebody's "in" basket, partly because bureaucrats in a dictatorship don't seem to be nearly as competent as their admirers claim, partly because half a dozen warring departments each insisted on credit for discovering Cicero, partly because the most important intelligence to be learned from the documents was that Hitler's Reich could not possibly win the war (a message the Allies could not have objected to having reiterated) but none of the Germans could admit that.

Moyzisch concludes, "The only practical use to which they [Cicero's material] were put was by the code experts." (Is it possible that the Allies wanted that particular code broken? Was it possibly a trick code?)

As might be expected, there's neither any great moral nor political message in "Operation Cicero." The author is not exactly an acute political observer. For instance, he calls Von Papen "as subtle a politician as his country produced during the first half of the twentieth century." If that's a compliment for Herr von Papen, it's about as damning a criticism of modern Germany as I've ever read.

Nevertheless, "Operation Cicero" is an entertaining book; it has plenty of pace and excitement, and, whether it happened that way or not, whether Cicero was a spy or a clever British agent, Moyzisch's account is certainly never dull. And, as happens in life, there are still half a dozen unsolved puzzles at the end. Who drove the black limousine that one moonless night pursued Moyzisch and Cicero through Ankara, then disappeared? If Cicero was really a spy, did he work alone or, as is clearly indicated, did he have an accomplice? If so, who? When and how did Moyzisch's own secretary ironically decide to sell a few secrets of her own? And, if Cicero was faithless, where is he now? In Argentina? Or, as Moyzisch indicates, "since he shared the Roman's name, did he also share his fate?" If not, is Cicero actually planning a book of his own? I'd like to read it.

—*Acme.*

"... a version of the spoils system."

In the "Generals' Graveyard"

THE EPIC OF KOREA. By A. Wigfall Green. Washington, D. C.: Public Affairs Press. 136 *pp.* $2.50.

WHY WAR CAME IN KOREA. By Robert T. Oliver. New York: Fordham University Press. 260 *pp.* $2.95.

By Arthur L. Grey, Jr.

THE AUTHORS of these two books are convinced that U.S. policy toward Korea before 1950 left much to be desired, but they are not in agreement as to what were its defects. Their divided counsels indicate that in rebuilding Korea the United Nations will be beleaguered with difficult decisions as very divergent courses of action are urged upon it.

Although Mr. Green's book does not fulfil the serious need for a good one-volume history of Korea, the first fifty pages dealing with the country's long history before 1945 are a reminder that to understand Korea requires more perspective than is to be had from a preoccupation with the past five years. However, Mr. Green is his cogent best when writing with dry irony of the 1945-48 occupation of South Korea, in which he served as the ranking judge advocate of the military courts having jurisdiction over Koreans. A lawyer in civil life, he is acrid over the discrepancy between Army methods in Korea and American standards of legal practice and civil rights.

Mr. Green is himself an Army reserve colonel, but he is frankly unimpressed by the military dictum that an officer, besides being a gentleman, can provide leadership in any kind of situation. Korea was the "generals' graveyard," where high-ranking officers took haven to preserve their wartime rank. The military government organization was top-heavy with brass but mentally a light-weight and rife with a military version of the spoils system. The onus of responsibility for this state of affairs he lets drop on the shoulders of the occupation commander, Lieut. General John R. Hodge.

> There has been considerable question as to whether General Hodge had the formal education, the personal leadership, the tact, and the international point of view required for administering successfully the military and diplomatic affairs of the United States at a Russian border. Some of his critics feel that he was in fear of the qualified officers about him. . . . Throughout his entire administration he spoke of what might happen in the event of an attack by the "enemy." His attitude definitely hastened the freezing process which turned into cold war. Despite a few anointed speeches his attitude toward the Korean people left much to be desired.

Dr. Oliver, who has been closely connected with the public relations of South Korean President Singman Rhee in this country, presents an account at least as favorable to this other im-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

perious figure in the Korean drama as Green's treatment of Hodge is unfavorable. Green deplores American apathy concerning Korea and castigates the State Department for avoiding responsibility for the negotiations with Russia and the internal administration of South Korea. Dr. Oliver criticizes American policy for not recognizing the Communist menace for what it was and hence temporizing in our support of Rhee, "one of the clearest visioned statesmen of our times."

His charges against American policy are not always sustained by the record, however. He insinuates that the State Department did not recognize the Rhee government-in-exile during World War II because it persisted in considering Korea a part of the Japanese Empire or because of a desire to placate Russia. Actually we declined to recognize the Rhee group because of its long absence from Korea and because there was no way of knowing if it had popular support at home. Moreover, at least one other faction of Koreans was also in Washington agitating for recognition. Dr. Oliver also repeats the mistaken notion that North Korea was handed over to Russia at Yalta. As a matter of fact, the decision to divide Korea at the Thirty-Eighth Parallel was not made until the time of the Japanese surrender in August 1945. That Rhee got into office despite a noncommittal attitude in Washington was not entirely the personal triumph indicated by Oliver, for he was tacitly favored by the atmosphere of terrorism and coercion described by Mr. Green.

"Why War Came in Korea" is not a candid book. Nonetheless, Oliver's treatment of the contemporary South Korean governmental system is more enlightening than Green's surprisingly superficial analysis of the South Korean constitution. Taken together, two separate passages in the Oliver book suggest a very disturbing aspect of this system. He states that the tradition of local government is the tap root of democracy in Korea, but he also reports that the President appoints key local officials. President Rhee has strongly opposed the efforts of the National Assembly to free local government from central control. Dr. Oliver also supplies a highly readable restatement of the ill-effects of the division of the country upon its economy. However, little is said in either book about North Korea, which emphasizes the scantiness of our information on that area during the five years it was under Communist rule.

Oliver feels that the one bright spot in the military government administration of South Korea was the judi-

(*Continued on page* 36)

Fiction. *Fiction-wise, the fall of 1950 is lackluster, but it shines in at least one facet—the short story. Distinguished collections by Nobel Prize-winner William Faulkner, Conrad Aiken, Walter Van Tilburg Clark, and Irwin Shaw have already appeared. Louis Auchincloss has, through a single volume, "The "Injustice Collectors" [SRL Oct. 14], marked himself as one of the most talented practitioners of the form. Notable new collections by William Carlos Williams and Paul Bowles are due within a fortnight. "Best Army Stories," reviewed on page 17, is an interesting compilation of tales by men who are soldiers by profession, writers by avocation. . . . The small but devoted following Angela Thirkell has won through her Barsetshire novels will find her new one, "County Chronicle" (see below), up to par. . . . I. B. Singer's "The Family Moskat" (page 18) shows Warsaw's ghetto before Hersey's "The Wall."*

New Prospects in Barsetshire

COUNTY CHRONICLE. By Angela Thirkell. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 311 *pp.* $3.50.

By Walter Havighurst

ANGELA THIRKELL is an enviable writer who is never in search of a subject. For thirteen years and thirteen books she has been writing about her Barsetshire people, and every new novel opens up new prospects in that chronicle. The more she writes the more she has to write about.

The title of her latest novel might apply to them all. She is writing a County Chronicle, in which there are many families to follow, many backgrounds to fill in, many threads of relationship to weave together. As one relationship comes to a satisfactory conclusion new ones are developing. The chronicle can go on as long as the author remains interested, and the most recent novel is as bubbling and vivacious as though she had just discovered the old houses and the old families of Barsetshire with their many varieties of human nature.

This panel in the chronicle begins with the sound old Marling family and the manner in which they sustain the shock of their daughter's engagement to Sam Adams, the newly rich iron manufacturer. Adams is a man of lowly beginnings, which he has not forgotten and does not fail to talk about. He has acquired wealth but not polish. Lucy Marling is a hearty girl, with a love of animals and of the fields. She sometimes startles her family by her own earthiness. Neither the family nor the neighbors

can fail to see the rightness of her marriage to the rich iron master.

Two other stories unfold in this leisurely book. Isabel Dale, Mrs. Marling's lonely and attractive secretary, finds the right man in Lord Silverbridge, though there are difficulties in the way of their marriage. Mrs. Thirkell can keep a number of things going in a seemingly artless and effortless way, and while dissolving Lord Silverbridge's difficulties she takes up the problem of the charming widow Lavinia Brandon. Bishop Joram, returned to the comforting life of Barsetshire after his years with the heathen of Mngangaland, proves to be just the man for Lavinia, and they settle happily in the Cathedral Close.

All this, of course, seems fully as long ago as Trollope. But Mrs. Thirkell does not let a reader forget that these people are achieving their happy lives despite the rigors of the welfare state. If they have bacon and eggs in Barsetshire it is because they keep their own pigs and chickens, and, thanks to the foresight of Uncle Fitzherbert, they are not wanting for fine old port and sherry. But even Barsetshire cannot be entirely free from the austerities of "that fellow Cripps." So when the Bishop's wife invited people to stay she sent a list of the rations they were to bring. The English Government is "They" in this chronicle: "After years of bludgeoning by the Germans, by life, and by Them, few women over thirty have faces that stand the light of day." Only Sam Adams, the iron manufacturer, has a good word—if it is a good word—to say for the way things are going: "Well money's still money to a certain extent if you know what to do with it."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Lawyer's Love

THE SILVER HOOK. By John Mortimer. New York: William Morrow & Co. 250 pp. $3.

By JOSEPHINE LAWRENCE

NEGLECTED women seem to gravitate naturally toward lawyers, doctors, or the clergy. These are the sources from which, their husbands having failed them, they hope to get help. And it is significant that familiarity with the complaints and confessions of unhappy wives breeds not contempt but compassion in the majority of men by whom the confessions are received.

Ransom, hero of "The Silver Hook," is a London barrister—the author is an Englishman — working mainly in the divorce courts. He sees only the ugly, sordid aspects of marriage, but he regards the persons involved, especially the women, as victims of the inflexibility of the law. His sense of protection is stirred by the pitiful dependence of clients, who allow him to lead them blindly; at the same time he cannot forget that his loyalty and allegiance are pledged to his profession. He is like a doctor who has never been able to bring himself to think of a patient as an impersonal case.

It is this touching attitude, infinitely gentle, thoughtful, and kind, that makes the character of Ransom sympathetic from his first appearance. The reader, following him through a court day, understands his anxiety for the slatternly slum girl, married at sixteen, whose husband beats her. The separation order denied, she remains a charge on Ransom's mind, because he cannot forget that the husband will continue to abuse her.

A man as sensitive as this may be expected to fall in love with a woman whose life follows the pattern so well known to him. When Ransom meets Caroline Letts, "a small, young-looking woman," she tells him her history upon the briefest acquaintance. Her adored father had failed

her in her first youth; her husband is a sadist, well on the way to going mad, and she has a two-year-old son —a child always complicating the problem of divorce.

Ransom's immediate and passionate response to her is not altogether believable, partly because Caroline fails to emerge as a clear figure. There is something faintly allegorical about her, a haunting suspicion that she may represent Something. It is obvious that Mr. Mortimer is interested mainly in Ransom's conflict—in his definitions of honor and self-respect that feed his reluctance to deny his principles, even for love.

Briefly, Ransom will sleep with Caroline, he will contemplate living with her without benefit of a legal separation, but he will not consent to her obtaining a divorce by any arrangement that cheats the law, "the system he lived to serve." Caroline bitterly resents integrity when it interferes with happiness, but her husband, devilishly intelligent, comprehends the workings of the other man's mind.

There's a happy ending, not too patently contrived, and Ransom is four-dimensional throughout. His clients are moving and pathetic in the extreme, all of them sinning against each other and in their better moments aware of the blame to be shared. The book has a nice quality of warmth. If Caroline's outline, even in her violently emotional moments, never sharpens, it may be only that she was not created to hold the center of the stage.

Highway Soliloquy

By Norma Lay

STEER, my hands; road-plot the night.
Let mirrored lights condition thought;
let all cars pass that will.

The car that's now behind, with one bland
headlight, what of *it*?
So large a glow, and yet
it holds to distance.

Pass me, Sir!
Around each curve you reappear.

What of that car? O hands
insensitive, O thought preoccupied,
pull over for the moon!

A Soldier's Pen

BEST ARMY SHORT STORIES: Winners of the 1950 U. S. Army Contest. New York: Rinehart & Co. 243 pp. $2.50.

By RAY B. WEST, JR.

THERE are times when one must distinguish between amateur and professional writing. The amateur is he who writes primarily for his own pleasure, as recreation perhaps, occasionally even as therapeutic. Seldom do such writings get into print except in institutional annuals or undergraduate magazines. Most often their only public occasions are readings before a small group of sympathetic fellow writers. Occasionally, such work appears between the covers of a thin volume issued at the author's expense by a so-called "vanity" press. Yet when this happens, the readers are again limited, usually to friends and relatives of the author who receive the book as a gift or purchase it as a personal favor. Such readers unconsciously temper their judgment, as they would in complimenting a friend who had shown better than average skill at golf, yet who would seem painfully inept if compared with Sammy Snead or Ben Hogan. Only seldom does the amateur writer achieve publication by a recognized publisher, and when he does his situation is similar to that of the amateur golfer who finds himself in the national open for the first time. He has committed himself to a standard of judgment which has little to do with his personality or his personal intentions. The professional standard is unmercifully impersonal and objective.

Most of the twelve stories in this collection from the 1950 U. S. Army contest are examples of amateur writing. This should not be surprising since they are the result of a competition among members of what I assume to be our post-World-War II, pre-Korean, peacetime Army. In other words, the authors are professional soldiers by choice (five of the twelve are majors). That a few of them achieve professional quality is more surprising than not.

The stories included in "Best Army Short Stories" were selected from more than 500 manuscripts, and three of them were given special prizes of $1,000. One of the prize-winners, "The Five Alls," by Major Franklin M. Davis, Jr., is without doubt the most expertly written story in the volume. The other two, "The Robe and the Sword," by Major Melvin B. Vorhees, and "Kismet and the Nomad Woman,"

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

by Major Gordon B. Enders, seem little if any better than "The Iron Maiden," by Sergeant Bill Fitzgerald, "Loyalty Check," by Captain Laurence Critchell, "Little Mohammed and Egypt's King," by Major Grace I. Drezmal, or "The Switchboard," by Captain Thomas H. Martin. The remainder of the stories were spoiled by affectation, sentimentality, or, in one case at least, downright bad writing. At least one of the prize-winners seemed more an example of expert reporting than of the art of fiction writing.

At first reading the most startling thing about the collection was its general tone, so different from the war stories and novels by the professional writers who were members of the wartime forces: Robert Lowry, Irwin Shaw, John Horne Burns, and a host of younger writers who have appeared in our magazines and magazine anthologies. One would like to believe that this might conceivably portend the development of a new attitude. Unfortunately, however, we conclude finally that it is a reflection merely of the standards of so much second-rate writing—a stress upon that form of affirmation distinguished most readily by the "happy ending" even at the expense of sentimentality. Too often these stories seem not to be the product of a genuine sensibility, but of a mistaken concept of what that sensibility ought to be. This is one of the marks of the amateur writer.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 388

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 388 will be found in the next issue.

ZAYBX CAY AWPX

DLYCL REFXT BXNSYG

BXXG BWS.

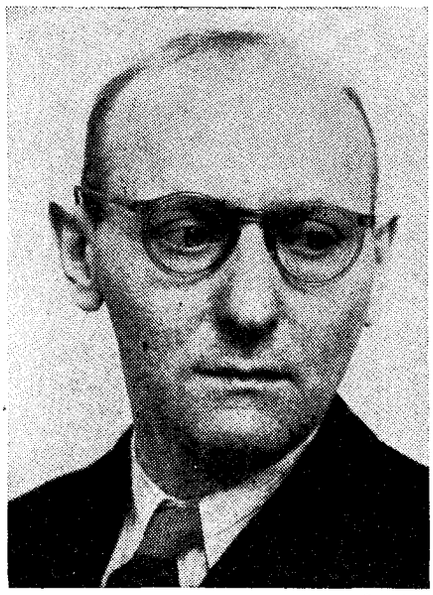
QXLMWGFL SFBEWXNF

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 387

He who serves the public hath but a scurvy master.

—H. G. Bohn.

Jews Before "The Wall"



—*Sterling.*

Isaac Bashevis Singer—"like the flaying of a prophet."

THE FAMILY MOSKAT. By Isaac Bashevis Singer. Translated by A. H. Gross. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 609 *pp.* $3.95.

By Nathan L. Rothman

THOSE readers who can plow through the thick and moody substance of this novel will find themselves haunted by an after image not easily blinked away. It is the vision of a social stratum profoundly conscious of its impending doom, the vision of its members scuttling about in every direction like ants in the ruins of a trampled colony, all madness and energy and memory of old purposes, with no present and no direction left to them. These are the Jews of Warsaw in the first half of the twentieth century as they approach the holocaust that Hitler has prepared for them. The old certainties of pious rituals, of absolute belief, have already receded from them; they grasp instead at the glittering bauble of half-citizenship in a hostile state. And as we read they look up from their feverish preoccupations, their metaphysical dancing upon the heads of pins, their worldly ecstasies and lecheries, to see the swastika whirling over their heads. It is not a pleasant picture they make, and not even a noble one, for it seems there is nothing in the lives of the Moskat family (which sprawls like a seething warren across these pages) that can prepare them for their trials to come.

All of them, from the aging entrepreneur, Meshulam Moskat, and his third wife to the rootless intellectual, Asa Heshel, are brittle and spiritless. They lack any semblance of the heroic dimension. At their best they are supplicants, and at their worst they are unprincipled voluptuaries like Abram or Koppel, two of the patriarch's sons-in-law. It is interesting to note that Singer's novel and John Hersey's "The Wall" might well be placed cover against cover: for Hersey takes up the history of Warsaw's Jews at almost the precise moment that Singer leaves it, as they are being herded among the converging ghetto walls. Whence, now, come the courage, the great humanity, and the spiritual nobility which in Hersey's book clothe the Jews in their desperate last days? For we do not find these in the family Moskat or in their fellows. Singer's is a more astringent portrait, more like the flaying of a prophet. Perhaps there is an old parable hidden here, of trial by fire—but there must also be other answers, other arguments to be made. I leave these to the reader who will consider these books side by side.

Fiction Notes

THE EASY WAY, by Kay Cicellis. Scribner's. $2.50. Heralded with an introduction by Rebecca West, this small volume of short stories presents the work of a young Greek girl, who writes not in her native tongue but in English. To dispose first of this language matter, which the publishers seem to feel worthy of special note, Miss Cicellis's prose is clear, sensitive, and exquisitely wrought. It shows a highly cultivated feeling for the niceties and rhythms of the English language. And it at no point betrays the fact that the author is writing in a tongue foreign to her.

The stories are a somewhat different matter. Definitely not tales of action—seldom even the mental action of decision—they are, rather, mood pieces, depicting the impact upon a sensitive intelligence of the sights, sounds, smells, and sometimes people and events, of the world. Essentially static, they allow us to invade the thoughts of a peasant bewildered by revolutionary ferment, of a mother and son inextricably tangled in an Oedipus situation, of a woman changing lovers, of a self-rejecting adolescent boy, or a young girl troubled by her recognition of the lonely futility of an aging woman. Despite the apparent diversity of character and setting in the ten pieces there is an al-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

most stifling monotony of mood and feeling. The characters are not only all uniformly sensitive, but they seem to be sensitive to the same things and in the same way. And they are kept so busy reacting to the slightest current of air or change in emotional climate that it is often difficult to determine what they are doing or why we are being told about them.

Perhaps it would be best to regard these as the exercises of a writer who is learning to set forth her very real insights into the things that affect people's thinking and feeling but hasn't as yet found anything to do with the craftsmanship she has developed. The undoubted high order of this craftsmanship leads one to anticipate hopefully the more finished and directed work she has yet to produce.

—EDWARD J. FITZGERALD.

STRANGE LADY, by Robert Hichens. Macrae Smith. $3. Unfortunately, this presumably last novel of Mr. Hichens is not his best. The author died last July at nearly eighty-six years of age so this perhaps should not be held against him. The "Strange Lady" is Leila Hartmann, an actress who will never again see forty-five, who seems to have been somewhat unbalanced by her passion for Sergius Ardsley, the pianist. When the story opens in North Africa, it is Sergius, with his singular capacity for cruelty, who is first introduced to the reader. The strange death of his young wife, which had never been solved as suicide, murder, or accident, is told to the narrator of the story before he meets Leila and realizes her passion for Sergius. The story switches to Switzerland, then to London, where Leila makes her successful appearance in "The Lady from the Sea." She is a stickler for art, pure art. Middle-aged and a little mad, it comes out that she wrote a letter to Sergius's young wife, which caused her to take her life. She now destroys Magda, his talented protégée, with equal deliberation. In the midst of what should have been a triumphant concert Magda breaks down and runs from the audience, leaving Sergius to make her excuses. He is furious. The narrator is disgusted and washes his hands of both of the artists. As he told Sergius: "Leila and you, between you, make me hate art." So would we all if all artists were such fiends as Sergius and Leila.

—JOHN COURNOS.

GUARDIAN HEART, by Elizabeth Yates. Coward-McCann. $3. Freelove —Freely for short—Simon, illegitimate daughter of a sturdy, albeit ill-advised, New England mother and an itinerant French lumberman, puts self and sincerity to the test for all who care to read. A gingham St. Francis belonging to the woods, she is as one with animals, birch trees, and all growing things. Simplicity and gentleness complement her innocence. Unsullied and unsung, she lives content on her hilltop with her ancient, widowed grandmother. Not for long, however. The valley college-graduate scion of the big house rides by, claps eyes on Freely, and the good life is almost lost for love. Sophistication sets in. Boston, French phrases, breakfast in bed, and the rustle of taffeta come close to bewitching the maid. But she takes to the hills in time. Her soul is her own and, what is more, her man is pleased to settle for the soil.

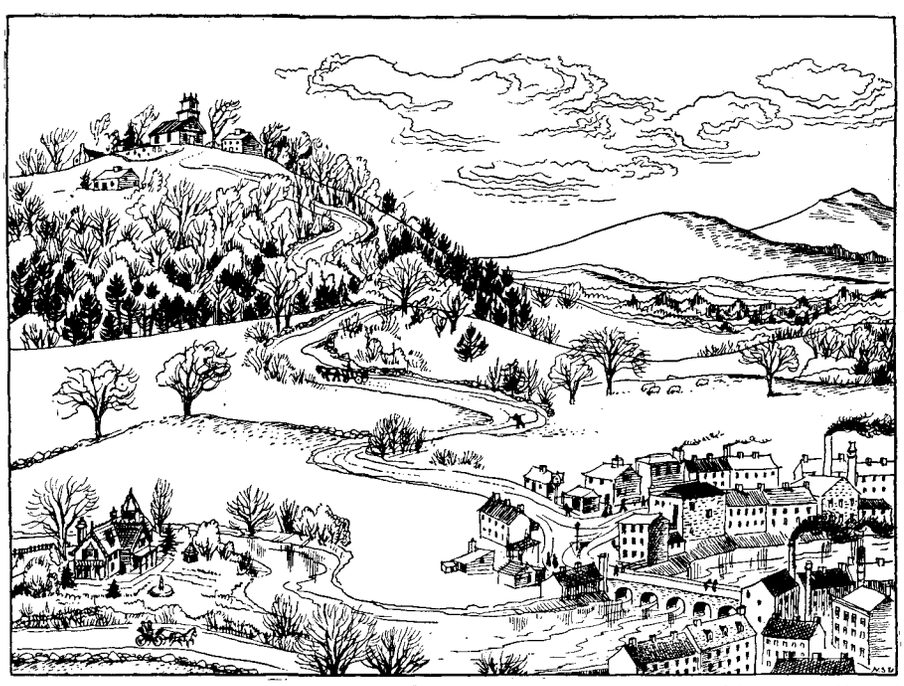
A pleasant pastime for nature lovers or addicts of the mildly romantic.

—CATHERINE MEREDITH BROWN.

RUN, MONGOOSE, by Burke Wilkinson. Little, Brown. $3. Bauxite, a revolution in Jamaica, and the latest type of snorkel submarine provide the ingredients for the second adventure of Bill Stacy and Geoffrey Mildmay. Their first exploit, described in "Proceed at Will," entailed the sinking of the Nazi super-battleship *Prinz von Blücher* by a "one-man submersible canoe." The foundations of the curious rivalry that exists between staid American engineer Stacy and his wild, heroic English friend Mildmay were laid in the first book; they carry over into "Run, Mongoose." Here the problem is somewhat different, the call of adventure occurring less frequently in peacetime. There is no common enemy, the Nazi myth having gone the way of World War II; so one has to be manufactured in the person of Sir Gabriel Gregorius, ruler of native tribes on the island of Jamaica. His interest—so he says—is to free his Maroons from English rule and restore their self-sovereignty. To that end he assembles a crew of soldiers of fortune and assorted killers. Mildmay, hearing the call, capitulates immediately; Stacy is more intractable. But a little persuasion from Felicity Bantry, Gregorius's protegée-vamp, soon resolves his doubts and, one big murderous family, they all set sail for Jamaica, Island of Adventure. Needless to say, their arrival precipitates a wholesale revolution. Gregorius's lair turns out to be full of stolen art treasures; a Russian agent, too interested in the bauxite mines in the back country, confirms Stacy's suspicions about the true nature of the venture. In an exciting denouément all strands untangle, Sir Gregorius gets his, and the bauxite goes to the Allies. Certainly no less accomplished than its predecessor, this book is a fast-paced tale of intrigue and violence in the tropics. —ARTHUR C. FIELDS.

THIS LAND I HOLD, by Virginia Myers. Bobbs-Merrill. $3. If Cinderella had been a part-Indian, part-Spanish girl in Southern California in the days when it was still Spanish, if she had been educated in a Mexican convent by a wealthy godmother, and if, to escape a return to her mother's forlorn hut, she married the rich, elderly landholder she met at a dance, this direct and quite simple tale of such a girl's learning to run a great Spanish estate, might well follow. Vir-

(*Continued on page* 41)



—From the end-papers of "Guardian Heart."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review
of Literature
Editor
Norman Cousins
Chairman, Editorial Board
Henry Seidel Canby
Chairman, Board of Directors
E. DeGolyer
Associate Editors
Amy Loveman John Mason Brown
Harrison Smith
Contributing Editors
Bennett Cerf John T. Winterich
Mary Gould Davis Irving Kolodin
James Thrall Soby

Published by The Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y. Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Amy Loveman, Secretary.

Contents Copyrighted, 1950, by The Saturday Review Associates, Inc.

The Nobel Winners

Editor's Note: *The 1949 Nobel Prize for literature, not awarded last year, has been bestowed on William Faulkner, fifty-three, of Oxford, Mississippi, the fourth American writer to receive this honor, and to Bertrand Russell, seventy-eight, British philosopher and mathematician, has gone the 1950 Nobel literary laurels.*

THERE is no Nobel Prize for philosophy but the Nobel Prize for literature this year has been awarded to Bertrand Russell. The terms of the announcement make it clear that it is to Bertrand Russell as a great humanist that the prize has been given rather than to the Bertrand Russell who, now almost a generation ago, made a contribution of historic importance to mathematical logic. The Nobel Committee has obviously made this award quite explicitly aware that they were giving an accolade in letters. On two grounds it is proper and fitting that Lord Russell be thus handsomely recognized. He is, in the first place, the latest example in a long tradition in British philosophy going back through John Stuart Mill, David Hume, Bishop Berkeley, to Thomas Hobbes and Francis Bacon. He has the gift or the achievement of a style unfailingly lucid so that, even when one disagrees with him, one knows exactly what it is with which one is disagreeing. His ideas are so perspicuously put that even at his most profound and his most challenging, they come with the enchantment and distinction of first-rate English prose. If, as Quiller-Couch once remarked, "justice" is the mark of excellence in prose, such justice is the outstanding characteristic of Bertrand Russell's style. The reader rests confident that discourse so equable and clear is matched by equanimity and equity of ideas. One cannot read Bertrand Russell without having the conviction that he is making a philosopher's rather than a debater's points.

There is a second sense in which Bertrand Russell properly merits so distinguished an award in literature. It doubtless entered the minds of at least some of the committee that in the great tradition philosophy has been a part and a phase of literature, though perhaps its most highly intellectualized phase of it. Philosophy, like literature, is a form of discourse. It is discourse concerned with first and last things or with the scrupulous analysis of our basic assumptions concerning knowledge and the objects of knowledge, the nature of cause, the nature of nature itself. Bertrand Russell has been a logician rather than a mystic and an analyst rather than a poet. But those who remember his eloquent essay, now a generation old, "A Free Man's Worship," those who read upon its publication three years ago his "History of Western Philosophy" know with what sympathetic imagination he treats the views of other philosophers and with what brilliance of wit and vividness he adorns the philosophical themes he broaches. Though he has no grandiose "system" of philosophy, his works reveal a steadfast and consistent attitude, the attitude of a free mind exemplifying as well as defending freedom.

Bertrand Russell is the author of something more than sixty books and pamphlets; among them not the least impressive are those analyzing and sometimes, for all his cool reserve, celebrating the concept of freedom. He has a rare gift of exposition that turns popularization into art. Thus, a small book of his entitled "Authority and the Individual" focuses briefly and brilliantly the chief social and moral dilemma of our time, in an essay in form a little classic.

THERE may be some who regard with raised eyebrows the award of a prize in literature to one no one of whose works is perhaps in the strictest sense a *literary* masterpiece. But the whole body of Bertrand Russell's work is that fusion of thought and imagination which appears very rarely in the history of philosophy or the history of letters. It is the signal fusion of these two gifts in the writings of Bertrand Russell that makes the Nobel award an act of unusually fine imaginative insight on the part of the Nobel Committee, which honors itself in thus saluting so distinguished a union of philosophy and literature.

—Irwin Edman.

* * *

ANYONE who has ever visited William Faulkner might wish that he had been in Oxford, Mississippi, when a messenger boy on November 10 passed by Court House Square and the blue-jeaned farmers and workers sitting chewing tobacco and smoking on the curbstones to bring him the news that he had won the Nobel Prize in literature. Or perhaps the instrument of fate was only the telephone bell ringing in the high-ceilinged hall of his secluded house; in either case his lean, taciturn countenance may have expressed little or no evidence of the pleasure and the sense of fulfilment it must have given him. For too many years he has been a football for American critics, though it is doubtful if he has been aware of what has been said of him at home or of the increasing adulation his books have received abroad; or would have cared if he had known.

What Faulkner has been trying to do since he began to get into print thirty years ago he has never tried to explain. He has left to the critics and to the prefacers of his collected stories and the reprints of novels the task of fitting the mosaic of his work together. Aside from his brief preface to a reprint of "Sanctuary," in which he said that he had "invented the most terrific tale he could imagine" when he first began to "think of books in terms of possible money," his sole contribution has been the frontispiece maps he has drawn of the territory in Northern Mississippi, the town of Jefferson and Yoknapatawpha County, which his imagination has filled with characters who will live in literary memory as long as Faulkner's books are read.

He has not been conscious of a public or even that strangers might read the manuscripts he sent off to his publishers, any more than he thinks of himself as a famous literary figure. He will not reply to letters inquiring about his work, even those that would be answered by any other professional writer; and his books are not displayed in his own house. But there can be no doubt that he is, in a deeper sense, conscious of his merit and of the involved but clear pattern which underlies his work, so that stories, family histories, and characters scattered through his work can be related to the whole scene, observed over and over, and reilluminated in many of his stories and novels. Perhaps the only outward signs of his awareness are the meticulous pages of his manuscripts, written in a minute,

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

copper-plate hand, ruled down the side, as if they were the work of a medieval monk; these he treasures and keeps in a safe, cognizant perhaps of the value they will have some day.

The realm that he has made his own consists of the fat river-bottom land, the scrubby sand and piney woods, the forests, bordered by the Tallapatchie and Yoknapatawpha rivers, with incursions into the historic black soil of the Mississippi delta. There the people he has created were born, trafficked in and stole land from the Indians, and produced their ill-fated descendants; there the Negroes were slaves on the plantation, to become later the one stable element of the South; and there the poor whites were slaves of their rented acres. In ten of his novels and more than thirty short stories the imaginary history runs for two centuries, through the building of an integral Southern nation, the chaos and defeat of the Civil War, the years of attempted reconstruction while the South licked its wounds; the final defeat at the hands of carpetbaggers and a low commercial class that would do anything to make a dollar, that finally destroyed the heart and soul of what the Northern armies had left. This is Faulkner's interpretation of the ruined South, told through the lives and mouths of a thousand characters. This region of Mississippi is an allegory, in his mind and the reader's, of the whole South. He has painted his long historical pageant in such living and often garish colors that few people have thought of him as the historical novelist which he essentially is.

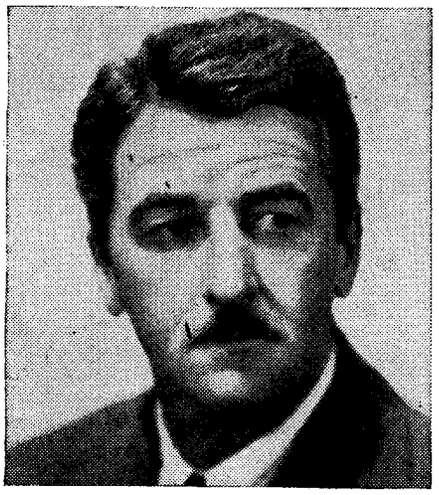
Faulkner has been accused time after time of describing the seamy side of life and deliberately inventing a complex style, in which simple sentences may run for pages, interspersed with long parentheses. All of this is true, but his critics have failed too often to note his direct simplicity when he chooses directness, his compassion and tenderness for the many victims of this fated land he has created. They have failed to balance what they do not like of his work with the intensity, the power, the insight that are overwhelmingly apparent in all of it. He is a poet as well as a prose writer so that many of his most difficult paragraphs have a wealth of imagery and beauty that appear in the work of no other modern writer. When he neglects to punctuate, to relate subject and predicate, to make it sharply clear who is speaking to whom and about what, a little industry on the part of readers will be richly rewarded, for they will be listening to the voice of a poet and an artist who is momentarily carried away by the intoxication of his own thought and the words in which it is clothed and embroidered. As for his use of long words when short ones might serve, it is enough to say that he likes the sound of them.

The violence of which he is accused is the outcome of an intense, deeply concerned nature, brooding on the lives of an outraged people who have too often crossed the borderline between hopeless despair and deeds of violence and madness. The center of these novels and stories is the tragedy of the Civil War. His characters are either moving relentlessly toward it or are submerged in the cataclysm or suffering from its effects, their minds divided between the effort to live in an unsatisfactory world and the memories of their forebears who fought for the Confederacy.

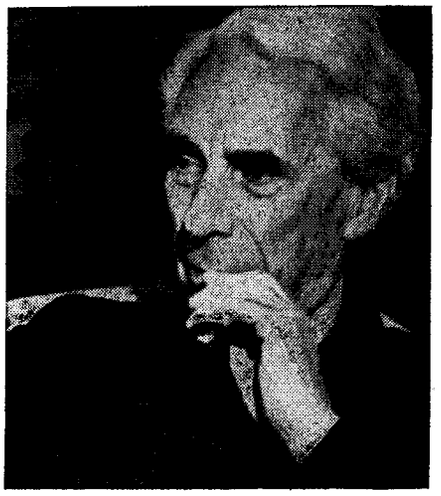
There are other aspects in his work. No author has written as imaginatively about the Negro of the Deep South, or as eloquently. Yet he understands the slow movement of their ways, the burden they carry as the objects of the white man's guilt complex toward a people who have been at once the heart, the salvation of the South, and its curse. He is at his best, and sometimes his worst, when he is involved in the mental agonies of the tortured mulatto, whose white blood pulls him one way and his rich African inheritance the other. The various "cycles" to which stories and novels contribute, the sagas of the land-holding Sartoris and Compson families, the saga of the whole tribe of greedy and cruel Snopes, the McCastens, Rathcliffs, and Bundrens can with patience be unraveled in their entirety.

THE literary scholars and the critics have as yet failed to penetrate or thoroughly explore the single Mississippi county of which he has made a "Tragedie Humaine" or rather the county of which the author once drew a map, boldly signing it in an unusual moment of assertiveness, "William Faulkner, sole-owner and proprietor." They will find this land crowded with memories of a people who place the utmost value on blood relationship, back to the third and fourth generation, people whose ancestors have given their lives for land that was not worth living on, and will continue to live on it until they die in their turn. This land can be a swamp of human degradation or a clear prospect over rich flatlands, valleys, and streams on which heroic deeds have been performed. There is robust humor in Faulkner's work, mostly in his backwoods or hunting stories, which has yet to be pointed out to future readers, who may shrink from the legend that he is concerned only with cruelty and terror. Someone has yet to make a study of his remarkable women, the hard-bitten, toiling country wives who may have produced five children in six years, "manhard, workhard, in a serviceable gray garment worn savage and brusque, hands on her hips, her face like those of generals who have been defeated in battle"; the women living alone in ravaged plantation houses, the young women who are often as innocent as angels and as hardy and determined as warriors.

Now that William Faulkner has won his Nobel Prize perhaps the American public which could not, or would not, read him may be induced to enter into his land. Perhaps the books that have remained so long out of print will be brought out again, so that young people studying English may be able to discover him in some other way than through the scraps and fragments in their textbooks. If so, it is safe to say that his stature as a writer will increase in his own country until finally we will think as highly of his genius as the Europeans who have given him this greatest of literary awards. —H. S.



William Faulkner—"poet as well as prose writer."



Bertrand Russell—"logician rather than mystic."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Biased on Freedom

SIR: Irving Stone's review of "The Year of the Oath," by George R. Stewart [*SRL* Sept. 30], seems somehow to have slipped proof by editorial reproof. This is the more conspicuous because of Mark Starr's review on the opposite page, also on a controversial subject. Mr. Starr makes clear what the author says, what he says and thinks, and how desirable the truth, based on all sides, would be. Mr. Stone does none of these things.

The *SRL*, with the approval of many, upholds a wide degree of freedom for authors, and presumably is not given to stymying its reviewers. However, print is powerful, and I am sure that your policy would uphold, as does Mr. Starr, two points: (1) an author who exposes one side of any issue is vulnerable, and there is an obligation to call attention to the other side; and (2) a reviewer, to present his case, is obliged to look at more angles than is the author and, if he adds his own views, they must not be confused with the author's.

Stewart's book was described by a man close to the scene as a sincere effort to present an unbiased account, made by a man with extreme bias. To indicate that there is another side, which is well hidden from Mr. Stone's fifth paragraph on, rather than because of any enthusiasm for or against the cause espoused by Messrs. Stewart and Stone, here are a few points:

(1) An "overwhelming majority" of the faculty did not refuse to sign the statement of loyalty.

(2) No statement by the Regents indicated that the whole truth should not be sought or taught, which is academic freedom.

(3) There have been many arguments over the advantages and disadvantages of tenure. At least it is not holy, and its defense by those who have it is a little obvious.

(4) That the move of the oath leads to such things as Nazi Germany and Fascist Italy (no Russia?) impugns the characters of the Regents, a group of respectable appointed citizens whose interest in the university they serve is beyond reasonable doubt as great as that of the faculty.

(5) The picture of the ruins of the university around the rising piles of the bodies of martyrs, in Mr. Stone's sixth paragraph, is a little strong. Advice to "bright young teachers" not to accept appointments from here looks like a subversive act; fortunately, the bright young teachers sometimes do their own thinking.

(6) The investigation of recalcitrant members of the faculty was conducted by a group of the faculty rather than an impartial group or one from both sides, a significant matter in considering "suspicion of Communist taint."

(7) The "hard core" of the Regents is matched by the hard core of the faculty, if we must resort to such emotional language.

This is not all but it will serve to make a point, that there are two sides to controversies, that Emerson's essay on "Compensation" still has merit, and that a reviewer works for his magazine and his readers. If Mr. Stone chooses to accept Mr. Stewart's words as the whole truth and if he chooses to present his own views accordingly, that is his privilege. His judgment might be questioned but not his rights. But he is not entitled to do this under the heading of a review, especially when he does not even differentiate between the thoughts of the author and his own.

LETZ B. PHAER.

San Francisco, Calif.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"Let's just order 100 plain letterheads this time. We still have thousands of Franz Joseph Platz, Wilson Platz, Hitler Platz, and Roosevelt Platz, and you never can tell . . ."

SIR: Before going into the body of the seven point attack in the letter above, I consider it advisable to concede two points forthwith. Dr. Phaer says, "Stewart's book was described by a man close to the scene as a sincere effort to present an unbiased account, made by a man with extreme bias." I think this is true: Mr. Stewart is passionately biased on the subject of academic freedom and everything that great concept conveys in terms of intellectual freedom in America. Letz B. Phaer also complains that he had great difficulty in distinguishing between Mr. Stewart's opinions and mine. So did I. There were none. Having graduated from the University of California and having taught there for several years, I followed this fight between the Commissars of Loyalty, as Dixon Wecter named them in *SRL* May 13, 1950, and one of the world's greatest university faculties with an ever-growing dismay and sadness.

Now for the body of the attack:

(1) According to the best rough estimates made at both the Berkeley and Los Angeles campuses, about 15 per cent of the faculty signed the oath at once, and gladly, on the grounds that "We are loyal Americans, so why shouldn't we?" Eighty-five per cent of the faculty resented and opposed it, for all the reasons made so clear in Mr. Stewart's "Year of the Oath." In the very middle of the controversy I went up to Berkeley in order to gather material for an article about U.C. for one of our national monthly magazines. I talked with the heads of perhaps a dozen departments and consulted with about fifty of the faculty in all. Without exception these men considered the loyalty oath unconstitutional, discriminatory, pointless, puerile, arbitrary, dangerous, and destructive.

(2) While it is true that those Regents who were fighting for the oath did not indicate that "the whole truth should not be sought or taught," when you hold a club over a man's head and say to him, "Sign on the dotted line, or we'll throw you out," you are trying to cow that man, and deprive him of his freedom. Once he has had his arm twisted sufficiently to make him sign the first and apparently harmless oath, what does he do when the next, perhaps not so harmless, oath is thrust in front of him, and the weapon of discharge once again is held over his head? Is an intimidated man really free?

(3) The principle of tenure has been fought for by almost every teacher in this country, grammar, high school, and college, for more than half a century. It protects those teachers of proven character and ability from the tyranny and capriciousness of university presidents, boards of regents, and boards of education. In the economic life of the American teacher it occupies about the same place of importance as does collective bargaining in the industrial or commercial world. One of the men who has the most to do with making the principle of tenure work in the university observed that of the four thousand faculty members of U.C. probably not more than four could be found who would attack the basic

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

idea of tenure as it has here been attacked in point three.

(4) About half of the Regents do indeed have the interest of the university at heart as much as the faculty; but when another group of Regents agrees that a compromise, offered by the Alumni Association, shall be accepted in the best interest of all concerned, to wit: that those professors who refuse to sign the oath should have the right to a hearing before the Committee on Privilege and Tenure, and if cleared of all Communist taint, be permitted to remain in their teaching positions which nearly all of them had occupied with honor for more than twenty years; and then go back on their own promise and agreement because the committee has cleared these men; and still once again demand, "Sign or get out!," these Regents, to my way of thinking, do not have the best interests of the university at heart. It looks a little like the adage "Rule or ruin."

(5) While it is true that the university has not been ruined by this internecine warfare, it has been seriously injured. Some forty-four courses had to be canceled because there were no professors to give them. Students had to drop out of school because they could not get the subjects which they needed to fulfil their requirements. Graduate students working for their Masters and Ph.D.'s have been left high and dry because the faculty members under whom they were working are gone.

(6) The investigation of what Dr. Phaer calls "recalcitrant members of the faculty" was conducted by the Committee on Privilege and Tenure, at the specific request of the Regents. This committee was elected by the Academic Senate, and it is composed of men of the highest moral integrity. Never before has this committee been accused of being partial or unable to arrive at an honest and workable truth. To impugn the integrity of this committee is to impugn the integrity of the entire Academic Senate, and hence of the whole university teaching and research staff.

(7) If by "the hard core of the faculty" it is meant that group of men who carried the fight against the compulsive oath right down to the end, then Dr. Phaer's point is valid. Do I detect a slight odor of red-baiting in this charge, or is it that my nostrils have become somewhat oversensitized in the current hysteria, during which I find self-appointed patriots bringing more havoc, chaos, and destruction on American institutions than the wildest Communists could ever dream of accomplishing?

Dr. Letz B. Phaer's closing charge is that I, as a reviewer, did not state the opposing case, and hence have not followed Emerson's essay on "Compensation." In this entire fruitless and destructive squabble I can see no valid case for the opposition, any more than could Dr. Robert M. Hutchins of the University of Chicago, or the American Psychological Association, which in its annual meeting in Buffalo, New York, categorically condemned the "Rule or ruin" Regents and advised its members not to accept appointments at U.C. Parenthetically, I might refer the writer of the above letter to Henry Steele Commager's review of the "Year of the Oath" in the *New York Herald Tribune Books* of October 15, 1950; I am afraid from the manner in which Mr. Commager took the "Sign or get out" Regents apart that he has not been reading his Emerson lately, either.

In closing, I cannot resist asking what manner of man launches a blistering attack against an author, a reviewer, a large group of his fellow faculty members, and his own elected Committee on Privilege and Tenure, and then cravenly hides behind a sophomoric pseudonym? Perhaps this dodge will tell the reader more about the character of the accuser, and the character of the accusations, than anything further I might add.

IRVING STONE.

Beverly Hills, Calif.

SIR: I would like to extend my congratulations to Irving Stone for his forthright review of George Stewart's the "Year of the Oath." It was in itself a trenchant resume of the dire happenings which constituted a body blow to the basic tenets of our democracy. Of interest is the comparison of your review with the cautious, conservative one in the book supplement of one of the country's leading papers. Here is more proof that your magazine is one of the most courageous and outspoken on the market. Sometimes I feel that your reviews are an afterthought to the departments and articles, but definitely not in this case.

ROBERT SEALY, 3D.

Watertown, Conn.

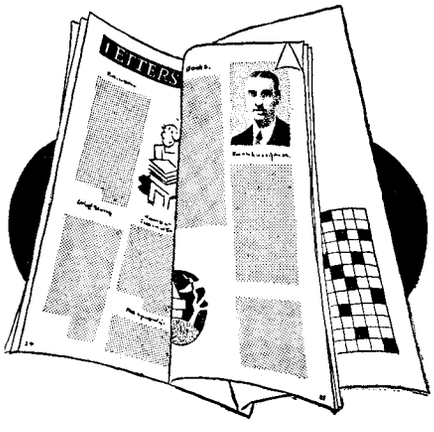
Oaths for All

SIR: "In Bulgaria, as in other Iron Curtain countries, students who are judged to be politically doubtful are dismissed from the universities even if they are within a few months of their final examinations." (Vernon Bartlett in "East of the Iron Curtain.")

Shocking, but, of course, nothing like that could happen here! Or could it?

The Regents who control the eight branches of the University of California recently voted to dismiss some thirty faculty members, several of whom were near the age of retirement, for refusal to sign an anti-Communist oath. Not a single one of the victims was accused of being a Communist or even a fellow traveler; they had merely refused on principle to obey the order of the Regents to sign or resign. Others nearing retirement who had previously refused to sign finally did so under threat of being deprived of their pension rights and left to starve in their old age.

The logical next step would be to extend the oath requirement to the university students. The pattern for such action has already been set by no less a body than the Congress of the United States, which requires such an oath of all candidates for fellowships awarded by the Atomic Energy Commission, regardless of whether the candidate's proposed field of research is in a secret or nonsecret area. The idea seems to be that the National Government should not finance the education of anyone who has not demonstrated his political reliability. If the idea is sound, why should California finance the education of any college student who has not similarly offered proof of his political reliability? And if college students, why not high-school students? To be sure, the latter have not reached an age when they would be likely to have joined the Communist Party, but they might at least be required to swear that they will never join it or any other organization that has been officially listed as subversive.



Moreover, since public-school teachers in many parts of the country are required to take the oath, why should not parents or prospective parents also be required to take it, on the ground that the minds and attitudes of children are probably influenced as much by their parents as by their teachers?

I therefore propose that laws be enacted requiring applicants for a marriage license to swear that they will guard their children, if any, from exposure to Communistic or other subversive influences. Or, better, in view of the fact that children are sometimes born out of wedlock, I am inclined to propose that such an oath be required of all members of both sexes as soon as they have reached the age when they are capable of producing offspring.

LEWIS M. TERMAN.

Palo Alto, Calif.

German Kilocycles

SIR: Edgar Ansel Mowrer, in his review and appraisal of American propaganda and psychological warfare ["Why Advertise God's Country?," *SRL* Oct. 21] goes on record with a misapprehension which, though possibly minor in the synoptic view, is worth setting right. "Until 1949," writes Mr. Mowrer, "publicity in the vital areas occupied by American armed forces actually was left to those forces!" This was not altogether true of broadcasting activities throughout the American Zone of Germany and certainly not true of radio in the American Sector of Berlin.

I myself served for some months of 1946 on a five-man staff of policy-control officers assigned to the U.S.-licensed radio station in Berlin. All five of us were appointed to our posts by the then successor of OWI in the Department of State, and the techniques we took abroad and applied were developed through broadcasting from the home office of OWI and from American radio outposts in the field. Radio officers in the zone, too, for the most part, were similarly equipped and appointed, and many of the programs they broadcast were relays or transcriptions originated by the Voice in New York.

JOHN PAUKER.

New York, N. Y.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Melville: Our First Tragic Poet

A Classic Revalued—X

ROBERT E. SPILLER

AMONG the "new" writers of American literature in the disillusioned 1920's—Fitzgerald, Hemingway, O'Neill — was Herman Melville. His "Moby - Dick," published first in 1851, had been read by only the select few for many years. Suddenly there appeared the first full-length biography of its author and two popular reprints of its text, as well as the first collected and many-volumed edition of his works. Melville, an Ishmael in his own time, was a Solomon now thirty years after his obscure death. Authors have been neglected and then revived before this, but never since the days of the Phoenix itself has there been so dramatic a rising from the ashes.

The reasons for the neglect may safely be left to the curiosity of the historians, but the sudden vogue of America's most genuinely tragic poet (in prose), at a moment when apparently the First World War had been gloriously won and unparalleled prosperity lay ahead, needs an explanation. Melville became more fully the voice of the "lost generation" than —at least for a time—did any member of that band itself. The war had shocked our complacency into confronting, almost for the first time in our literature, some of the insoluble riddles that make a Shakespeare or an Aeschylus. The fatal quest of the White Whale expressed the spirit of the new times more profoundly than could the barbaric yawp of a Whitman or the serene confidence of an Emerson.

Since then Melville's other work has slowly come to be appreciated as critical scholarship has mounted to make him the most thoroughly studied of all American authors. But it is still easiest to think of him as the author of one book, "Moby-Dick." His literary career, crowded almost entirely into the few years from 1846 to 1857, is but a small segment of a life that spanned the century, from 1819 to 1891, yet it all seems to prepare for or to result from his one masterwork.

A long story of a long voyage, the apparent monotony of the narrative and of the essays on the facts and lore of whaling is misleading. Only out of a mass of material could so mighty a theme be wrought. Gradually, by sheer weight, the book assumes the frightening portentousness of the whale itself. There is no hurry in the telling of this tale, for the casual reader would not listen anyway. Slowly from the physical mass there emerges the towering structure of Ahab's revenge. Detached at first, foreboding, the mad captain draws his crew one by one into the vortex of his obsession, his single-minded defiance of fate. But words cannot alone convey the forces here let loose; all is also symbol. The central issue of will vs. fate (Ahab vs. the Whale) fans out into a network of symbols within symbols (on almost every page a double or triple portent) not so carefully woven as Queequeg's mat: the sea itself, the ship, the pipe, the quadrant, the candles, the sea-hawk frozen to the disappearing spar. And finally to the deepest level—the meaning of man's destiny. As the waters subside, there is left only the fact of man's eternal refusal to accept meaningless annihilation as the end of life. He may laugh or he may plunge. If he defies his destiny, he is Ahab.

But "one did survive the wreck," and the novel ends as it began with the command, "Call me Ishmael." The role of Ishmael, the wanderer who was cast out into the desert for his mockery, provides Melville with the detachment necessary to survival. Thus, like its author, the reader of this book may see its events simultaneously from the outside looking in and from the inside looking out. He need not choose between sock and buskin.

HERE is art—not morality—but art of a special American kind, wrung from vast experience, heaped profusely on the page. With few exceptions (e.g., Poe and Henry James), the great writers in our literature have followed the principles of organic creation. The work of art takes its form from the substance of which it is made. "Moby-Dick," like "Leaves of Grass," "Walden," "Huckleberry Finn," is the gathering together, for one breathless expression, of the emotions and thoughts of a lifetime. Apparently poured out with effortless power, it plays on a full orchestra of moods and styles to improvise its own form and to build its own unity—part epic, part tragic drama, part comic commentary. Nothing is held back, nothing coerced.

The result is not confusion, except perhaps on a first reading. It is fusion rather — fusion of diverse elements into an organic whole. "Moby - Dick"

Give me a condor's quill! Give me Vesuvius's crater for an inkstand! . . . To produce a mighty book you must choose a mighty theme.

—"MOBY-DICK."

In Print

PENDING issuance of a complete Melville (the Constable edition is out of print and textually inaccurate), the reader may choose among many good editions of individual works. This listing gives only some highlights:

"Typee" (1846) — Everyman's Library, Dutton (95¢); Oxford World's Classics ($1.10).

"Omoo" (1847) — L. C. Page ($3); Dodd, Mead ($3.50).

"Mardi" (1849) — L. C. Page ($3).

"Redburn" (1849) — British Book Center ($1.28); L. C. Page ($3).

"White Jacket" (1850)—L. C. Page ($3).

"Moby-Dick" (1851) — More than a dozen editions ranging from Pocket Books (25¢) to Heritage Press ($5). Recommended scholarly edition with notes by Willard Thorp published by Oxford University Press ($3.50). Others: Modern Library (65¢, $1.25, $2.45, depending on format), Harper's Modern Classics (95¢), Rinehart (75¢).

"Pierre" (1852)—Farrar, Straus ($4).

"Israel Potter" (1855)—L. C. Page ($3).

"Piazza Tales" (1856)—Farrar, Straus ($3.50).

"Billy Budd" (1891)—Harvard University Press ($5).

A selection of shorter novels is published by Tudor ($2.49), and Random House issued last year "The Complete Stories of Melville" ($4). Two collections of Melville's poetry are offered by New Directions (50¢) and Farrar, Straus ($4).

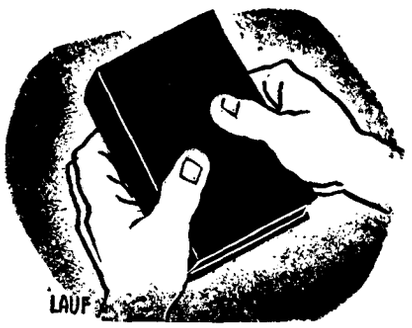
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

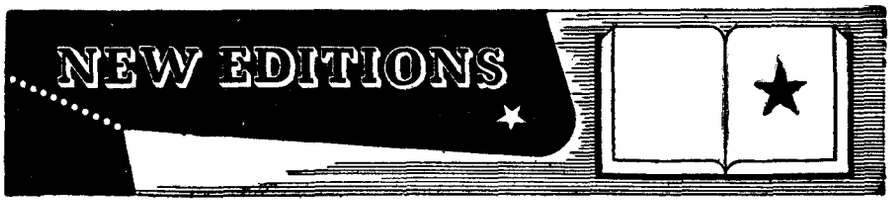
is above the range of contrived art, a level achieved by Melville only this once. His other writings fall away from this masterwork, serving best to help explain and interpret it. First, there is the intellectual trilogy of "Mardi," "Moby-Dick," "Pierre," probably not planned as such by Melville but undoubtedly taking that form. The ultimate question is the same in all three, but its expression varies. In "Mardi" the mood is prevailingly gay, the allegory more obvious, the method profuse and picaresque; in "Pierre" the scales tip the other way, the mood is somber, the meaning clouded in ambiguities, the method unsure—yet there is a kind of grim humor. In neither is there so successful a blending of tragic and comic, emotion and reason, narrative and symbol, as in "Moby-Dick."

The other books that came before and after have also puzzled their readers because all of them have this same kind of double value. Each in itself is experimental, unconventional in form and idea, challenging yet somehow unfinished; each in relation to "Moby-Dick" is a part of a mighty synthesis of diversities. The reader new-come to Melville is still happiest in the romantic aura of "Typee," and the student cannot lay Melville aside without answering for himself the problem of resolution (or surrender) in "Billy Budd," but both, and all, will reread "Moby-Dick" from two to twenty times, finding it always new.

The rediscovery of Melville in the 1920's was more than just a phase of the disillusionment of the times, for the years since 1920 have taught us not to lay aside our birthright of wisdom in that dismal mood. Melville was our first and only tragic poet before the twentieth century—for Poe and Hawthorne never quite achieved the necessary intensity. And the greatest literature is tragic.

Robert E. Spiller, professor of English at the University of Pennsylvania, is one of the editors of the "Literary History of the United States." This is the tenth of a series of literary revaluations that SRL *is presenting in conjunction with NBC and five universities participating in the "University of the Air."*





CRANE BRINTON'S "English Political Thought in the Nineteenth Century" (Harvard University Press, $3.50), first published in 1933, is an interesting, diversified, important gallery of intellectual portraits, skilfully drawn by an author who roughly equates liberalism with optimism, and conservatism with pessimism; who believes that "perhaps the surest mark of the liberal temperament" is "that deep and irrational hatred for the strong and successful, that love for the weak over whom the strong have climbed to success." As we make our way through this gallery, examining nearly a score of likenesses, from those of Bentham and Brougham to those of Henry Maine and Benjamin Kidd; as we make our way, pausing to examine such individual items as Bentham's "felicific calculus," Brougham's "ethics of scramble," Cobbett's blundering radicalism and "conservatism of the flesh," John Stuart Mill's fundamental inner conflicts, Kingsley's Christian Socialism, Disraeli's Tory Democracy, Bagehot's liberal conservatism, T. H. Green's political metaphysics, Bradlaugh's practical social program, Morris's old-time socialism, and Benjamin Kidd's thesis that "progress is a necessity from which there is no escape"—as we make our way, under the intelligent leadership of Professor Brinton, we watch the rise of liberalism and the decline of conservatism, we note the unchanging objectives but changing methods of successive liberals, we see the nineteenth century as an age bent on reconstruction, after the revolutionary catastrophes of the eighteenth century, as an age that achieved real progress despite the many differing faiths and blueprints of its many social architects.

You will find excellent collateral reading in the third volume of Elie Halévy's "A History of the English People in the Nineteenth Century"—the earlier volumes of which have already been praised highly in these columns—and in Leslie Stephen's famous but of late hard-to-get "The English Utilitarians" (Peter Smith, $15). Halévy's "The Triumph of Reform" (Peter Smith, $6) covers the period from 1830 to 1841, with the author's familiar learning and lucidity. Stephen's work, now three volumes in one, has been reproduced by a micro-offset process that permits each page of this new edition to present four pages of the original text. The volume is expensive, and the type requires either good eyes or good glasses, but the book is intended primarily for libraries and scholars, and very few copies have been made. Mr. Smith has used the same process to reproduce Walter L. Fleming's rare, valuable "Civil War and Reconstruction in Alabama" ($10). And, speaking of the Civil War, there is a reissue of Clifford Dowdey's readable "Experiment in Rebellion: The Human Story of the Men Who Guided the Confederacy" (Doubleday, $3.75).

Lippincott has reprinted three lively biographical studies by that doughty controversialist Hilaire Belloc. These are "Wolsey," "Cranmer," and "Richelieu" ($3.50 each). Mr. Belloc, despite partial disclaimers, is a member in high standing of the Comte-Carlyle school, committed to the belief that individual men make history: he tells us, for example, that Wolsey more than any other man was responsible for the "shipwreck" of a united Christendom, that Richelieu more than any other man was responsible for the rise of nationalism. He is a fearless generalizer and simplifier and he is, of course, a tough, rough, competent exponent of the Roman Catholic version of modern history. His main thesis, which may very well be right, is that the evils of our present world stem mainly from the rending asunder of Christendom by Reformation and nationalism; and he rides this thesis hard in these three books. His literary characteristics make for exciting reading. Almost anyone can read him with enjoyment, while those who already know their way around in his chosen fields can read him with safety.

One of the most fascinating books that have come my way in a long time—a book to master slowly—is "Egyptian Art," text by Etienne Drioton, photographs by Etienne Sved (Golden Griffin Books, Arts, Inc. $8). Here, spread out before us in more than 150 fine photographs, explained by the running commentary of the Director General of the Department of Antiquities of the Cairo Museum, is the art work of the Egyptians, from the Step Pyramid of King Zoser (about 2750 B.C.) to the sculpture of the Graeco-Roman period. What stands revealed is nothing less than the ethos of a people. —BEN RAY REDMAN.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Last Word

MELVILLE CANE

IN A RECENT New York case the court deleted certain libelous matter from a will but permitted this slur to stand: "I have never lived with this woman [his wife] and so it is my desire that she does not participate in the distribution of my estate beyond her dower rights." He had earlier referred to her as "unfortunately, my wife." A similar will was once made in England wherein a vindictive husband left "all property, of every kind, to my sister Mary, in consequence of the cruel and murderous conduct of my wife, in this illness, as well as in past instances." A Pennsylvania will, probated more than a century ago, provided for two busts to be executed and placed in the court house in Pittsburgh as legacies to "two of the most unprincipled scoundrels who ever appeared before a court of justice."

Such examples suggest that the play of human motives entering into the making of a Last Will and Testament should offer an excellent subject for the psychologists, besides appealing strongly to the general reader. Within the four corners of these valedictory tracts, not to be released or revealed until their authors can no longer be confronted with gratitude or revilement, one often finds the expression of emotions undreamed of in the lifetime of the affected persons. Here an individual normally tight-lipped—if not downright inarticulate—finally succeeds in giving vent to buried love and hate. Here he publicizes his secret feelings and judgments, for all to read with curiosity or profit. The faithless wife, the ne'er-do-well son, the ungrateful protégé may face an unwelcome but indestructible portrait, a dramatic characterization too late for counter-attack or refutation. For the testator has the last word; usually it is his only word.

Against such positive expressions of outraged feelings can be set the type of mind which prefers to bury the past in silence. Reluctance in some instances even goes so far as to amount to a rejection of the idea of making any will whatsoever, thus leaving the estate to be divided according to the inheritance laws, and often thereby rewarding the undeserving. Some people like, even love, to make wills; others are constantly meaning to do so but somehow never get around to it. This isn't just a matter of being orderly about one's affairs, or the contrary. More profound and subjective considerations are at work. Nor can one generalize that men are more businesslike or know their own minds better than women; the problem is far more personal and individual. One state of mind is ready to clear the decks; another may hold off because of a superstition and fear that it's bad luck to anticipate the fatal day, to defy it, in a sense; or he may procrastinate through the unconscious and fallacious notion that if he wills his property he has irrevocably lost it and impoverished himself.

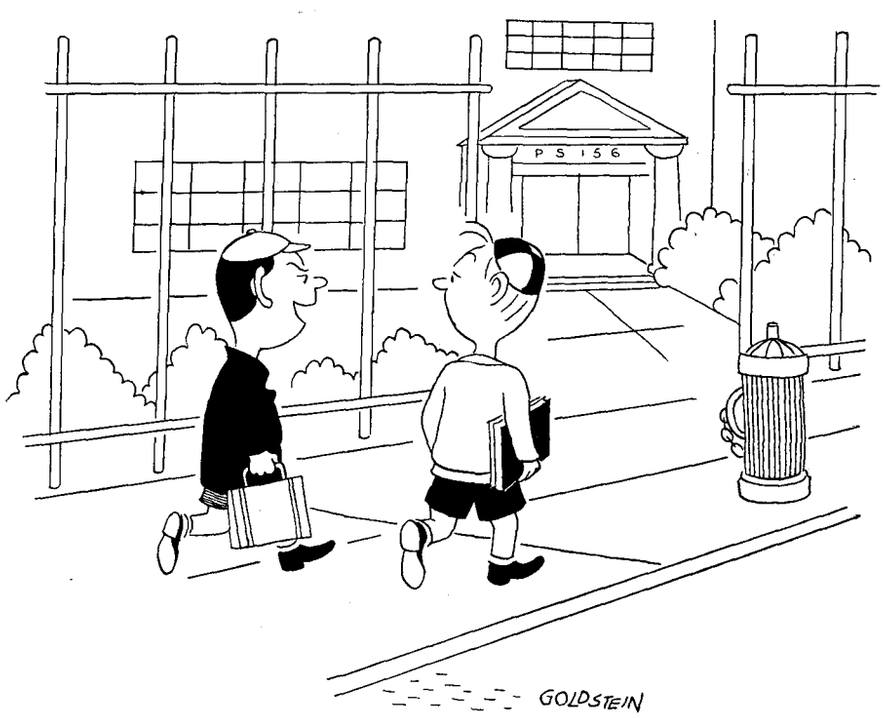
One often hears a person, usually a woman, say: "Why should I have a will? There's nothing for me to leave." Generally speaking, this isn't true in a literal sense, since almost everyone owns something, whether of intrinsic or sentimental value. The question may indicate regret, rather, that there isn't much to leave, or as much to leave as one might wish, and therefore an unwillingness to expose one's poverty or financial insufficiency, even after death, to public view. There are not many like Rabelais, who—with characteristic irony—wrote in his will: "I have no available property, I owe a great deal; the rest I give to the poor."

On the other hand, certain individuals exhibit an excessive fondness for making wills. Many women change their wills as often as they turn in their automobiles for the latest model. This type of woman is likely to run to details, for instance, in distributing articles of jewelry, laces, ornaments, and other effects among innumerable relatives and friends. This kind of will almost invites frequent modifications, whenever regard for the intended recipient shifts in the interim. How often in the will-making course of such persons is a gift of "my diamond-and-ruby brooch to my cousin Emma Clark" diverted to some other cousin because Emma Clark was rude or neglected to remember the birthday of Lady Not Too Bountiful?

I ONCE drew an elaborate will for a most particular woman client. After many sessions and the submission of a series of drafts and revisions she signed with apparent contentment. A few months later, however, she reappeared, insisting on a new will. Why? Thinking things over, she concluded that a Bach fugue would be preferable to the Chopin dirge she had originally ordered for her funeral.

Change, or threatened change, in fortune often throws revealing light on the character and psychological disposition of the individual. In these disturbing days of heavy taxation,

(*Continued on page* 48)



"At home I'm just a pest, but in school I'm a disturbing influence."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Music to My Ears

"LES BICHES," "FLYING DUTCHMAN," AND PATRICIA NEWAY

A FADED picture in Cyril Beaumont's "Complete Book of Ballets" came to life a few days ago when the Grand Ballet of Marquis de Cuevas gave the first New York performance of Bronislava Nijinska's "Les Biches." Thanks to the gentle art of making friendly ballets, which Nijinska commands in high degree, the zest and life of Poulenc's score, and the gay invention of Marie Laurencin's costumes, the ballet is a good deal less faded than the picture. A comparison shows that some redesign has been indulged in, bringing this spoofery of a house party to a realization less anachronistic than a literal reproduction of 1924 would have been.

Nijinska was once quoted as describing "Les Biches" ("The Gazelles") as "the Sylphides of our time," but one need not take her words literally to enjoy the pink-frocked ensemble, a sophisticated lady in blue velvet, three young men in bathing costumes, and a modish hostess in yellow. At some moments the young ladies in pink suggested the violin section of the Philadelphia Orchestra under Stokowski—that is, they were all dancing the same patterns, but with different "bow strokes" and fingerings — but the style was more companionable than some things in which they had been seen before. Marjorie Tallchief as the velvet-clad sophisticate was splendid, as was George Skibine as the principal male and Olga Adabache as the hostess. Andrea Karlsen caught the eye with her highly talented ways as one of a pair of younger girls.

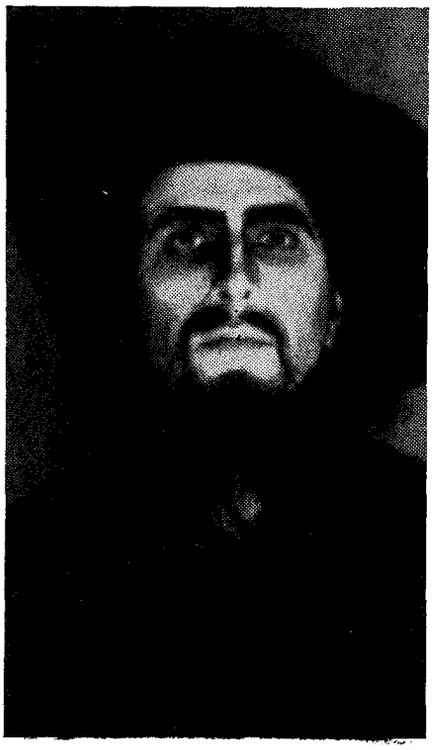
Musically, of course, "Les Biches" is celebrated for Francis Poulenc's score, which is often quoted as an example of this or that, but rarely played. I hesitate to say, even now, that I have heard it, for the orchestra at the Century has a way of making Tchaikovsky sound cacophonous: assuming all the notes were in approximately the right places this may be endorsed as high-grade Poulenc, with a smile on his lips, a tear in his eye, his heart on his sleeve, and his tongue in his cheek all at once. The fanciful blend of classic models with bits of "rag," street songs, chansons, etc., was conducted by Gustave Cloez.

* * *

The first week of Rudolf Bing's brave new operatic world at the Metropolitan had an inevitable decline from the opening "Don Carlo"; "inevitable" because that was so good a production no repertory company could mount another of equal excellence or simultaneously shape an old one to similar smoothness. At that, if the succeeding "Flying Dutchman" lapsed the little that was expectable, the following "Traviata" did not show the improvement for which one hoped.

One might say, in war terms, "Was this 'Dutchman' necessary?" For my taste, no. I would have preferred a finely styled "Tristan," for example, if so much money were to be spent on Wagner. But the "Dutchman" being ordered, this one was delivered in reasonable style by Charles Elson, carrying on where Robert Edmond Jones had to leave off because of illness. The scenic illusions of Act I were well managed (in other recent productions at the Metropolitan they have merely been omitted), the suggested interior of Daland's house was clean in line if roofless, the last shore scene pretty rather than picturesque. The costuming was tasteful, if a little musical-comedyish.

The musical rendition, to me, would have benefited from less of Fritz Reiner's careful tailoring, by the application of more rash energy and windswept recklessness than he provided. Instead of being storm-tossed, I was beached early in the evening and spent a placid interlude waiting to be refloated. What was stimulating was provided in the main by Hans Hotter, six-feet-four of acting magnetism. His voice has lost its plush, but it retains, like a well-built divan, structure, line, and fine proportions. Such mezzo voce singing from so huge a frame has not been heard since Kipnis was in fine form. Sven Nilsson was a more than acceptable, if overjovial, Daland, Astrid Varnay a reasonably good Santa, if not what the forecast promised (Flagstad or Welitch). Thomas Hayward as the Steersman pleased more ears than Set Svanholm as Erik but came off second best since Erik sings louder as well as longer. In all, it was a "Dutchman" that could have been distinguished rather than merely good, were Reiner's feeling for the work not so palpably educated tolerance.



Hans Hotter — "six-feet-four of acting magnetism."

The first "Traviata" lacked the promised lift of Paolo Silveri's debut as Germont (he was indisposed), and Alberto Erede, the new conductor, was a disappointment. Certainly Jonel Perlea, whom Johnson brought last year, pulled together his "Traviata" more than Erede did. Consequently, Dorothy Kirsten's brittle and unlovely Violetta, Ferruccio Tagliavini's egotistical Alfredo, and Frank Guarrera's immature Germont were too keen remembrances of things past. Nor did the "new" Tudor ballet, with Nana Gollner, dazzle the eye. Mention of all this is provoked, of course, only by Bing's proposition that fewer works in the repertory would make possible a higher standard all the way 'round. Maybe; but "Traviata" didn't support the contention, though the full house supported "Traviata" handsomely.

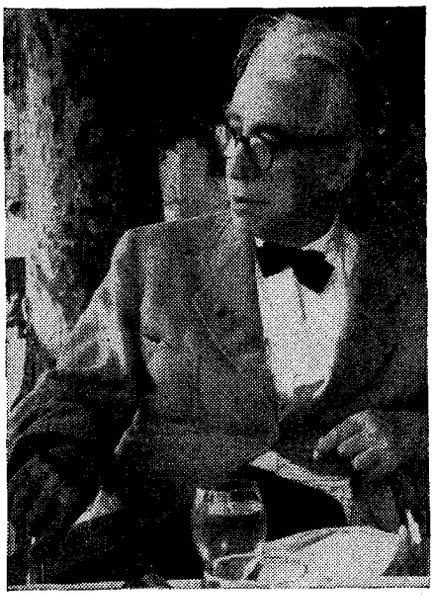
* * *

Patricia Neway, of Magda Sorel and "The Consul" fame, honored her taste by choosing to sing a selection of the Canteloube-arranged "Songs of the Auvergne" in Town Hall with the Small Orchestra directed by Milton Rosenstock. The throaty resonance of Miss Neway's middle voice was no surprise, nor were the taste and sensitivity of her singing. I was not prepared, however, for so much identification with the texts. It was a special pleasure to hear the reedy oboe and the sinuous clarinet in a live performance of this music, the first with orchestra New York has heard in twenty years. Miss Neway's choice included the "Pastourelle," "Bourees," and "Lullaby"; for the insistent applauders she added the "Bailero." May we suggest a reprise, in recorded form?

—IRVING KOLODIN.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Music. *In many respects the year marking the bicentennial of Bach's death has witnessed important projects in celebration of the Leipzig cantor. The record companies have added significantly to an already bulky Bach discography. Festivals the world over have honored his name and performed his works. In the domain of the printed word, however, he has been neglected. No new biography incorporating recent research, no fresh critical appraisal of the Bach canon has found its way this year into the lists of American publishers. This lack is all the more remarkable considering the inclination of every generation to reinterpret the great composer. Friedrich Blume, a German scholar, traces the history of these changing tastes in "Two Centuries of Bach" (reviewed on page 29). . . . Other books noted in this issue of* SRL *include John Erskine's "My Life in Music" and "They All Played Ragtime," a valuable history.*



John Erskine—"striking . . . omissions."

Artists, Concerts, Lectures, Parties

MY LIFE IN MUSIC. By John Erskine. New York: William Morrow. 283 pp. $3.50.

By Carleton Sprague Smith

JOHN ERSKINE has written a book about his relationship to music beginning with boyhood, passing on to MacDowell and the years at Columbia, and leading from there to his abandonment at forty-eight of the English Department on Morningside Heights for an active affiliation with the Juilliard School, the Metropolitan Opera, the MacDowell Colony, and other musical organizations. The book is informal, the author stressing the artists he has known, concerts in which he has played, lectures he has given, parties he has attended, and so forth.

One wonders why Mr. Erskine bothered to bring out such a slight volume, one which scarcely enhances his reputation. This is a far cry from "The Elizabethan Lyric," "The Moral Obligation to Be Intelligent," and "The Private Life of Helen of Troy"—works for which the author is justly acclaimed. In the present publication there are a few attractive thumbnail sketches, affectionate tributes to a number of artists—he has always remained an ardent admirer of MacDowell—and occasional arresting passages. By and large, however, this is a disappointing job.

Most striking, perhaps, are the omissions. After reading, "Across my desk came most of the major problems and projects which are now part of the history of American music in the years between 1928 and 1937," we wait for an account of them. Opera is discussed—of which more later—but there is practically no reference to our major symphony orchestras, moving-picture music, radio, music-settlement schools, and surprisingly little on the composers of our century. The plea for contemporary music is encouraging, but we look in vain for the names of Milhaud, Schönberg, Stravinsky, Hindemith, Bartók, Harris, Piston, Sessions, Hanson, Blitzstein—in short, for the men who have been Erskine's contemporaries in this country. With the exception of George Antheil and Louis Gruenberg, with whom he collaborated in opera, he is strangely silent about our creators.

Mr. Erskine has suffered a series of misfortunes—a very bad automobile accident at the age of fifty-five, followed by several strokes. His ability to come back has been astonishing and he has shown admirable courage. This book, unfortunately, is the work of a man who is not in the best of health and whose memory plays him tricks. Curiously enough, a recent number of *Time* quotes John Erskine as saying: "I know that the human mind is rarely capable of repeating the most familiar story with any accuracy five minutes after it has been told." This conclusion is all too true in his own case. Being a member of the board of directors of the Metropolitan Opera Association, this reviewer was astonished to read the fantastic assertion that the ladies of the Metropolitan Opera Guild chose the new general manager. As a matter of fact, the present incumbent was suggested initially by his predecessor. Also, the implication that the directors of the Metropolitan Opera did not look for an American to head up the institution is contrary to fact. As Mr. Erskine should remember, a great effort was made, but no one with wide experience was found who was willing to accept the position. Again, the impression given that decisions were hastily arrived at is disheartening to one who knows the facts, while the failure to pay tribute to the splendid work of the late Cornelius Bliss and the implication that he schemed to obtain the chairmanship of the management committee is both untrue and in bad taste. In fact, there are disparaging asides about a number of people with whom Mr. Erskine has not agreed. The author of "Helen of Troy" displays some of the faults he has laughed at in the past.

Mr. Erskine's career offers food for thought. He has enjoyed influential positions. With his background at Columbia it was to be hoped that he might become a great educational leader in music. We had expected to find in this book a program or philosophy of music and life; instead we run across such banal phrases as "the rhythms which even the masters have used are pitifully few" or "to me anthems are the noblest of all forms of music."

"My Life in Music" does not redound to John Erskine's credit.

Carleton Sprague Smith is chief of the Music Division of the New York Public Library.

Solution of Last Week's Double-Crostic (No. 869)

R. P. WARREN:
WORLD ENOUGH AND TIME

After the pride, passion, agony, . . . bemused aspiration, what is left is in our hands. . . . Puzzling over what is left, we are like the scientist fumbling with a tooth and thigh-bone to reconstruct for the museum some great stupid extinct beast.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Evolution of a German Master

TWO CENTURIES OF BACH: An Account of Changing Taste. By Friedrich Blume. Translated by Stanley Godman. New York: Oxford University Press. 85 *pp.* $2.

By Arthur Mendel

THE STORY of the development of Bach's fame is a subject of unique fascination. Although we now rank him along with Shakespeare and Michelangelo, his reputation in his own day was limited and local. He was known in Northern Germany as a brilliant technician on keyboard instruments and in the arts of counterpoint. That was all. His name did not appear in print outside Germany during his lifetime. In the second half of the eighteenth century the name Bach in Germany meant Philipp Emanuel, and in England, Johann Christian. Baron Gottfried van Swieten, who had been Austrian Ambassador in Berlin, had come to know some of Bach's works there and on his return to Vienna was largely responsible for giving Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven what acquaintance they had with the works of Johann Sebastian.

Burney, on his trips to the Continent, caught echoes of Bach's fame as an organist and writer of fugues. But it was not until about 1800 that Kollmann, Wesley, Horn, and Jacob began to make England aware that the name J. S. Bach stood for something more than just the father of Johann Christian. And France hardly knew of his existence until around 1850.

It is useful to have the salient points in the evolution of our conception of Bach concisely summed up in this attractive little volume by the president of the German Musicological Society and rector of the University of Kiel. Written originally for a German audience, it hardly takes account of developments outside Germany. But, of course, the major developments have been German, and we all, directly or indirectly, owe our knowledge of Bach mainly to the efforts of German scholarship. And the achievements of that scholarship are great enough to overshadow completely the recent horrors and absurdities perpetrated in its name. Dr. Blume, who managed (without leaving Germany) not merely to abstain from these Nazifications but actually to discourage them, and to rebuke them in print when they were at their height, puts them in their insignificant place in this little survey.

But although there is not a trace of chauvinism in this book, any more than in Dr. Blume's other writings, and although he is a man of broad European outlook, the book is for non-German readers somewhat narrow. When the magnifying glass is held so close, perhaps some distortion is inevitable. But then one must not cast glances round about without changing one's focus. Such a statement as the one that the controversy between Bach's critic Scheibe and his defender Birnbaum even symbolized or represented "the most violent breach that had ever split the history of European culture in two" seems the result of such imperfect focusing. So do a somewhat exaggerated view of the extent to which Telemann and Emanuel Bach misunderstood Sebastian and the erroneous statement that Forkel "does not even mention the Passions and Cantatas."

Undue stress, too, it seems to me, is laid on the written word as an avenue of approach to Bach, and this tends to intensify the exclusive preoccupation with German developments. To study Bach as the heir of medieval symbolism is less an approach to Bach than an approach to the intellectual history of Europe. Bach's primary significance is as an artist, not as a landmark in the history of (extra-musical) thought. In the development of his fame it seems to me that Landowska and Casals, yes and Widor and Liszt, none of whom is mentioned, are as significant as Georg Rietschel and Max Herold.

Even Busoni is named only as the possessor of an "intrinsically hollow" conception of Bach, and the author of "hair-raising absurdities" and "travesties." This illustrates what seems to me a flaw in Dr. Blume's breadth of vision. He himself asks discerningly:

> . . . Does not what we call "historical greatness" consist precisely in the fact that it is variable enough to enable it to be transmitted to many different generations and to reveal previously neglected aspects of greatness as time goes on, and in the fact that it is also permanent and stable enough to preserve its innermost essence unchanged and unquestioned through the centuries, unaffected by the varying ideas each generation creates for itself?

But then the greatness that each generation—including Busoni's—sees is really there and really seen. The conception is not "intrinsically hollow." And each generation should beware of imagining that they are exempt from the limitations of Forkel, of whom Dr. Blume rightly says: "He could not see beyond the horizon of his own age. No one can do that."

Arthur Mendel is co-editor of "The Bach Reader" and a choral conductor specializing in the music of Bach.

At the Symphony

By Daniel Whitehead Hicky

HOLD now my hand in yours as the baton trembles and rises,
As it carves the motionless air, releasing a river of notes
Rushing headlong across the reaches of darkness,
Exploding like flowers of light in our ears, in our throats.

Hold my hand closely, as though you were holding the autumn's leaf,
Warming the cup of your hand with its earliest veins of fire;
Let us not whisper our praise nor turn toward the eyes of each other,
But over the ripened meadows of memory and desire

Let us run like children again on feet that challenge the wind,
Count off the petals of daisies and spread them out in the sun,
Single out a blackberry thicken and taste of its wine's hushed purple,
Lie down in the grasses of peace till the long green hour is done.

Let us capture this moment completely; call it securely your own,
Flung back into Time, into childhood, walking in sunlight again;
Then, when the river of music has spent its last bright torrent,
Bowed with our years, let us go out to the blinding night and the rain.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Part of Hot Jazz

THEY ALL PLAYED RAGTIME. By Rudi Blesh and Harriet Janis. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 338 pp. $4.

By WILDER HOBSON

RAGTIME is usually taken to mean that bluntly syncopated dance music which promoted the dancing craze prior to World War I, and which lost its public favor, being succeeded by "sweet" dance music—and a modicum of Dixieland jazz—about the time Pershing sailed for France. The layman's idea of ragtime is apt to be Irving Berlin's "Alexander's Ragtime Band." Actually, this and most of the numberless songs known as ragtime derive their name from certain remarkable piano performances, and took very little else save a few rhythmic ideas, coarsened and simplified. It was the old, old story of Tin-Pan Alley watering, nay drenching, some exceedingly valuable musical stock.

The first musicians to be known as ragtimers were piano syncopators of decided originality, subtlety, and power. They represented the earliest flowering of the Afro-American musical genius when presented with the opportunities of the keyboard. When that genius met other instruments, hot jazz resulted. Ragtime, in short, is a part of hot jazz. But while books on hot jazz, including Mr. Blesh's "Shining Trumpets," have been numerous, no thoroughgoing study of the piano-rag masters has appeared before "They All Played Ragtime."

The important names include Scott Joplin, whose classic "Maple Leaf Rag," published in 1899, was the first smash hit in the idiom; James Scott, of "Grace and Beauty," whose works easily stand up with Joplin's; Ferdinand ("Jelly Roll") Morton of New Orleans, whose enormous publicity is anything but undeserved, and various men, such as Tom Turpin and Tony Jackson, more noted for playing than for composition. And there was the bearded and crucial music publisher John Stark, of Sedalia, Missouri, and St. Louis, a white man who not only recognized and loved the talent of Scott Joplin and other Negro piano prodigies, but whose business deportment toward them was of a model and unusual sort. His spirit is suggested by his blurb on Joplin's "Sunflower Slow Drag":

> This piece came to light during the high temperature of Scott Joplin's courtship, and while he was touching the ground only in the highest places, his geese were all swans, and Mississippi water tasted like honeydew. . . .

Mr. Blesh and Miss Janis tell the story lovingly, with a great deal of original research and plentiful detail. There are gratifying lists of ragtime compositions, alphabetically and by composers, as well as selected rosters of phonograph records and pianola rolls. The technical discussion is limited, but the complete score of "Maple Leaf" appears for those who wish to sample piano-rag or test their piano prowess against Scott Joplin's invention. Here it should not be, but probably still is, necessary to introduce the warning that no system of musical notation can possibly indicate the desired syncopated momentum. As Louis Armstrong has intimated, if you have to ask what swing is, you have no way of knowing.

In his "Shining Trumpets" Mr. Blesh was from time to time prone to turgid philosophizing, and there are moments here when the text reminds one of John Stark's conviction "that what is called a rag may possibly contain more genius and psychic advance thought than a Chopin nocturne or a Bach fugue. . . ." I daresay. For the most part the authors seem to realize that there is room for Chopin as well as Scott Joplin; they are content to write ragtime history, and they write it with a fine appreciation of the human beings who made this exciting and endearing music. I am particularly fond of their quotation from the late and benign Bunk Johnson: "I jumped the Olivier band and went with the King Belden band because they did not fool with reading music. . . . I did not like to read music because it was too much trouble."

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

AN ELEMENTARY STUDY IN SCARLET

Fannie Gross, of Asheville, N. C., challenges all Baker Street Irregulars everywhere with this little narrative. Identifying all the titles of Sherlockian stories included is par. Less than that, drop dead. Answers will be found in "The Complete Sherlock Holmes," published by Doubleday.

The three students at Priory School were called the Three Garridebs for no reason except that the school was operated at Three Gables, the empty house near Boscombe Valley, at the sight of the four copper beeches. One-quarter of the structure had been built by a Norwood builder but never finished. The missing three-quarters may be taken care of later.

One of the students was a Greek interpreter who had deciphered the Musgrave ritual and the Reigate puzzle for an illustrious client who was a noble bachelor. The interpreter, it seems, had been mixed up in a scandal in Bohemia after a dying detective had, with his last breath, accused him of being responsible for the disappearance of Lady Frances Carfax. To escape detection he had donned a wig and joined the Red-Headed League. The final problem came when he made his last bow. The wig fell off and he was proved in a case of identity to be Charles Augustus Milverton.

The second student (sometimes spoken of as "the second stain" because he was one of the two blots on the escutcheon of the school) was dubbed "the crooked man" as he had a twisted lip, a devil's foot, an engineer's thumb, and a red circle around one eye. His dealings had always been on the shady side. He had cheated a blanched soldier out of five orange pips, later to be found in a cardboard box by a resident patient at Abbey Grange.

The third student was the veiled lodger, Gloria Scott, a solitary cyclist who had cycled through the Valley of Fear to Wistaria Lodge at Shoscombe Old Place. She had once fallen into the hands of the Six Napoleons, a notorious group of dancing men, and had been robbed of her beryl coronet, her blue carbuncle, and her golden pince-nez. She couldn't see where she was going after that and fell off Thor Bridge on top of a creeping man who thought he was the hound of the Baskervilles and bit her, turning her into the Sussex Vampire. This was in accordance with the Bruce-Partington plans, a scheme of a retired colorman. From then on she wore a speckled band to hide her yellow face. Her hair turned to silver blaze and her heart turned to mazarin stone.

These were the three who signed the naval treaty, as Black Peter, a stockbroker's clerk, stood over them with a whip made out of a lion's mane.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Music Book Notes

GREAT ORCHESTRAL MUSIC, edited by Julian Seaman. Rinehart. $5. This undistinguished anthology of program notes purportedly "covers the orchestral music that is really popular." Also, "the editor has taken much care to eliminate the deadwood." The claims are extravagant.

Included—some would call this deadwood—are the Arensky "Variations on a Tchaikovsky Theme," Beethoven's "Jena" Symphony, "America" and the "Israel" Symphony of Bloch, and the Debussy Saxophone Rhapsody. Indeed, so are the "Flight of the Bumble Bee" and "Pomp and Circumstance."

Excluded, to mention a few, are the Rachmaninoff Third, the Prokofiev Fifth, the Shostakovich Sixth, Seventh, and Ninth, Sibelius's Third, Fourth, Sixth, and Seventh, Berlioz's "Harold in Italy," the significant later symphonies of Vaughan Williams, several major modern concertos, all but one of Mahler's symphonies, and all but four of Mozart's. Authorities would differ on the board footage of deadwood among these presumably not "really popular" pieces.

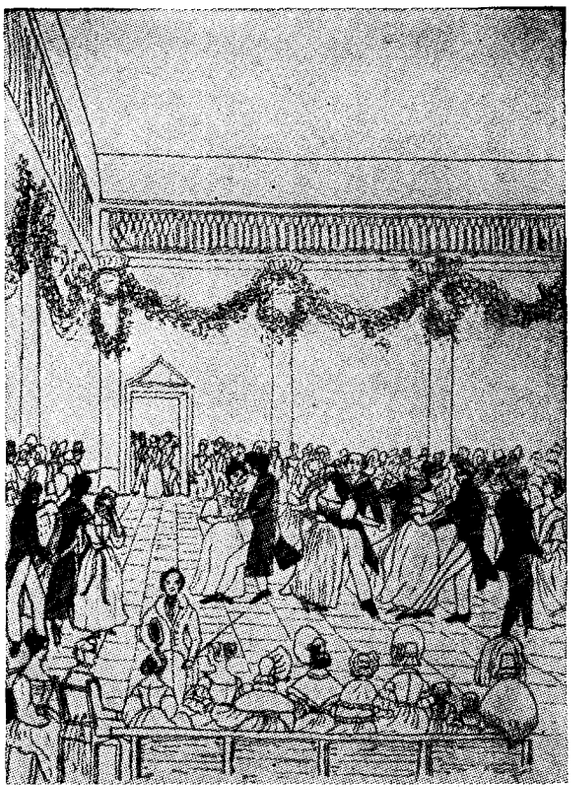
Deems Taylor contributes an enthusiastic introduction. Without malice it should be reported, as an indication of the volume's scope, that Mr. Taylor is more adequately represented with four works than is Shostakovich (three), Mahler, Hindemith, Bruckner, or Bartók (two), and Schönberg, Milhaud, or Franck (one).

The thoughtful reader will wonder why, in the light of modern scholarship, the editor chose a brief and mediocre treatment of the Berlioz "Fantastic" Symphony dating from the turn of the century. And why "Peter and the Wolf" rated two and a half pages and the Sibelius Second less than a dozen lines. But then every anthologist has to draw the line somewhere. —JAMES LYONS.

THE ROMANCE OF THE MENDELSSOHNS, by Jacques Petitpierre. Translated by G. Micholet-Cote. Roy Publishers. $4. "Your Christian marriage will be a hymn, an unceasing song in praise of the Lord." That these words, solemnizing the wedding of Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy and Cécile Jeanrenaud, proved to be truly felicitous is shown by Jacques Petitpierre, Swiss historian distantly related to the Jeanrenauds, who gives here an intimate picture of Mendelssohn's talented young wife — "a being conspicuous only for her distinction, her serenity, her charm, and her silence"—emphasizing the hitherto unrecognized part she played in shaping the musical career of her famous husband. Against a backdrop of the Neuchâtel section of Switzerland, homeland of the distinguished Jeanrenaud family, M. Petitpierre sympathetically, if somewhat chauvinistically, presents Cécile as the guiding spirit who assisted Felix in his maturing and inspired him to reach the zenith of his artistic powers.

Letters and diaries — largely unpublished until now—trace Cécile's personality from ecstatic bride to serene young matron and mother of five children (several of them highly eminent in their own lives), a continually stabilizing influence upon the oft-times capricious Felix. And numerous illustrations, especially those of memorable scenes sketched by Felix and Cécile, illuminate the romance of the Mendelssohns, not only indicating that interest in art which characterized Mendelssohn along with many other composers of the romantic era but revealing everywhere the domestic tranquility from which he drew constant inspiration. The union with Cécile, indeed, is shown to be the crowning concord of his brief but unusually harmonious life, and the gentle Cécile herself a paramount source of that harmony.

—NAN COOKE CARPENTER.



—By Mendelssohn, from "The Romance of the Mendelssohns."

MEN OF MUSIC, by Wallace Brockway and Herbert Weinstock. Simon & Schuster. $5. The fact that "Men of Music" has in eleven years reached its ninth printing is proof that it is a "popular" rather than a "scholarly" book. That the authors have carefully revised and enlarged it means that they have taken their work more seriously than some successful writers. The revision is mostly concerned with brief factual statements; up to the point where they have added a chapter on Berlioz, the pages cited in the table of contents remain as they were. "Rarely," they tell us, "did we alter a judgment—in fact, we did so only when we ourselves found a passage we could not read without blushing."

The book is not a history of music, but a series of twenty-three biographical-critical sketches, each (with one exception) dealing with a single composer. Naturally, the first chapter, concerned with three—Palestrina, Lassus, and Victoria—and with the historical stage setting, is too general to do more than sketch the scenery and indicate the chief characters. Its very title, "There Were Great Men Before Bach," may bother the more advanced reader. Need this be said? There were great men before Palestrina, too, as the chapter admits, and one might question the assertion that this giant was "the greatest of the old composers."

In the new introduction the authors call their work "one of the end products of many years of an all but uninterrupted conversation about arts and letters." This, I think, is the essence of the book. No one will be annoyed enough by any statement in it to write indignant letters to *The Times*, or even to Brockway and Weinstock, but there will be healthy argument. For instance, was Tchaikovsky really "the greatest symphonist of the nineteenth century—after Beethoven, of course"? What of Brahms? Of Bruckner? Of Mahler? As a point of style, I disapprove the authors' clinging to the title "Well-tempered Clavichord," even though they demonstrate in their "Dull-useful information for conscientious readers" that they do understand the original German word *Clavier*, which can mean any of the keyboard instruments used in Bach's time. Nor can I overlook inclusion in the "Illustration Section" the too-good-looking youthful chalk drawing supposedly of Schubert, but long since proved spurious (cf. Deutsch's "Schubert Reader").

All in all, a work of broad sympathies and general understanding.

—PHILIP L. MILLER.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SRL Goes to the Movies

HOLLYWOOD ON SAFARI

Native with Stewart Granger—"What killings there are seem quite necessary."

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER has instituted one of its most grandiloquent publicity campaigns on behalf of "King Solomon's Mines," and while I see the necessity for it economically, I am regretful that it has to be this way. I think by now a large segment of Hollywood's audience has gotten leery of De Mille-type extravaganzas and the superlatives used to describe them, and a number of people are likely to assume that "King Solomon's Mines" is not for them. If they take this attitude they will be missing one of the most remarkable pictures ever made, one that offers the kind of excitement and entertainment that movies alone can provide. Hollywood went to Africa and had itself a hell of a time on safari, but what must have been a wonderfully capable crew has brought back great riches of motion-picture material and these have been incorporated, with exceedingly good taste, into the film. I think that it would be unfair to ask that an adventure-fantasy have Tolstoyan proportions or the insight of Marcel Proust. I admit that qualities such as these are lacking; but within the limits of the form (allowing for a touch of Hollywood hokum here and there) the producers have done about all you could ask.

KING SOLOMON'S MINES. Screen play by Helen Deutsch based on the novel by H. Rider Haggard. Directed by Compton Bennett and Andrew Marton. Produced by Sam Zimbalist. Released by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. With Deborah Kerr, Stewart Granger, Richard Carlson, Hugo Haas, and others.

"King Solomon's Mines" was written in 1885 as a book for boys, and it straightaway made Rider Haggard's fortune. So popular was it that the hero, Quatermain (played by Stewart Granger), had to appear in a number of subsequent books. For the Haggard fans still extant I must inform them that Quatermain and Umbopa are the only ones still remaining in the screen version. Henry Curtis reappears briefly as a skeleton, and it is his wife, Elizabeth — never mentioned in the book—who usurps his place. Scenarist Helen Deutsch had to do some fancy twisting of the basic material in order to make substantial room for Deborah Kerr. No use going very thoroughly into what was done; I have only admiration for the way in which a meandering and complicated book plot has been simplified into a neat hour-and-forty-minute story line.

Thus the movie story has Deborah Kerr coming with her brother (Richard Carlson) to Nairobi, as a base from which to search for the missing Henry, who previously had gone in search of some treasures rumored to be in an area of Africa that hadn't yet been charted with any accuracy. Allan Quatermain, best known of the famed White Hunters, is the man she wants to lead her expedition, and he has a good many reasons for not wanting to go. Principal among them is the obvious item that members of such a party would have little or no chance of returning alive. The script gets quite psychological (almost psychiatric) in providing some reasonably believable motivations for Quatermain's acceptance of the assignment, and in the year 1897, if my memory holds, off they go—carrying me enchantedly with them.

The very word "safari" is usually enough to titillate my blood, and this safari, which takes up a good three-quarters of the running time, had me practically at a boil all the way. The Museum of Natural History and the Bronx Zoo will now be able to provide only the palest of substitutes for the real thing, and if the movie itself isn't enough the only thing left to do is to head directly to Nairobi, where an outfit called the Safariland Company can set you on the trail M-G-M followed. For the time being, though, the movie will take you in marvelous technicolor through the Belgian Congo, through Kenya, Ruanda-Urundi, Uganda, and Tanganyika, with stopovers at Murchison Falls (where Deborah Kerr takes a bath), Mount Kenya, and the Serengeti Plain. It's at the latter place that the screen quivers, and the theatre quakes from the most wondrous stampede in movie history—6,000 wild animals of various types charging literally at the camera.

There are native tribes-people in abundance alternately helping and menacing our little party—the Masais, the Wagenias, the Wakambas, and the Watussis. I liked the unpatronizing manner in which their ways of life are shown to have meaning, and even a few simple lessons for "civilized" people. Maybe a Congressional committee ought to check this movie for possible subversiveness. Certainly rich capitalists who hunt and kill elephants for fun are not shown in any too kindly a light.

ABOUT a third of the way along, after Miss Kerr and Mr. Carlson have been given a chastening indoctrination into safari ways, we are introduced to a pleasant gentleman, whom the billing lists as Siriaque of the Watussi tribe. This slim, bronzed gentleman is all of seven feet, eight inches tall, by actual measurement, and he volunteered as a bearer on this trek into what seems like oblivion. He is the link with the final section of the story, some rather splendid fantasy about a lost king of a lost tribe of giants come to claim his birthright. What helps make it so splendid are the members of the tribe themselves—the Watussis in actuality—most of whom rival Siriaque in stature and physiognomy. There is some ritual dancing by the Watussis that might very well have someone like Hurok hot on their trail at this moment.

The directorial assignment for what

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AMERICA'S GREATEST PLAY!
"Mister Roberts"
"Maturity and gayety are an irresistible combination, and this play has both. 'MISTER ROBERTS' has more show vitality than anything since 'What Price Glory?' For a rollicking, sobering, tender and passionate side-splitting twinge of the heart—'MISTER ROBERTS'."
—WALTER WINCHELL
NEW YORK • ALVIN THEATRE
starring JOHN FORSYTHE
with PAUL STEWART
DICK VAN PATTEN • RUSTY LANE
Evgs. $4.80, 4.20, 3.60, 3., 2.40, 1.80, 1.20.
Mats. Wed. & Sat. $3.60, 3., 2.40, 1.80, 1.20.

"Delightful . . . wonderfully rich . . . fully flatters and flips the adult mind!"—Crowther, N. Y. Times
W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM'S
Trio
A SYDNEY BOX PRODUCTION FOR GAINSBOROUGH
A Paramount Release
AMERICAN PREMIERE
Sutton
East 57th Street
PL 9-1411

"Ferrer is magnificent . . . the first really successful translation of a stage play to the screen."—Sat. Review of Literature
Fabulous Hero . . . Famous Nose!
JOSÉ FERRER as Cyrano de Bergerac
co-starring MALA POWERS • Produced by Stanley Kramer • Directed by Michael Gordon • Released thru United Artists
MAIL ORDERS NOW!
BIJOU THEATRE
45 St. W. of B'way • CO 5-8215
Performances Daily 2:30 • 8:30. Extra Mats. Sats., Suns., and Hols., 5:30
LATE SHOW Every Sat. Night 11:30
RESERVED SEATS AT ALL PERFORMANCES

Leland Hayward presents
Ethel Merman in "Call Me Madam"
with PAUL LUKAS
ALAN HEWITT
Music & Lyrics by IRVING BERLIN
Book by HOWARD LINDSAY & RUSSEL CROUSE
Directed by GEORGE ABBOTT
Dances & Musical Numbers by JEROME ROBBINS
IMPERIAL Thea. 255 W. 45th St., N. Y. 19
Evgs. at 8:30. Mats. WED. & SAT. at 2:30

I will term a restrained epic was shared by Compton Bennett and Andrew Marton. Instead of having high-powered rifles going boom every few minutes and another rhinoceros falling dead, they have taken a chill attitude towards such heroics, and the magnificent animals have been allowed, for the most part, to wander around unharmed. What killings there are seem quite necessary if the safari party is to proceed alive. The sound track is an especial treat, with its fascinating and authentic drum rhythms and the haunting chants of the natives. Let me mention that Mr. Granger and Miss Kerr get through all right in the end, as they should in this kind of movie, but never have two people more richly deserved each other. Metro's lion has every right to growl proudly. For this is a jewel of a movie.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

SRL Recommends

King Solomon's Mines: Reviewed in this issue.

Cyrano de Bergerac: The great stage classic has been infused with new vitality in an almost perfect transference to the screen.

Mad Wednesday: Harold Lloyd comes back in a film so funny that you will be in danger of hurting yourself with belly laughs.

Paris 1900: Powerful, brilliantly edited compilation of early-century French fiction and newsreel films which illuminates our present through our past. Don't miss it.

All About Eve: Witty, adult satire on the theatre; richly produced, well acted. Should not be missed.

The Glass Menagerie: A deeply moving play transferred literally to the screen, with most of its power intact.

Trio: Masterly telling of three top tales of W. Somerset Maugham.

"A TRUE MASTER WORK!"
—Barnes, Herald Tribune
JOHN GIELGUD PAMELA BROWN
in CHRISTOPHER FRY'S Romantic Comedy
"The Lady's Not For Burning"
Directed by JOHN GIELGUD
Decor by OLIVER MESSEL
ROYALE THEA., 45th St., W. of B'way. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

"PERFECT! SEE IT!"—Garland, Jour.-Amer.
RICHARD RODGERS & OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd present
The Happy Time
A New Comedy by SAMUEL TAYLOR
Based on the Book by Robert Fontaine
Directed by ROBERT LEWIS
PLYMOUTH THEA., W. 45 St. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

PULITZER PRIZE and CRITICS' AWARD
RICHARD RODGERS & OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd present in association with
LELAND HAYWARD & JOSHUA LOGAN
MARY MARTIN
RAY MIDDLETON
IN
South Pacific
Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd
Book by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd & JOSHUA LOGAN
Adapted from JAMES A. MICHENER'S Pulitzer Prize Winning "TALES OF THE SOUTH PACIFIC"
Directed by JOSHUA LOGAN
Scenery & Lighting by Jo Mielziner
with MYRON McCORMICK
MAJESTIC THEA., 44 St. W. of B'way
Evenings 8:30. Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2:30

25th ANNIVERSARY OF AMERICAN DEBUT
Szigeti AND Mitropoulos
CARNEGIE HALL
MEMBERS OF THE N.Y. PHILHARMONIC SYMPHONY
BEETHOVEN AND BRAHMS CONCERTOS
CORELLI AND BARTOK
Tuesday Eve., DEC. 19 at 8:30 P. M.
Tickets: $1.20, $1.80, $2.40, $3.00, $3.60, $4.20 (incl. tax)
National Concert and Artists Corp. Columbia Records

YEAR'S BEST AMERICAN PLAY!
N. Y. DRAMA CRITICS' AWARD and DONALDSON AWARD
the ETHEL WATERS in Member of the Wedding
by CARSON McCULLERS
with JULIE HARRIS
Directed by HAROLD CLURMAN
EMPIRE THEA., B'way & 40 St., Mats. Wed. & Sat.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TV and Radio

LA TV EN ROSE

THE big news is that COLOR is coming to television.

What will they think of next? Good shows, may we hope? That item should be coming up on the agenda somewhere along about now.

If anyone wants my opinion (I turned down an interest in "Life with Father" and "Born Yesterday"), I think this is about as appropriate a time to bring color into television as it is for the newly married couple building a house—and the groom has just managed to drive four uprights into the hard ground fairly upright—when along comes his bride of a day with the gaily colored wallpaper for the east room . . . the nursery yet.

Somehow it seems to me the time to think of adding color is when the genii of the networks, who create the shows we see, have finished building television's house on a strong foundation of well-written, well-produced, imaginative entertainment. All the bad shows on TV, even with the delicate colorings of a rose, will still smell. And at this point the few comparatively good shows need no gilding. Color is not going to help the Bobby Clark mediocrity, the Sinatra confusion, the Stork Club stuffiness, or the Jack Carter mishmash, any more than it will add to the great enjoyment we now get out of Groucho Marx, for instance, Burns and Allen, the Goldbergs, Durante, Ransom Sherman, or Kukla, Fran and Ollie.

The emphasis, it seems to my muddled mind, should be on what the programs are saying, rather than in what color they should be saying it. As an example, I was listening to the Stork Club the other night when the attractive Miss Virginia Peine was interviewing two couples of Cub Room diners—the Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Brisbane, junior, and the Mr. and Mrs. Charles Evans Hughes, junior. You couldn't ask for two bigger names to guest on anybody's program. I don't recall what young Mr. Brisbane said he was doing right now—he mumbled something about writing a book, I think, or that he was going to travel somewhere to write it. But Mr. Hughes gaily remarked that he is an architect. This is not an exact transcript of the next few lines, but I have witnesses that the conversation went something like this:

"Oh," said Miss Peine, " so you're an architect. And what have you architected lately, Mr. Hughes?"

"Well," gaily laughed Mr. Hughes, "not too much at the moment, more or less like those beautiful new apartments on Sixty-third and the River . . ."

Miss Peine, seeing an opening, jumped right in. "You mean that gorgeous cluster of Sutton Terrace Garden apartments? They are beautiful!"

Mr. Hughes admitted they are beautiful.

"And you were the architect on those?" Miss Peine cried admiringly.

Mr. Hughes said he was not the architect on those. Miss Peine said she thought he had mentioned those apartment buildings. Mr. Hughes admitted he had, but under pressure could not remember how they had gotten into the conversation.

Color here could only have brought out the deep flush of embarrassment on Miss Peine's attractive face. But color or no color, the Stork Club program, of course, will never make use of it. It's always black tie and white shirt.

I don't think the fault with most of the bad shows on TV is that they lack color. This may be a bit revolutionary but I think they lack, among other things, good writing. Hardly a day goes by that some network doesn't come out with a big statement that it has just signed a big star for a big TV show. In the statement are included the name of the orchestra leader, the name of the producer, the name of the director, and often the names of a sound man and the announcer, and the makeup man, and, natch, the name of the choreographer whose two-inch chorus girls will enliven the proceedings while the star of the show is changing into another funny costume. I don't believe I have ever seen in these big first announcements the name of a writer. The writer is the last item in the planning of a production. After the star and the above-mentioned accessories are all signed, somebody says, "How about a writer?"

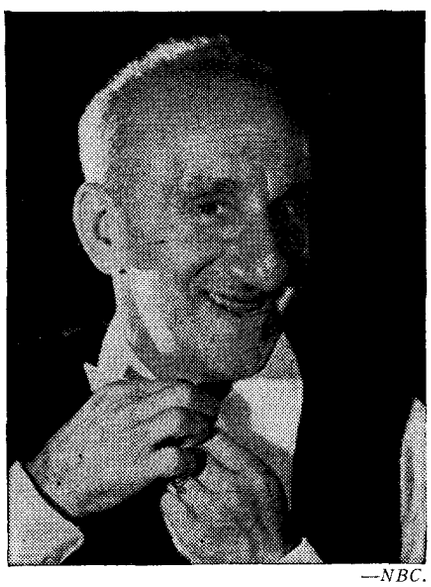
Well, it turns out that one of the men connected with the show—a producer or the third cameraman—knows a fellow with a typewriter. And now with the coming of color, that fellow better have a typewriter with a gaily colored ribbon.

If you want my opinion (I used to do a show on radio which the sponsor canceled), I think the hastening of color is brought about mostly by what color will add to the sponsors' commercials. It is a little bleak looking at the new refrigerator stacked with all those heads of green lettuce, oblongs of yellow butter, bunches of red radishes, dozens of orange oranges, bottles of brown beer, and a dish of cold cuts turned slightly blue. Color here will be most welcome. And I'm sure that many a TV viewer will rush right out to sell his set to buy one of those huge refrigerators.

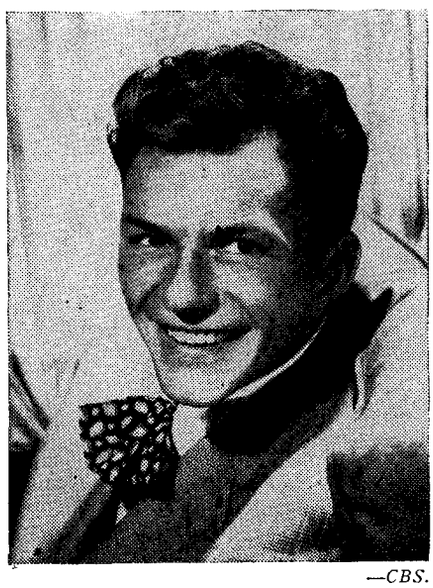
Color will enhance commercials there is no doubt. So if you happen to be a refrigerator, good for you.

As for me, I think television has so many more basic entertainment problems to solve at the moment that it will only complicate and delay those solutions at this time to raise the cry for hue. I believe it's too early for color. TV is still an infant, and until it matures to an age where its future is not so black, its diapers should remain the conventional white.

—GOODMAN ACE.



—NBC.



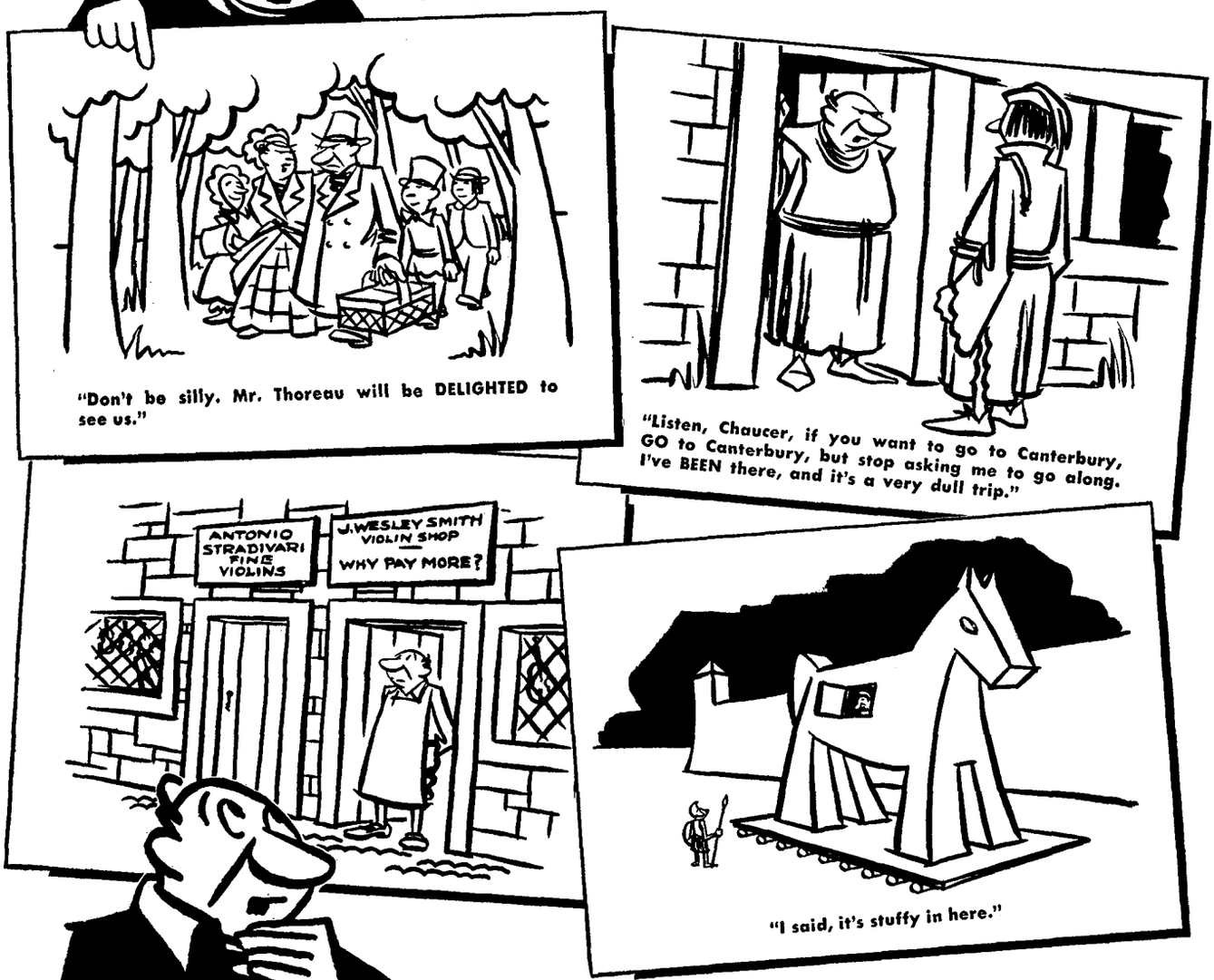
—CBS.

Jimmy Durante and Frank Sinatra—a more colorful quip . . . or ruddier tone?

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The year's ideal gift book

CIVILIZED HUMOR FOR CIVILIZED PEOPLE


"Don't be silly. Mr. Thoreau will be DELIGHTED to see us."
"Listen, Chaucer, if you want to go to Canterbury, GO to Canterbury, but stop asking me to go along. I've BEEN there, and it's a very dull trip."
ANTONIO STRADIVARI FINE VIOLINS
J. WESLEY SMITH VIOLIN SHOP
WHY PAY MORE?
"I said, it's stuffy in here."

Every reader of *The Saturday Review* knows J. Wesley Smith and his peregrinations through history. Now is your chance to get—to give or keep—a whole book of J. Wesley in more than 100 moments of glory—or reasonable facsimiles thereof.

"J. Wesley rivals H. Allen for the funniest Smith of his day. This is history I never learned at school."—BENNETT CERF.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

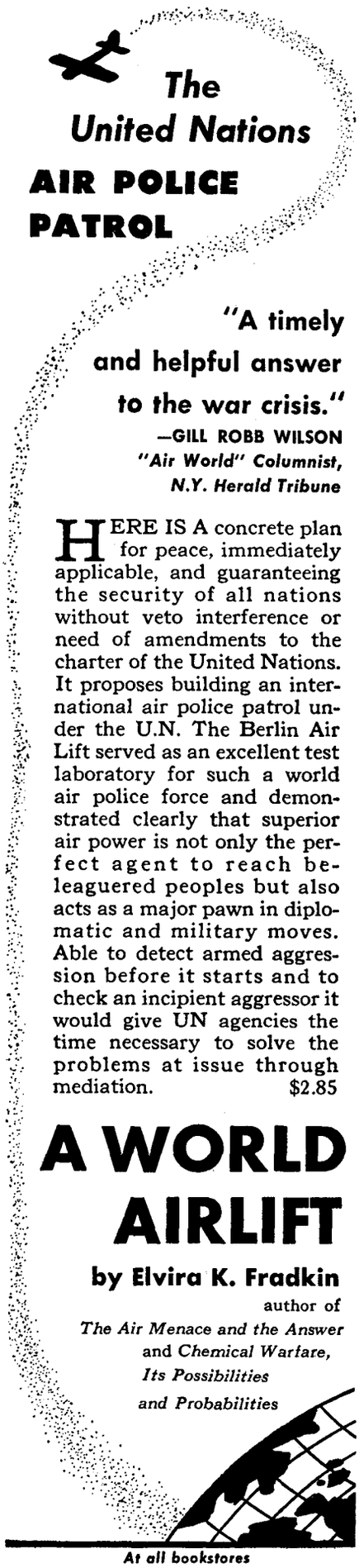
A BOOK OF OVER 100 CARTOONS BY

BURR SHAFER

OF SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE FAME

At all bookstores • $2.00 **VANGUARD**

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


The
United Nations
AIR POLICE
PATROL
"A timely
and helpful answer
to the war crisis."
—GILL ROBB WILSON
"Air World" Columnist,
N.Y. Herald Tribune
HERE IS A concrete plan for peace, immediately applicable, and guaranteeing the security of all nations without veto interference or need of amendments to the charter of the United Nations. It proposes building an international air police patrol under the U.N. The Berlin Air Lift served as an excellent test laboratory for such a world air police force and demonstrated clearly that superior air power is not only the perfect agent to reach beleaguered peoples but also acts as a major pawn in diplomatic and military moves. Able to detect armed aggression before it starts and to check an incipient aggressor it would give UN agencies the time necessary to solve the problems at issue through mediation. $2.85
A WORLD
AIRLIFT
by Elvira K. Fradkin
author of
The Air Menace and the Answer
and Chemical Warfare,
Its Possibilities
and Probabilities
At all bookstores
FUNK & WAGNALLS CO.

(Continued from page 16)

ciary. Green's point-blank criticism demolishes this contention, and, since neither writer gives proper credit to the military government for finally instituting a limited land reform, the reader is left with a thoroughly dark picture of the occupation. Had the land-redistribution law promulgated in March 1948 by the then Military Governor, Maj. Gen. William F. Dean, received adequate treatment, this impression would have been somewhat softened. Mr. Green warns that "all ideologies are either doing, dormant, or dead." General Dean, whose courage in the 24th Division retreat from Taejon probably cost him his life, also proved to be a man of action during his tenure as the last Military Governor and gave saving grace to an otherwise moribund rule.

The message of Oliver's book is, of course, that we should leave Korea to the Rhee government. Dr. Oliver is a professor of speech, which perhaps explains his rather novel emphasis upon the efficacy of speech-making by our leaders in combatting Communism abroad. Mr. Green has disdained prophecy or specific advice for the future, but his account of the 1945-48 occupation is a potent warning against assuming that good soldiers working under the incubus of the military system can also provide good democratic leadership.

Arthur L. Grey, Jr., collaborated with George M. McCune on "Korea Today."

Modern Lawrence of Arabia

POPSKI'S PRIVATE ARMY. By Lieut. Col. Vladimir Peniakoff. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. 369 pp. $3.75.

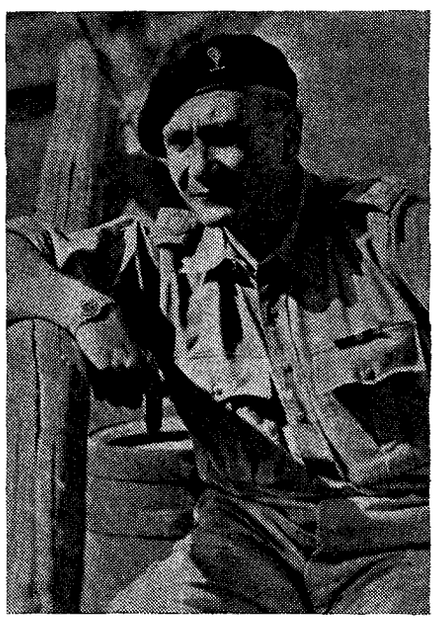
By HENRY B. KRANZ

This is the story of what happened to me in my middle age between the beginning of the year 1940 and the end of 1945. . . My excuse for asking strangers to read a book mainly about myself is that they may be interested in the record of events that led me and a few friends to considerable happiness. . . Only to fools among the men of my generation will the realization come as a surprise that we liked war.

THIS is how the man who has been called "the modern Lawrence of Arabia" introduces the poignant account of his thrilling adventures. He is undoubtedly one of the strangest soldiers who ever wore the British uniform. He considered his job to be a complicated, highly skilled game rather than a duty and writes about it with unusual modesty and a keen awareness of the importance of crucial details. The job was always "to spread alarm and despondency" behind the enemy lines, first in Africa, later in Italy. This meant, for almost five years, possible death every day without any hope of outside help. But this did not bother the colonel a bit.

Born in Belgium to Russian parents, brought up in England, Peniakoff settled in Egypt as a sugar manufacturer. When the war broke out he thought his knowledge of Arabic and his experience of the desert could be useful. First he fought with the Lybian Arab Forces. Then he started to build up a network of intelligence. He raided the coastal areas held by Rommel's troops in the Cyrenaica and blew up vital gasoline dumps.

One day he went to Cairo to complain because his pay had been stopped. A colonel at headquarters told him: "Popski, you go and fight a private war with your private army for your private convenience, taking orders from no one, and when you choose to come back, you expect H.M. Government to pay you for your fun?" This gave Popski, as Peniakoff was nicknamed, a new idea: to



Vladimir Peniakoff: "We liked war."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

organize the P.P.A.—Popski's Private Army, a small detachment, later approved, strange as it may seem, by the British War Office, with its own black shoulder flashes with the letters P.P.A. in red. Peniakoff managed to get hold of a few jeeps, a few trucks, machine guns, and radio sets, and he went out into the desert with not more than 100 brave, resourceful, and intelligent men. He himself, in his spare time, read "Lost Paradise" and "The Life of Wellington."

Fighting behind the Nazi lines, Peniakoff was always in trouble, always successful. He found his experiences always pleasant, perhaps because he was a philosopher as well as a soldier. "The successful soldier," he says, "forgets unpleasant experiences very quickly. If he doesn't, he is not a successful soldier." Peniakoff was not without fear. "Only morons are never afraid," he writes. "Brave men experience fear, but they forget it, forget it again and again."

Although he never tried to let the Arabs forget that he belonged neither to their race nor their religion, he adopted their manners and their prejudices and thus became their friend. When the Allies later landed in Italy, and he was chosen to organize his "private army" again, this time operating from Taranto, in the back of the Nazi lines, he made the Italian partisans (he praises them highly) his trusting friends. Soon he could report to headquarters the strength of all German troops in the area. And only once does he modestly sum up the results of his work in a short sentence: "In the last few days P.P.A. captured 1,335 prisoners and sixteen field guns." He never really expected to survive. But he was lucky—he only lost his left hand. This did not prevent him, however, from joining his comrades six months later.

Finally he and a few of his men who had not been killed entered Venice, the first Allied troops in this city of treasures and memories. Peniakoff records:

> I started my jeep and, trembling with excitement for the one and only time during the war, drove into the Piazetta, passed between the columns, turned left into Piazza San Marco, and followed by the others, drove seven times around the square. This was my hour of triumph.

It is one of the rare occasions where this leader of what may be called the most "unique" army in the whole war speaks about himself. Mostly he speaks about his fellow soldiers or about his job. And he shows a shrewd, observant eye for the virtues and the faults of everybody he encounters. He does not like the Germans, but in general he loved the enemy—"when he is a prisoner." His behavior throughout was modeled on the Victorian ideal of a gentleman.

Packed with fascinating action, this strange story will long be remembered, I think, not because of the cloak-and-dagger adventures of the hero, but mainly because it tells us how a middle-aged man, the father of two grown-up daughters, leading the quiet life of a businessman, one day, when he feels there is a job to do, emerges as a spirited leader, a cunning agent, a calm soldier, and a man of wisdom.

Henry B. Kranz, former Austrian author and critic, is now connected with the Department of State as a specialist working on German and Austrian publications.

A new and intimate glimpse of Franklin and his times

THE LETTERS OF
Benjamin Franklin
AND
Jane Mecom

Edited by CARL VAN DOREN

▶ The delightful correspondence between Franklin and his favorite sister contains more letters than he is known to have written to any other person.

The letters cover a period of more than sixty years. As the personality of Jane Mecom emerges through them, we understand the reasons for the esteem in which Franklin held her. Anyone interested in 18th century Americana will be delighted by the picture these letters give of Franklin's years in Philadelphia and Boston.

Published for the American Philosophical Society. 380 pages, $5.00

At your bookstore,

PRINCETON University Press

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The first English translation of Otto Rank's famous

PSYCHOLOGY AND THE SOUL

Translated by

William D. Turner

HERE at last is an excellent translation of Otto Rank's noted work, *Seelenglaube und Psychologie.* Dealing with life, experience, growth, the soul, Rank's central thesis is that intellectual psychology cannot give man the immortal soul he wants—and that he must somehow face and cope with this futility.

$3.50

At all bookstores, or

UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA PRESS
Philadelphia 4

WAS HE THE GREAT MASTER SPY OF WORLD WAR II ...or was he just a dupe?

OPERATION CICERO
By L. C. MOYZISCH
The most extraordinary spy story of the War!
***At all Bookstores* • $2.75**
COWARD-McCANN, Inc.

Kuomintang & the Rule It Created

THE GOVERNMENT AND POLITICS OF CHINA. By Ch'ien Tuan-sheng. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press. 526 *pp.* $7.50.

By HAROLD M. VINACKE

THE POLITICAL modernization of China has been forwarded in reasonably well-defined stages, each of which, with its peculiar problems and special accomplishments, has emerged from the preceding one. Thus the present Communist stage assumed form in the Kuomintang period. This study, written under the auspices of the International Secretariat of the Institute of Pacific Relations, is essentially one of the Kuomintang and the mechanism of government it created for the period of one-party tutelage, which was officially terminated with the adoption of the 1947 constitution, as well as by the loss of power to the Communists. It is the best and most comprehensive study yet made of what is now, in effect, a defunct regime. This is not to say, however, that Dr. Ch'ien's volume has value only for the historian.

As Dr. Arthur Holcombe points out in a thoughtful introduction, "Some acquaintance with the record of the Kuomintang rulers of China is indispensable for any intelligent comprehension of Chinese politics in the next stage of the revolution. . . . The purposes of the two organizations were by no means identical, but their forms and procedures possessed much in common." Nevertheless, it is unfortunate that the author does not devote more space directly to the Communists since they were a major political preoccupation of the Kuomintang during its entire tenure of power, as well as its successors.

This indicates the greatest weakness of the study. The description of the Party in its organization and relationship to the National Government and the Five-Power (Yuan) system is excellent, clarifying many relationships hitherto somewhat obscure for the Western student. But the economic and political forces in their relationship to government and to policy, and in their interaction, are largely disregarded. This may be because of the author's oversimplified conception of Chiang Kai-shek as possessing personal power to an extent which made it unnecessary for him to adjust to competitive and contradictory forces. Thus Dr. Ch'ien writes:

> On examining and analyzing the Kuomintang government, one gets the impression that it has been not so much a government by the Kuomintang as a government by a group of men who have called themselves "Kuomintang" and who have revolved around the leader of the Kuomintang in the person of Chiang Kai-shek. . . . What has been known as the one-party government of the Kuomintang is in truth more a one-man government of its leader. This is of course in complete harmony with the dominance of personal elements from which no Chinese government has up to this moment been entirely disentangled.

—*Burck in the* Chicago Sun-Times.

"Chop Suey."

And yet the history of the period is that of factional rivalry, as Dr. Ch'ien himself, incidentally, indicates. Chiang maintained his position, certainly until 1938 and possibly until 1943, only by playing a balancing role rather than that of an absolute personal dictator. He had to contend with "reformed" militarists, provincial interests, and "left"- and "right"-wing factions, as well as with family.

Nevertheless, the Kuomintang period bore the impress of Chiang as much as that of Sun Yat-sen himself. The plan of government, admirably described and evaluated by Dr. Ch'ien, was laid down by Sun but executed by Chiang. Back of the government, during the period of tutelage prescribed by Sun, was the single legal party, finally dominated by Chiang. The government which it controlled is subjected to detailed critical examination. The "politics" side of the volume, except for the Kuomintang, is represented by two chapters on political parties and party politics. The book has its value enhanced for the student by documentary appendices and a bibliography of books in Western languages and in Chinese.

Harold M. Vinacke, a faculty member of the University of Cincinnati, is author of "A History of the Far East in Modern Times."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Another Revolution for Russia

THE CHOICE. By Boris Shub. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 205 pp. $2.75.

By Albert Z. Carr

ANALYSIS of the great revolutions of history—English, American, French, Russian, Chinese—suggests that before they could occur a number of exceptional conditions had to exist, including a weak and incompetent government, a breakdown of national economy, a disciplined revolutionary organization under inspired leadership, and a powerful revolutionary military force. Boris Shub's book does not refer to history or to any such conditions, but he assures us that the Russian people are close to revolt against their harsh Soviet masters. This assurance he bases on personal experiences, not in Russia but in Germany. While in the American Army there he interviewed liberated Russian DP's and prisoners of war and found them frightened at the prospect of a return to Russia. Later he became a member of the staff of the American radio station in Berlin.

The most interesting part of the book consists of detailed descriptions of the American-Soviet propaganda duel for German favor. It is the theme of disaffection among the Russians, however, that is uppermost in the author's mind. "Those who know the Soviet Russians well," he writes, ". . . are agreed that there rages inside Russia today an implacable conflict."

Shub believes that the choice now before the American people is atomic war on the one hand, and on the other direct action to bring about a new and democratic revolution in Russia. In a brief, final chapter called "The Answer" he urges that the Government of the United States announce to the Russian people that we will support revolutionary action against the Stalin regime. He does not tell us in what form our support is to be given —whether it is to be military or merely moral. The promise alone, he indicates, will work wonders. He is certain, for example, that when we address revolutionary propaganda to the 300,000 Soviet troops in East Germany they "will swiftly become our ally in the struggle to destroy Stalin's power."

But the heart of Shub's proposal is American propaganda within Russia itself. He puts his faith especially on the medium of radio, and where obstacles arise he has solutions. He would deal with the shortage of radio receivers in Russia by dropping them from the air. He would overcome Soviet jamming of our radio transmissions by sending secret mobile broadcasting units into Soviet territory. "Admittedly," he says, "our message will not reach all sections of the population at the start. But word of mouth assuredly will do the rest."

Would not our overt revolutionary moves in Russia mean war—thus making Shub's "choice" a little like Hobson's? On this crucial issue the reader is left in a state of some confusion. While the jacket of the book calls it "an account of the shortest road to peace," the author recognizes that

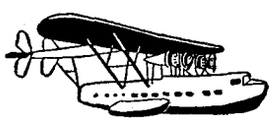
Boris Shub—"radios from the air."

adoption of his plan might bring about another world war. At the same time he opposes the idea of preventive war. He is concerned with the terrible dangers of atomic war. He regards as absurd "the notion that Communism can be disposed of effectively by military means." He acknowledges the immense power of the Soviet propaganda machine over the Russian massmind. Yet these considerations have not discouraged his blithe conviction that by openly and promptly fomenting revolution in Russia the United States will solve the tremendous problem of her relations with the Soviet world.

Albert Z. Carr is author of the recently published "Truman, Stalin, and Peace."

AIRWAYS ABROAD

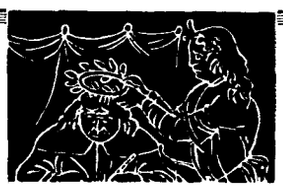
by Henry Ladd Smith



The story behind the expansion of American World Air Routes

From the free-for-all pioneering of the 20's to today's huge, international network, this is the story of our merchant air fleet and of the men who expanded commercial aviation. A full account of the "chosen instrument" policy and present international agreements.

350 pages. Illustrated. $4.00



THE RENAISSANCE

ITS NATURE AND ORIGINS

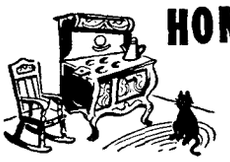
By George Clarke Sellery.

SRL: "Unusually lively reading, with a delightfully pugnacious tone. . . . A stimulating survey of the field."

Atlantic: "Brevity and erudition, a rare conjunction, are happily mated in this essay . . . which has the inclusiveness of a 'Cook's Tour.'"

302 pages. Illustrated. $3.75

WISCONSIN, MY HOME



By Erna Oleson Xan

The heart-warming tale of three generations in a Norwegian family

A vivid picture of home and church and school, of funerals, feasts, courtships, and weddings. But more than mere reminiscence, it illustrates the rich contribution of the Scandinavian immigrant to the very substance of American life.

232 pages, 30 of illustrations. $3.75

AT YOUR BOOKSTORE

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN PRESS • Madison 5, Wis.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A novel based on the life of Count Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec, the crippled genius of painting, who searched tragically for salvation in the vices of Paris . . . and, in his own way, found it.

MOULIN ROUGE

A novel by
PIERRE LA MURE

At all bookstores, $3.50
RANDOM HOUSE, N. Y.

The Best in Poetry
POETRY AWARDS 1950

A Compilation of Original Poetry Published in Magazines of the English-speaking World in 1949

ROBERT THOMAS MOORE, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF. Seventy-four poems chosen by a jury of outstanding American poets: Louise Townsend Nicholl; Stanton A. Coblentz; Robert Nathan; and A. M. Sullivan. Includes poems by Robert Frost, Robert P. Tristram Coffin, Peter Viereck, Stephen Spender, Wilfrid Gibson, and Leonard Bacon. $2.00

At all bookstores, or

University of Pennsylvania
Philadelphia 4

NKVD Counter-Espionage

SMERSH. By Nicola Sinevirsky. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 253 pp. $2.75.

By Hal Lehrman

THIS little volume with the blood-streaked dustjacket has been hailed as an incredible, startling, terrifying exposé of the Soviet police. But eager and diligent perusal of "one of the most shocking and important documents ever published on this side of the Iron Curtain" leaves this perplexed reader asking: "Where's the fire?" Thunderous paragraphs by professional blurb writers are routine in the business. The one thing really incredible, startling, etc., is the salvo of ecstatic salutes fired by some of our best elders and betters. Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr., is quoted as finding it "extremely important." Senator Homer Ferguson wants it read "by every official . . . and by every patriotic American." Congressman Paul W. Shafer calls it "essential to the understanding of the Soviet system today." And no less than J. Edgar Hoover says it "reveals exactly what can happen when the Communists gain power." These are plugs which only the distracted secretaries of busy public men could have dreamed up, I hope. Actually, the book reveals nothing we haven't known before from more convincing sources.

Nicola Sinevirsky, it seems, wanted to free his native Carpatho-Russia from Czechoslovakia, unite it with Mother Russia, then get rid of Joseph Stalin. But the Red Army, chasing the Nazis westward, reached Carpatho-Russia first. So Sinevirsky's fellow conspirators in the National Alliance of Russian Solidarists order him to infiltrate himself into the Soviet secret police and ferret out just how much the NKVD knows about them. A sticky assignment, which Nicola accomplishes without even trying — through a glorious parade of non sequiturs. Dragooned into the Soviet Army, he is accidentally drafted as interpreter for —guess what—the secret police. (Sinevirsky, his editors, and publishers think it is something new and special called SMERSH — from *Smert Shpionam*, the Russian for "death to spies!" —but it's really just an NKVD counter-espionage branch.) Again by plain dumb luck, after many wanderings and buckets of blood, Sinevirsky finds himself alone one day in a captured Nazi file room loaded with data about his own conspiratorial outfit. He tears it all to bits and burns it in the fireplace. Mission accomplished. Off he goes to West Germany on forged papers, to write his sensational "diary" about SMERSH, which we now have "for the first time available to the American public."

Into this plot Sinevirsky stitches a dreary tale of Soviet brutality, torture, and murder. SMERSH's purpose was to rush into a "liberated" country and liquidate all potential "enemies of the people." True and horrible enough, but Sinevirsky tells the story so badly it sounds phoney. His technique is to narrate one sadistic episode after another, interspersed with his own purple outcries. Sample: "Murder, blood, blood and murder. Blood everywhere, suffering, horror, more death everywhere. Death to the entire non-Communist humanity. Death to anti-Communists." Among SMERSH's victims Sinevirsky lumps Nazis, Hlinka Guards, and other Fascists, which might have been admirable but happens not to be quite correct. He is anti-Hungarian and anti-Czech in a stereotyped Balkan way, betrays a delicate tinge of anti-Semitism, and is so priggishly honorable about women in the midst of lasciviously-told and virtually uninterrupted Soviet orgies that you get to wondering whether the fellow ever really existed at all.

Hal Lehrman, lecturer and former correspondent for The Nation *in Eastern Europe, is the author of "Russia's Europe."*

Death of the Blind Wife

By Joseph Joel Keith

HE heard the word again, again: "Release."
Rejoicing in his loss, the neighbors said
the tortured wife, too long held from her peace,
had more than earned her bed.

How could they know the words her fingers spoke;
how could they know, when two strode up their hill,
what exultations rose as morning broke
around her? Standing still,

she let the whole dawn bathe her: she was sun,
the whole warm glow, no part of blinding night;
now he, the stumbler in day's dark, is one
with eyes, but without sight.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FICTION

(*Continued from page 19*)

ginia Myers's first book about Southern California, "Angela's Wife" had much the same directly detailed technique. She writes her historical novels in the language of the women's magazines and, sensibly, entirely from the woman's point of view. Her concerns are those of the housekeeping of a big estate, complete with all sorts of big family affairs, jealous stepdaughters almost her own age, reckless brothers, a half-caste illiterate sister, and her own children. The novel's chief event is the very real problem of such Spanish landholders whose titles were held only in the vague Spanish manner, which had little force against the cunning and rapacity of the intruding Americans. There are, fortunately for us, some intelligent and friendly Americans. Miss Myers's unpretentious narrative is the more effective because she does not overestimate her powers. It is a book that will have real interest for Southern Californians.

—MARJORY STONEMAN DOUGLAS.

LADY ON THE HUNT, by Clinch Calkins. Harper. $2.50. If Rockefeller could restore Williamsburg, is there any reason why Caleb Treat, a fictitious Yankee millionaire, couldn't restore the foxhunt to its rightful habitat? Treat thought he could and almost did. He acquired a Virginia estate, complete with stables, grooms, and a horse-wise duenna to initiate him into the snooty county set. He then bought an entire hunt club, magnanimously allowing its members to continue paying dues. He also imported a film star named Delilah Winsor, who didn't know a horse's rump from its front end but who thought she could decorate any old nag. And did. In beruffled side habit and silk topper. Luckily for Delilah her standin, a true-blue Virginia aristocrat named Sheila Rafferty, could ride like a demon. So could bemortgaged Domenicus Milliken, another pure-blooded Virginian, who loved Sheila but hated Treat, who lusted for Delilah, who adored herself. Anyway, on the eve of the great hunt a bunch of insensitive farmers forbade Grand Master Treat from riding across their land. They even threatened to withhold their little foxes. So what did Treat do but order a fox to be flown down from New York. But it turned out to be a chinchilla, which happened to be Delilah's favorite animal anyway. Everyone winds up happy except the reader, who winds up nag-shy and rump-weary.

Probably a good satire could be written about followers of the fox. But "Lady on the Hunt" isn't it. It is cute rather than clever, tiresome and silly rather than witty. If the hounds couldn't move any faster than this "short" novel, they couldn't possibly catch the fox. And they didn't.

—RAY PIERRE.

—*From "Lady on the Hunt."*

THE SAINT, by Fritz von Unruh. Translated by Willard Trask. Random House. $3.50. This is a strange book, and rather grotesque. On page 36 appears the following:

> O Thou Who hast made that emerald-green lizard to slip so sly and quick among these warm mossy stones; Who hast made the red-freaked daisies there in the dew-pearled grass, and the green-gold beetles there among the red and yellow roses around that statue, and the white oxen in the podere, and the song of that young girl down there among the reeds by the well—the song that rises so pure, so silver-sounding, from the healthy ovaries of her slender, living self, like the song of this spring day!
>
> And on page 45:
>
> one dappled cow said, "Moo!"

The first passage is the language of Niccolo di Toldo, the second of Saint Catherine of Siena in the year 1378. The book recounts (1) her struggles to redeem his soul, and (2) his efforts to possess her body.

One wonders vaguely what impelled such a book to be written. The need to "prove" that we must love each other by loving God Who is within us all? The desire to illustrate the pantheistic belief that God exists in each blade of grass? Or was it to pseudo-historify the Guelf-Ghibelline conflicts in present-day terms?

The serious intent of Fritz von Unruh, whatever it may be, cannot be questioned. But his novel "of sacred and profane love" is not plausible. Character and story are infantile. And

The new book by
JAMES T. FARRELL
AN AMERICAN DREAM GIRL
AND OTHER STORIES
Twenty-one distinguished short stories which reveal once again "new facets of Farrell's genius for characterization."—VIRGINIA KIRKUS. $3.00

A rich lode of Americana
COMSTOCK BONANZA
Edited by
Duncan Emrich
author of
IT'S AN OLD WILD WEST CUSTOM
Out-of-print and hard-to-find stories by writing folk who flocked to Virginia City in its heyday to record the rough, rowdy, gaudy goings-on. Mark Twain is only the first among equals in a roster that includes J. Ross Browne, Sam Davis, Dan de Quille, James W. Gally, Joseph T. Goodman, Fred Hart and Bret Harte.
$3.75

At all bookstores
VANGUARD

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the
MIRACLE OF GROWTH
text by Arnold Sundgaard
foreword by Dr. Arnold Gesell
The story of how we are born and how we grow — in words and pictures — told in simple straightforward terms, based on the famous exhibit at the Museum of Science and Industry in Chicago. At all bookstores.
PAPERBOUND $1.25 CLOTHBOUND $2.00
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS PRESS
in urbana

Kids from 6 to 60 love
Punchy
the cat who had big tigerish ideas

Now at your book store . . .
put it on your Xmas gift list
2.00
Pix Press, Chicago

BUY U. S. SAVINGS BONDS

the spuriously romantic manner of the writing is so bloated that there is neither form nor grace nor taste.

The book has been translated from the German.

—MARTIN BLUMENSON.

THE DARLINGTONS, by Lady Sylvia Brooke. Farrar, Straus. $3. The Darlingtons are a mid-Victorian family consisting of Papa, Lord Darlington, Mama, Lady Darlington, Henrietta and Susan, twin daughters. Susan is the narrator heroine. Lady Darlington is addicted to errors in judgment, but from the reader's standpoint the greatest error may have been the borning of Susan. The author seems to have some compunctions as to her own share in this creation, for in the opening pages little Susan makes an attempt at suicide, unfortunately abortive.

Whether Lady Sylvia was trying to satirize a Victorian novel or write a real one matters little; the satire is not necessary: if one is in the mood, any novel of that period can be its own satirist; and if you want to read a *real* Victorian novel there are numerous not too bad examples to satisfy the longing. The Brontë sisters did quite well, and so did Mr. Trollope. They say a paper shortage is again nearly upon us. Publishers should consider twice before wasting paper, not to say ink, on a spurious attempt at something that has been done better and more honestly before.

Just before the end of the book the author lets a family retainer, whose delight it is to listen at keyholes, make a statement:

> Life is a series of incidents, ladies and gentlemen, and fate and divine providence have their part to play. . . . There's an art to telling a story, and I'm praying to God I've got it. It's like opening a bag of tricks; you mustn't let out the contrivance of it. Keep them guessing, so to speak, and dangle the pith of the narrative in front of their noses. . . . It's a knack, ladies and gentlemen, and if you know a hawk from a handsaw it's an ingenuity only Satan himself gave to humans.

It's a knack, right enough. But though I may not know a hawk from

The Cool Gold Wines of Paradise

By Robert Farren

THE God who had such heart for us
as made him leave His house,
come down through archipelagos
of stars and live with us
has such a store of joys laid down
their savors will not sour:
the cool gold wines of Paradise,
the bread of Heaven's flour.

He'll meet the soul which comes in love
and deal it joy on joy—
as once He dealt out star on star
to garrison the sky,
to stand there over rains and snows
and deck the dark of night—
so God will deal the soul, like stars,
delight upon delight.

Night skies have planet-armies, still
the blue is never full;
rich massive stars have never bowed
one cloud-bed's flock of wool;
red worlds of dreadful molten fire
have singed no speck of air:—
all is in place, and, each to each,
God's creatures show His care.

The soul will take each joy He deals
as skies take star on star,
be never filled, be never bowed,
be airy, as clouds are,
burn with enlarging heat and shine
with ever-brightening ray,
joyful and gathering thirst for joy
throughout Unending Day.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a handsaw, I do not think that Satan did very well in bestowal to Lady Sylvia Brooke.

—KATHLEEN SPROUL.

THE TALL HEADLINES, by Audrey Erskine Lindop. Macmillan. $3. A normal, middle-class English family moves from a narrow, gray house in London to a Tudor-style villa at the seaside. A commonplace occurrence, on the face of it, except that the move is perpetuated secretly at dead of night. For this unexceptional family has been ravaged by an exceptional tragedy. Ronnie, the elder son, having committed a sex murder, is convicted and hanged.

Without the mental equipment to understand the dark motives behind his crime, or the moral strength to face its consequences, the Rackhams go steadily downhill. Mary Rackham turns from tears to spiritualism and near-glorification of her weakling son. Her husband's perplexity and despair find an outlet in angry recriminations. Their daughter, unable to recapture an errant suitor, succeeds in driving away another prospect. But it is Philip, the younger son, who is most seriously affected. Unhappy at home and friendless at work, he drifts into marriage with a cheap little office flirt and becomes obsessed with the notion that he is destined to repeat Ronnie's crime. Unfortunately, the author lacks the talent to make her characters' suffering believable or their personalities sympathetic. "The Tall Headlines" has neither the suspense of a real thriller nor the insight of a good psychological novel. It is a rather dismal piece of work.

—R. P.

PRETEND I AM A STRANGER, by Jack Aistrop. Roy Publishers. $2.75. This sensitively wrought psychological novel from England considers a neurotic situation rarely dealt with in modern fiction. Jack Aistrop's hero, Bill Maclarin, is no eccentric with extravagant symptoms that betray the deep disorder of his personality. He is, to all appearances, an ordinary young man, from a working-class Soho family, clinging to the fringes of financial security. He might be the boy who runs the elevator or waits on you in the haberdasher's. In Mr. Aistrop's book he is, at the outbreak of the war, a porter in a London club. He is pleasant-appearing, affable if a little retiring, but behind this façade we find him beset by a thousand fears, insecurities, and guilts, living only for and within himself. He is, in Housman's words, "a stranger and afraid, in a world . . . [he] . . . never made."

He might have gotten by, lived out

Funk & Wagnalls
is privileged to announce
that the new revised edition of
Emily Post's
Etiquette
The Blue Book of Social Usage
is now available
at all bookstores

R. s. v. p.

Funk & Wagnalls Company
New York 10, N. Y.

Every thinking citizen, every parent faced with the crushing expense of sending a son or daughter away to college should read
Community College in Action

Peter Sammartino,
Fairleigh Dickinson College
Ellsworth Tompkins
U. S. Office of Education
Foreword by
Benjamin Fine
Educational Editor, N. Y. Times
Fairleigh Dickinson College Press
Rutherford, New Jersey $2.50

A LIVELY SURVEY of the American press, encompassing such interesting matters as Editorial Scurrility, Subscription Worries, Circulation, Advertisements and Women Newspaper Publishers. Embellished by facsimile mastheads, an early advertisment, and verses by Benjamin Franklin.

JOURNALS AND JOURNEYMEN
By Clarence S. Brigham
Director, American Antiquarian Soc.
Just published
Illustrated $2.50
At all bookstores, or
University of Pennsylvania Press
Philadelphia 4

at last, mr. TOLLIVER
WINNER of the Fourth Mary Roberts RINEHART Mystery Novel Contest
By WILLIAM WIEGAND
MR. Tolliver pursues a murderer and vindicates an unsavory past. "Mr. Wiegand's characters defy a lot of the formulas. The plot winds up with a twist which ought to satisfy even the most orthodox."
—N. Y. Herald Tribune
$2.50 at all bookstores
RINEHART & CO., New York 16

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

by Leo A. Handel

HOLLYWOOD
LOOKS AT ITS AUDIENCE

The first comprehensive survey of film audience research. Shows how Hollywood uses scientific and pseudo-scientific methods to select stars, pick titles, predict box office, and find out what-the-movie-going-public-wants.

"I cannot recommend it too highly to all film men, to study groups, and to the serious student of the motion picture." — W. Ward Marsh, Cleveland Plain Dealer.

$3.50 at all bookstores

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS PRESS
in urbana

LIBRARIES

Just published, the authoritative

MODERN COINS OF CHINA
By KALGAN SHIH

2 Volumes 6¼ x 9". 1st Volume Chinese edition, 200 pages, 147 photostatic plates with photographic reproductions of over 830 coins. Art paper, cloth bound. 2nd Volume 100 pages, is the English translation of the Chinese text. Both volumes $10.00.

Describing all gold, silver, nickel and aluminum coins of China, 19th and 20th centuries, imperial, republican, all provincial issues and coins of the vassal States like Manchukuo, Annam, Cambodia, Siam, Burma, Hongkong, Korea.

Reviewed by Arthur B. Coole in May 1950 NUMISMATIST, "The most complete book on the subject to date."

American Distributors

Robert Friedberg
134 West 32nd St.
New York 1, N. Y.

Hans M. F. Schulman
545 Fifth Avenue
New York 17, N. Y.

HOW TO GET YOUR BOOK PUBLISHED

Our basic policy is to encourage new authors. If you are looking for a publisher of your book (or pamphlet), learn how we can help you. Send us your manuscript or write today for Free Booklet FF.

VANTAGE PRESS, INC., 230 W. 41 St., New York 18.

Help Send Food for the Mind . . .

● Your contribution to the new CARE-UNESCO Book Program will replenish the war-wrecked libraries of Europe and Asia with the latest scientific and technical books in English. Full information available. CARE, 20 Broad Street, New York 5, N. Y.

his lonely life of quiet desperation, if the war hadn't stepped up the pressure, bringing him under combat to the point of almost complete psychic collapse. Returned to London at the war's end, burdened with new guilts and fears, he withdraws even further within himself, seeking to keep a hostile world at bay. The account of his failure in this and of his ultimate emergence as a person capable of mature relationships in a real world occupies the bulk of Mr. Aistrop's thoughtful novel.

Mr. Aistrop has constructed his tale well. He has peopled it with characters of convincing drabness. And he has written it in a pleasant, if undistinguished, style. It would be regrettable if the undramatic nature of his materials and the unemphatic manner of his presentation should cause readers to overlook a work of consistent interest and real insight. The publishers haven't helped its prospects by cloaking it in a jacket and setting it in a format calculated to excite widespread apathy. —E. J. F.

PURPLE PASSAGE, by Emily Hahn. Doubleday. $3. Mrs. Aphra Behn, "the first Englishwoman who adopted literature as a profession," is having a return of her vogue. Her songs never entirely left us, appearing in collections, such as "Women's Voices" (1888), and later anthologies of verse,

> Hang Love, for I will never pine
> For any man alive,

being one of the most frequently recurring. But her plays, which rocked London in the seventeenth century, have been forgotten along with her other writings, now being revived for our interest and amusement.

Emily Hahn deals competently with this pioneer playwright's ex-

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
HARDLY A MAN IS NOW ALIVE *Herbert Brean* (Morrow: $2.50)	Photographer Frame expected a quiet wedding in Concord, Mass., but murder with historical trimmings, ghosts from 1775, and literary discoveries cause brief altar-delay.	Pleasant, authentic details of shot heard round the world plus Emerson's circle, but plot needs hospitalization for split personality.	Much ado—but amusing
MURDER LEAVES A RING *Fay Grisson Stanley* (Rinehart: $2.50)	Any murderer of actress Iris was public benefactor. All cock-eyed guests at her Greenwich Village cocktail party had reasons, which Capt. Steele, Homicide, had tough time sorting out.	Mystery thick because 'tec - writer heroine and narrator keeps getting knocked on head, confusing police and reader.	Ho hum . . .
THE BEST LAID PLANS *Anne Hocking* (Crime Club: $2.50)	London writer regretfully but successfully murders wife. Attempted repeat on winning suitor of "other woman" brings in Yard's Inspector Austen and retribution.	Reader walks hand in hand with killer on excellently plotted, breathless journey among credible companions, vivid London scene, to justified conclusion.	Author took gamble but won handily
DEAD OF NIGHT *Stewart Sterling* (Dutton: $2.50)	Murder and other messy matters involving America's skating sweetheart in Manhattan's swankiest hotel puts hotel dick Gil Vines on hopping itinerary including Brooklyn and Kentucky.	Hostelry highlights interesting; detective likably tough and smart, gets a bum deal on confusing plot from author.	Time killer
PARDON MY BLOOD *Paul Whelton* (Lippincott: $2.50)	It looked like routine burglary, but star reporter Garry Dean's newsnose found a smell that leads to missing men, a pack of trouble (male and female), and murder.	Rather fun to read but only thing clear about plot is that Dean likes bourbon (with soda) and inhabited sweaters.	Fades after good start
DREAM SINISTER *Sturges Mason Schley* (Morrow: $2.50)	Whether it's planned plot or madness, Long Island heiress's fish-phobia is terrifyingly real. Psychiatrist Quentin Toby does not prevent murder but finally hooks slippery eel.	Top-flight idea here and novel nightmarish group of suspects, marred by double-talk dialogue and a too-too cleverness smokescreen.	Pretentious but better than most

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

travagant life in this fictionalized biography. The chapters on Surinam and the tropical life there of planters and slaves, especially the fine chapter on the flogging of Caesar and the grotesque horrors that followed, are well told. Aphra's life in London and in Brussels with her first lover, Will Scott, are less purple but more permanent in their influence upon her and her work. Will's character is well etched with its easy-going falsity and spurious charm. He would be the death of her if he could, both as writer and as woman, but Aphra was made of more enduring stuff. Her years of frustration, torment, tragedy, and humiliation with him paid in advance for her triumph in London and even for her disputed burial in Westminster Abbey among England's great. The gods are not always so obviously indulgent in their reckonings. They gave her fame and affection. The companionship of a man like John Hoyle, intelligent, sensitive, a good actor, and even a generous critic of a mere woman's plays, must have come to her as unexpected largesse.

The only fault to find with "Purple Passage" is that Emily Hahn's pithy wit is a little at sea and hampered by the flowery extravagances of Aphra Behn's times. There is not enough scope for it. It is there by fits and flashes and by inference, but this is not her best medium, not a Hahn book, such as we hope is on the fire in a good Gallic casserole for choice.

—Evelyn Eaton.

THE GAMBLER, by William Krasner. Harper. $2.50. It was a "stinking town," Ben Wulfson's birthplace, a city with ugly memories, and he'd been away for eight years. When Tim Coogan asked him why he'd come back, Ben answered, "I can make dough here. It's a good place for that. Real good for that. . . . Then I'll be glad to get out." They went up to Malec's place, where Tim helped Ben cheat unsuspecting card players until Malec got wise and threw them out. Ben opened a dice room and paid Tim to work the table because he needed someone he could trust. When the truck driver caught Ben using crooked dice, Ben defended himself by smashing the man's face with an iron weight. Badly injured, the man drove off in his truck, half blinded by the blood in his eyes. A few minutes later he was dead when the truck hit a steel pole. Ben asked Tim to hold his bankroll until he escaped from the dice room and the driver's angry friends. The police called it a felony killing, and Ben was wanted for murder. With Alice, the girl he'd befriended, Ben went into hiding and began the futile search for Tim, who had disappeared with his money.

Mr. Krasner is extremely successful at creating a somber mood and maintaining it throughout his book, but none of his characters is sufficiently strong or real enough to be convincing. They are forever cloaked in the darkness of the author's prose. The few brightly vivid scenes are minor ones and have no direct bearing upon the personality of young Ben Wulfson, who is not a real gambler at all but merely a "small-time operator who goes down to his ruin because he isn't tough enough to make good at his own game."

—Joseph M. Grant.

THE PROUD AND THE FREE, by Howard Fast. Little, Brown. $3. Howard Fast returns here to his re-examination of our American Revolutionary history. This time he is concerned with the events of the year 1781, when, with the war against the British still raging, the soldiers of the regiments of the Pennsylvania Line revolted against their own officers and, for a brief period, attempted to run "their" army without officers. It is Mr. Fast's thesis, presented through his narrator, Jamie Stewart, that the revolt was not one of men disloyal to the cause of the Continental Army, but rather one of men who sought to extend the principles of democracy as they saw them. Hungry, ill-clothed, and unpaid, they looked upon their officers as well-fed gentry, tyrannical as the British, and more intent on securing personal gain from the war than on the principles for which it was being fought.

There are historians who will dispute Mr. Fast's interpretation of this highly charged and rather infrequently discussed episode in our history. Meanwhile, it may be noted here, he has again written a persuasive novel, peopled with warm, believable characters and rich with the details of colonial life and fighting, which made his book on Washington, "The Unvanquished," so memorable an experience. As a cavil, be it noted also, that his prose and particularly the speech rhythms which he gives to his characters are getting a little to richly poetic and folk-songy. —E. J. F.

Eugen Kogon's

THE THEORY and PRACTICE OF HELL

"One of the two best books to come out of post-war Germany . . . exceptionally well-written." — *Library Journal.* This definitive record of the Nazi concentration-camp system pictures the entire pageant of horror, from the top planners to the brutal camp guards. Over 125,000 copies sold in Germany. $4.00

ff FARRAR, STRAUS

Ernest Watkins'

THE CAUTIOUS REVOLUTION

"Strongly recommended. . . . Much more than a mere record of events." —*Library Journal.* A vivid, unbiased account of the personalities who have guided (and often opposed) the stormy course of British socialism through the last five years, including the recent General Elections. $5.00

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKED for TRAVEL

MAN AGAINST MOUNTAIN

THE HIGHEST unexplored mountain in the world is the Himalaya of mail that has piled up on my desk during an eight weeks' romp through Switzerland, France, and Britain. To add to the great controversies raging in the world today, I have received a number of letters (two) which take issue with a piece I filed from Zermatt entitled "Young Man with a Matterhorn" (*SRL* October 21). The first broadside was fired by Henry A. Perkins of 55 Forest St., Hartford, Conn., who wrote on the very day of publication, a tribute to *SRL*'s circulation department and Mr. Perkins's low boiling point.

Mr. Perkins, who introduces himself as one who climbed the Matterhorn in 1898 and as one of the oldest living members of the American Alpine Club, deposes and says that it was downright "disrespectful" for me to have referred to the "awe-inspiring Matterhorn as 'the Horn.'" I can only suggest to old-climber Perkins that times and terms may have changed since 1898, that even though the nearby lumps on the Swiss horizon are called the Weisshorn, the Shreckhorn, *und so weiter*, *the* Horn is an appellation generally associated with the Matterhorn.

I particularly recall a fragment of poignant conversation which passed one day this summer between Albert Candrian, manager of the famous Seiler Hotels of Zermatt, and a pretty young girl done up in wool slacks, hiking boots, rucksack, and sun glasses who was about to join a party of climbers en route to the hills.

"The Horn?" asked M. Candrian.

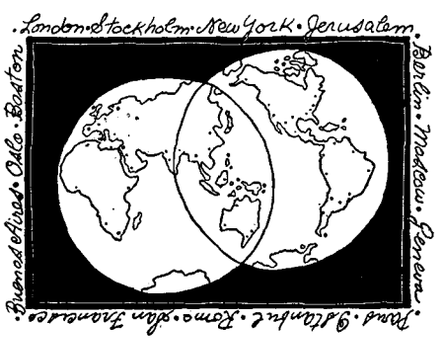
"Yes."

"*Cou-rage*," he said in gentle French.

Both Mr. Perkins and Richard O. Simon of San Francisco have aimed a pick at my head for having called Mr. Hadow "Hador," an error which I charge to the illegibility of my wife's notes. She is now enrolled in a Palmer penmanship class, and meanwhile the house is just going to pot. Both Perkins and Simon have also doubled-teamed me for slighting the climbing ability of the Rev. Charles Hudson, the oldest participating climber of the ill-fated first Matterhorn ascension and a man whom Simon calls "one of the great mountaineering figures of that period."

The version printed in "Young Man with a Matterhorn" ("amusing title," says Mr. Perkins, relenting) was obtained from Otto Furrer, perhaps the most famous of modern Matterhorn guides (160 ascents) and was double-checked at the Matterhorn museum in Zermatt. We did not read Whymper's book "Scrambles Amongst the Alps," as Mr. Perkins has indicated we should have, but we pass his suggestion along to any reader who wants to take more of the bull by the Horn.

The last tempest in this department bubbled up over the flaming issue of who named Martha's Vineyard after which Martha. People with nothing to do but write five-page typewritten letters to the editor wrote five-page typewritten letters to the editor, and



the *Vineyard Gazette* got exercised enough to print two articles, both of which intimated that we-ought-to-keep - all - these - furriners - off - this lovely-island-paradise.

It was with great satisfaction, therefore, that we opened the letter, slightly aged but no less sweet, written by Frances Diane Robotti of New York. She called the piece "especially precious" not to mention "fascinating." Thus placated, we are happy to print *her* version of how Martha's Vineyard got to be called, among other things, that:

> The first Englishman known to have landed in Massachusetts and who may well have disembarked in or near Salem Bay was Bartholomew Gosnold. The Earl of Southampton contributed most of the funds for the fitting out of the *Concord*, which sailed from Falmouth on March 26, 1602 with thirty-two on board, captained by the thirty-year-old Gosnold. The *Concord* traversed Nantucket Sound and passed through Muskeget Channel. An islet now called No Man's Land Gosnold named Martha's Vineyard in honor of his eldest child, a girl of five. Afterwards the name was transferred to the larger island known as Capewack, which today people call Martha's Vineyard.

The story about Hal Hennesey's adventures among the Mayan ruins which ran here in the issue of September 16 has brought him at least two offers to publish his manuscript, temporarily entitled "The Land of the Feathered Serpent." And there is action, too, on a suggestion printed in "Vacation Across the Color Line," a BOOKED FOR TRAVEL piece which ran in February and is still attracting mail. An article on the barren vacation possibilities available for Negroes, it pleaded for a coast-to-coast string of unrestricted cabin colonies. Now, eight months later, there is word from California that a group is interested in pushing such a project. It is already in the advanced talking stage.

IF there is anyone else in the joint who thinks a travel-writer's mail would make the most interesting reading since Mary Astor, here are some hot flashes which have been smoldering during my absence.

From the National Federation of American Shipping: The privately-owned U.S. flag ocean-going fleet decreased by four vessels in October.

From the North Carolina News Bureau: General Jonathan Wainwright is going into the North Carolina Mountains to hunt Russian wild boar, bear, and deer.

From the French Line: "Sugar Ray" Robinson, world welter-weight champion, left for Europe taking with him his wife, golf pro, secretary, barber, two trainers, and manager, George Gainford. Mr. Gainford took along his wife and his secretary. Mr. Gainford's secretary didn't take along anybody.

From Eastern Airlines: Millions of New Yorkers will be reminded of Miami and Miami Beach's balmy climate when the largest neon sign in the world operated by Eastern Airlines on the Palisades opposite 125th Street overlooking New York City is officially lighted this month. It cost $2,500,000, is 200 feet long, and will flash Miami's temperature in letters twenty feet high once every minute.

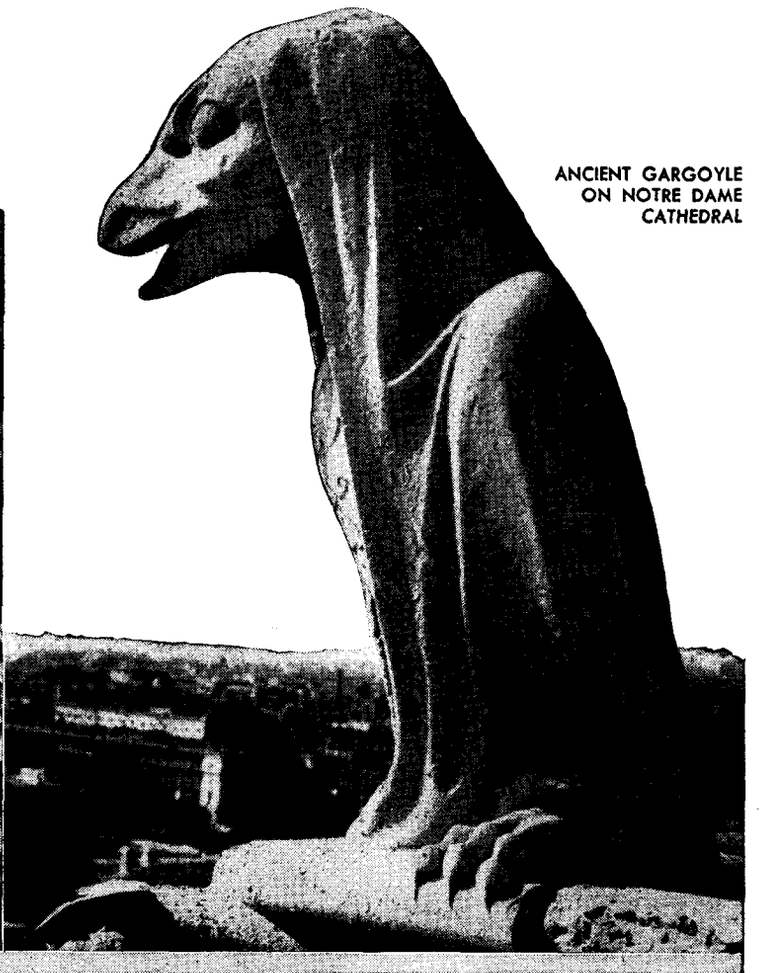
From Sabena Airlines: Sabena probably carries more infant passengers traveling alone than any of the world's larger airlines.

From Cook's: Edward O'Connor, vice president in charge of traffic, says that the lowest point in the Western Hemisphere, 276 feet below sea level, in Death Valley, near Badwater will be one of the attractions on Cook's Escorted Tours to California this winter.

From Canadian Government Travel Bureau: Canada has a new land teeming with wildlife, swarming with game fish. Ptarmigan, geese, ducks, black bear, and woodland caribou are

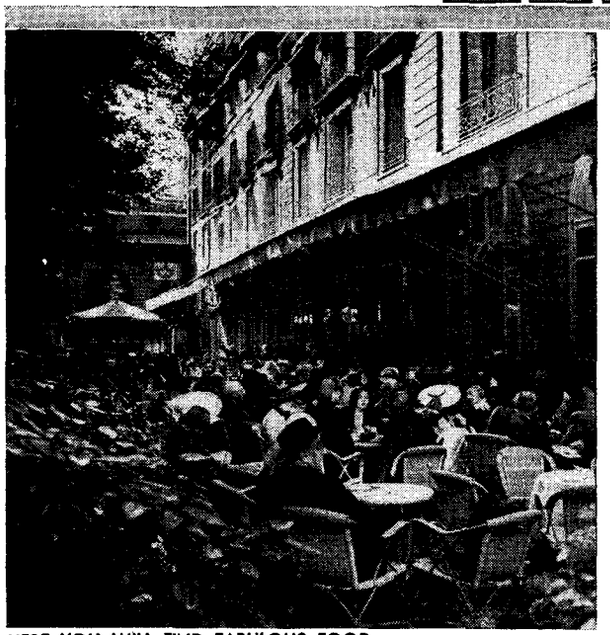
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE OPERA GLITTERS WITH SMART FASHIONS



ANCIENT GARGOYLE ON NOTRE DAME CATHEDRAL

Come to the Party... PARIS is 2000 Years Old



HERE YOU WILL FIND FABULOUS FOOD

Paris has 2000 candles on her cake! Come and share the fun! For 1951 will be a year of celebration—with gayety and excitement unusual even for Paris! Whenever you come, days will brim with rich experiences. For there's no limit to the things to see and do. The theatres and music halls, the museums, exhibits, Opera. And, naturally, fabulous shopping. Sightseeing offers never-ending variety. And lazy hours are well rewarded, watching the city's fascinating life from your sidewalk table. Paris-after-dark—against popping of corks, glittering nightlife, offers atmosphere and varied entertainment. Later with all France before you, see the provinces—the Alps and Pyrenees, gracious chateaux, the brilliant Riviera. Comfort and hospitality are yours, everywhere.

Your travel agent handles reservations at no added cost.
For information, booklets, write S7, Box 221, New York 10.

A Service Agency of the Ministry of Public Works, Transportation, and Tourism

FRENCH NATIONAL TOURIST OFFICE

NEW YORK • CHICAGO • LOS ANGELES
SAN FRANCISCO • MONTREAL

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

more plentiful than people. The place: Labrador.

From the New York Central System: For Thanksgiving week the railroad has ordered 11,250 pounds of turkey, 2,110 pounds of cranberry sauce, and enough mince meat to make 6,600 individual deep-dish pies.

I have ordered a can of benzene and a match. Anybody need a letter opener? —HORACE SUTTON.

TRAVELERS' TALES

NEW YORK HOLIDAY, by Eleanor Early. Rinehart. $3.75. It sounds as if somebody got into a conversation with Eleanor Early about New York, and Eleanor Early ran on about it, and somebody flipped on a dictaphone, and that's how the book got written. "New York Holiday" is easily the most conversational book I ever read. Miss Early is a past master in the that-reminds-me-about-the-time technique, and such trifles as sequence never keep her from telling a good story. The result is less than a guide and more of a collection of pleasant, sometimes historical, tales. Except for the section on restaurants, it isn't the kind of a travel book you would carry in your hand while you comb old streets. It is the kind of book you will find pleasant to read if you are someone who lives in New York or someone who lives elsewhere. Miss Early rambles on about gingko trees and Sugar Hill, and a lady who dropped her husband's ashes off the Empire State Building. She talks about the Fifth Avenue of the shops, of the old homes, and of the young models. She also talks about Fulton Fish Market and a number of other places, that, were they in Paris and I a visitor there, I would run out and paw over like a hungry tourist.

LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP, THEN GO TO SOUTH AMERICA, by Kilda Harrell. Wheelwright. $2.75. Perhaps it was hoping for too much to have expected that books like this one had gone out of vogue. But here is a chatty lady setting down all her incredibly dull experiences on a South American cruise which she took with her daughter, Betty. All the passes made at Betty and the author between here and Buenos Aires are chronicled, and so are their thoughts walking up the gangplank, and their dizzying repartée with the shipboard wolves, and what time they entered the dining room every night. Maybe you'll get some ideas if you're bound for a Southern cruise this winter, but as far as I'm concerned I wish I had leapt before I looked.

THE LAST WORD

(*Continued from page* 26)

when a person can't predict the size of his estate after payment of death duties, he is liable to lop off the truly benevolent gifts in order to give added security to the family, following the theory that charity begins at home. Thus, just before the 1929 financial collapse a man of large fortune, widower and childless, made a wise and humane will. In substance he divided his estate among certain pet causes to which he had been warmly devoted; he also remembered a half-dozen persons in humbler circumstances, a schoolteacher, two artists, a secretary, and elderly family servants. The Depression, however, affected not only his securities but his nature. He hastened to repudiate his good impulses and left everything to a brother whom he actually despised and who was well-to-do in the bargain. The blood tie prevailed beyond all reason and generosity of spirit.

Personal feelings or expressions of a philosophical or religious point of view often have more vital significance for the testamentary mind than the bestowal of goods, chattels, and money. One reads of a dog lover providing a cemetery for dogs, a horse lover setting up a trust fund for drinking troughs for horses. Or a person is lonely and unbefriended; some stranger performs a small kindness or is courteous. Years later an unexpected windfall. Not long ago an elderly invalid thus substantially remembered a theatre usher who escorted her courteously to her seat.

Again, one finds importance attached to the disposal of one's remains. Houdini, the famous magician, was noted for his rare devotion to his mother, amounting almost to worship. In fact, he had even hoped to maintain communication with her after her passing. On his death in 1926 his will disclosed the following specific instructions to his executors:

> Upon my death, I direct that my body be embalmed and buried in the same manner in which my beloved mother was buried upon her death, and that my grave be constructed in a vault in the same manner as my beloved mother's last resting place was constructed for her burial; and I also direct that I shall be buried in the grave immediately alongside of that of my dear departed mother.

With increasing frequency provision seems to be made for cremation rather than for earth burial. Many, however, unable to contemplate the loss of mundane personality, attempt

to perpetuate themselves through expensive mausoleums. For them the thought of obliteration is unbearable. I know of one wealthy, childless couple who, in anticipation of the inevitable summons, built themselves a magnificent Grecian temple to house them in futurity, if not in perpetuity. To the fashionable cemetery in Westchester County they would pilot their friends on bright spring week ends demanding that they praise the architecture and admire the view.

As against such vanity of vanities one is relieved by the following simple, not uncommon, injunction:

> It is my desire to be cremated with the least possible expense and that my ashes be at once dispersed.

A conforming, religious-minded woman connected with the stage, who died several years ago, was more positively concerned with the ultimate event. With dignity and particularity she set forth the desired ritual in words of her own strong personality:

> My wishes as to my burial are as follows, and the carrying out of these wishes is, of course, dependent somewhat on the place and circumstances of my death. If possible, let the Episcopal service be read and in a church, not an undertaking establishment, and preferably in the Little Church Around the Corner. I request that the service be of the simplest and with the least possible expense; that there be no flowers and no music except possibly organ music, and that only Grieg's "Death of Ase." At the conclusion of the services I ask that my body be consigned to the cremation officials; that no friends or kin accompany my body further than the church door; that the body be cremated and the ashes thrown away by the officials without ceremony. If I live in the memory of my friends I shall have lived enough.

Such truly would seem to be the final fitting word.

Melville Cane, New York attorney, specializes in copyright law and allied fields.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE PIED PIPER OF VIDEO

(*Continued from page 11*)

another driving force in human behavior just as powerful as "aggression" — namely, love. Love and affectionate behavior appear in the child's life almost as early as does the tendency to aggression.

If the child's basic needs for love and food are satisfied, if he is respected as an individual with his own tempo of development, the element of aggression can be reduced to what some experts believe to be an inescapable minimum. Other specialists, probably a minority, believe that actual and imaginative aggressive play, wild television programs, comics, even horror movies are harmless ways of releasing this residual aggression. (Child study experts differ, often sharply, on the degree of harmlessness.)

If a child's basic needs are not satisfied and the resultant aggression is met with more discipline of the wrong sort, it might even amount to parental aggression: a vicious cycle is set in motion which feeds upon itself, creating an "excessive" reservoir of aggression in the child. Such a child, whether he rebels openly or becomes deceptively obedient, develops a craving for violence and fantasy, which drives it continually to the mass media, particularly TV. There the child finds unlimited fare but no wholesome satisfaction for an abnormal appetite.

We will call the second theory offered by the experts "the cultural explanation." It is ably expounded by Mrs. Dorothy Lee, cultural anthropologist of Vassar College and consultant for the Midcentury White House Conference on Children and Youth to be held in Washington next month.

Our children, declares Mrs. Lee, "are our great minority group; we exclude them from all effective sharing of the life of the family or the community. We cheat them of their right to be effectively creative, to have a responsible and significant role in society. The ideal we set up for all Americans, in our schools, our writings, and our lecturers, is one where a child's activities are carefully sterilized so that they have no effect on our adult world.

"Of course," adds Mrs. Lee, "we do it for their sake; we relieve them of the 'burden' of responsibility; we give them freedom to play instead of to work. And because we feel that something is lacking we are spurred to do more and more for them, to make greater sacrifices, to inconvenience ourselves a little further. For their sake we leave our cherished apartment to live in a house or we move from the city to a dull suburb. We mess up our free Saturday to take them to a museum or wear ourselves out walking around the zoo. Yet in all this we speak of 'our' and 'their.' We are the adults: the family, the community, the school; they are the outsiders."

Mrs. Lee is no mere pedagogue in this matter of raising children. She has four of her own. She continues:

"We do not give our children the chance to make a dent in our lives. We change our plans for them, but do we change them with them? We buy the cereals they make us buy because of the Superman mask or the model of the ghost town, but do we ever let them plan the day's menu and actually base our meal on their suggestions? We spend much time and care teaching skills to our children. We teach them how to do things, not to do things."

No clear line divides the "aggression" and "cultural" theories. No doubt they overlap each other. Exclusion, as well as discipline, may cause aggression. A child locked out of his parents' world may feel hostile and seek to punish them by too much televiewing. Discipline itself is a form of exclusion. And so on. Taken together, these two theories may not provide the whole answer, but the social scientists at this time feel that they would be the most important part of any valid answer.

IF the experts are correct, then we grownups are definitely not without blame in this difficulty with our Pied Piper, television. Apparently, we give our children too much of the wrong kind of discipline, not enough respect for their development as individuals, and we exclude them from our adult world.

We may commit these faults out of a mistaken sense of love, out of laziness, neglect, ignorance, or simply because our own lives are too busy to permit us to do otherwise. Nevertheless, the faults are committed. Is it any wonder, ask the specialists, that many of our children have turned in desperation to the mass media, and are now turning to the newest, most fascinating, most potent medium — television?

Television has no sign on it: "Trespassers will be prosecuted." Television is living made easy for our children. It is the shortest cut yet devised, the most accessible back door to the grown-up

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

world. Television is never too busy to talk to our children. Television plays with them, shares its work with them. Television wants their attention, needs it, goes to any lengths to get it.

Television brings them people to meet; it informs them, gives them things to do: win prizes, send in box tops. Television says to each child, four, fourteen, and often beyond into the restricted lives of many immature grownups: "You are the center of my universe—my Aladdin. I am your genie. Command your wildest dream, and you shall have it instantly, at the touch of your fingers!"

The child wants to be "in" on the exciting world of adult life. We put him into cocoons, into authoritarian schools. We delay as long as possible his full membership into adulthood's private club. In the frontier phase of this nation a child from the time he could crawl and gather sticks for the fire became a contributing member of the family and community. He went to work at an early age, learned a trade, married young.

Today our children must wait to earn a living, wait to marry and establish homes of their own. Only in one respect they do not wait—and that is to grow. To grow means to want and need genuine experiences, not contrived, manufactured substitutes.

No, the Pied Piper is not the only villain in the piece. However, this does not mean that those who are influencing the development of TV are absolved of all responsibility. The home is not the sole source of the difficulty. Rather is this a problem for all adults —parents, teachers, broadcasters, government officials, advertisers—whatever their interest.

For all other interests are as nothing if they are not directed to the furthering of our only true interest—the making of our children into mature, responsible citizens, capable of preserving the best in our democratic heritage and forwarding it.

All adults must begin to realize that the dark side of television is but another symptom of a deep-lying trouble in our time. It is not television that must be cured. It is not even our children. It is we the grownups and the values by which we live.

Many parents have declared open war on the Piper in their homes and they are using an assortment of weapons to prosecute it.

The simplest weapon being used, of course, is the direct boycott of TV. As a mother in Chicago put it: "This is one family's solution to the TV problem. The most important thing is not to have a set."

The boycott is, probably, most popularly enlisted by middle-class parents with good educational backgrounds. These parents usually take a calm, well-reasoned, and persuasive attitude in explaining their stand.

It is perfectly possible, of course, to have normal, happy children in a TV-less home. However, child-study experts point out that there are weaknesses to this cutting-of-the-Gordian-knot method. The most obvious weakness is that no child today, even in rural areas, can really be isolated from television. TV grows more ubiquitous with each passing hour. If your child does not watch it at home, he will, sooner or later, see it at your neighbors, even at school, or elsewhere.

All children are naturally curious. They want and need very much to be "in"—to keep up with their friends who may have TV sets. To be "out" in this respect is, even for the most balanced child, to suffer severe stresses which he may be reluctant to disclose to his parents. No matter how lovingly and with what taking-into-confidence you exclude him from the actual world about him, you are taking advantage of the heavy hand of your parental authority. It is far better, say the experts, to take the TV dragon into your house, where at least you can have a fair go at him.

"Regulation" seems to be the heavy artillery in the battle against the Piper. It is by far the method most favored by all who are expressing themselves on the child-TV problem.

ON THE face of it, regulation appears to be logical. Your child does not know what to watch or when or how long to view. You, the parent, know. You must tell your child, and he must obey. It is all so simple—and, of course, it relieves everyone but you of any responsibility.

Many experts say that "keeping the upper hand," "drawing the line," "having a rule regardless"—no matter how "lovingly and firmly" done—smacks of dictatorship in the home and may not always be wise. Of course, a child may go to bed without a single argument because it has participated in a decision to do so and willingly accepts it, but, generally speaking, flat fiats handed down from above, in homes as in governments, make for openly rebellious or overly docile individuals.

This is not to make an unqualified case for the so-called modern, "permissive" technique of raising children, in which they are allowed to do as they please. Each parent, naturally, must find his own balance between freedom and discipline, a balance which can be democratically administered. The strong tower of regulation is a child's real understanding of it. The quicksand of regulation, as with the boycott, is that the child cannot always be directly under a parent's control—or even gentle guidance. Outside the home he is bound to meet powerful temptations to depart from the "regulations" that a parent has imposed, and the price he must pay for struggling to resist them may be too high in terms of emotional well-being.

Apparently, the twin weapons of bribery and punishment are still used by many well-meaning parents. The child-study specialists universally frown on these modern versions of old "candy-for-a-good-child" and "supper-less-to-bed-for-a-naughty-child" methods of discipline. Wise discipline, they suggest, aims not at strengthening the parent's authority but rather at strengthening the child's self-control and sense of responsibility. In well-ordered homes, the experts maintain, such bribes and punishments are entirely unnecessary.

"Family viewing of TV" is commonly practised with a widely-held belief that it is a potent cure-all for the ills of TV. The experts approve of family-viewing, but with an important qualification. Charles A. Siepmann, a leading authority on mass media, states the qualifications this way in his book "Radio, Television, and Society": "There are those who question whether a family grouped in silence around a television receiver is in any true sense favorably affected in terms of family relationships.

"The development of common interests within a family is obviously desirable, and common experience is an essential basis of personal relations. But much depends upon the nature of the experience and its life-giving quality. Maybe it will take more than television to make a home into a family."

Watching TV with the children is mentioned as a salutary factor in all

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

reports from parents who seem to be having little or no trouble with TV. But corollary to it are selective rather than promiscuous viewing, discussing programs critically and constructively with the children, evaluating them, using the programs as springboards from which to launch higher the child's information about the world and his understanding of his values. If the child learns standards not in any formal atmosphere of instruction but, rather, in the informal, democratic experience of his family, he will tend to use these standards when he is away from the family group.

In many cases these desirable methods of meeting television's threat are combined with undesirable ones. Parents who selectively and critically view TV with their children often exhibit autocratic tendencies in the matter of regulation and discipline. The principle of selection might be usefully applied to methods of guidance, as well as to programs selected, in efforts to solve the problem of child-TV viewing.

Most important of all, the problem should not be viewed as a special one but as part of the larger problem of the child's growth in terms of his individuality. This philosophy of growth is heavily underscored by the child-study experts. We must not try to mold our children as though they were so much clay, they tell us. Clay does not grow. Nor are our children bundles of conditioned reflexes. They are individuals, subject to laws of development.

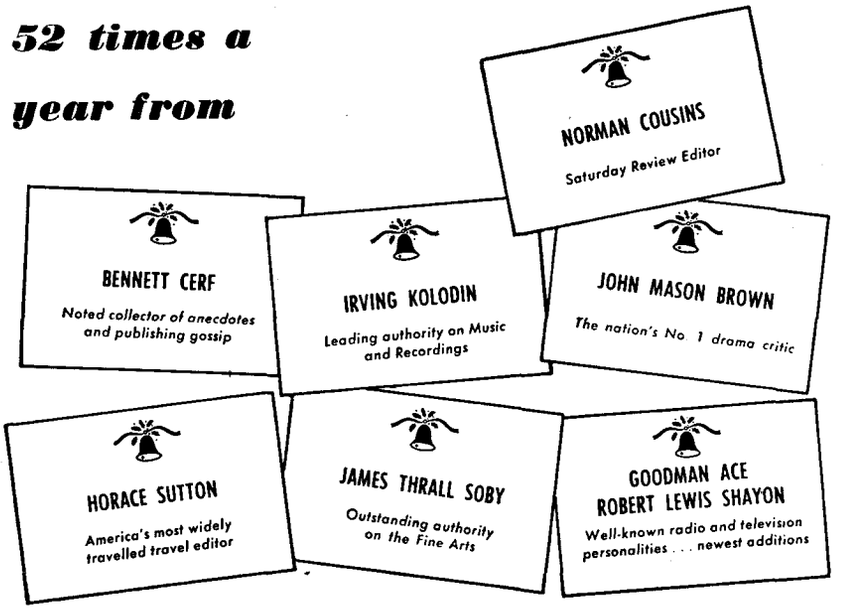
We may assist the child in his development, but he must do his own growing. We must not pay too much attention to mere training and instruction. Our central task as parents is to discover and to respect individuality even in the child of tender age. There must be more tolerance and kindness, more fun and humor in homes.

Even television as it is now, with all its faults, can be used fruitfully by discerning parents. The recipe is simple. Take a good look at your home to see whether it is a democracy or a dictatorship, benevolent or otherwise. Don't shut your children out; let them share your responsibilities. They can ask no greater privilege. Respect them as individuals. Watch TV with them critically, constructively.

The Pied Piper will soon surrender. He cannot win against such weapons.

Robert Lewis Shayon, a parent himself, is a producer of radio and television shows. His work in the former field won him a Peabody Award, radio's equivalent of the Pulitzer Prize. Recently he contributed a series of articles on TV and education to The Christian Science Monitor.

YOUR CHRISTMAS GIFT of SRL brings greetings 52 times a year from


NORMAN COUSINS
Saturday Review Editor
BENNETT CERF
Noted collector of anecdotes and publishing gossip
IRVING KOLODIN
Leading authority on Music and Recordings
JOHN MASON BROWN
The nation's No. 1 drama critic
HORACE SUTTON
America's most widely travelled travel editor
JAMES THRALL SOBY
Outstanding authority on the Fine Arts
GOODMAN ACE
ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON
Well-known radio and television personalities . . . newest additions

A subscription to the SATURDAY REVIEW is the most wanted, most welcome of all Christmas gifts—one that flatters the recipient and is a subtle reflection of your own good taste.

From Brooklyn to Bangkok, from Vancouver to Van Nuys, SRL is the one magazine that literate people turn to for stimulating new ideas—the kind that start tomorrow's conversations and make tomorrow's headlines.

And this year, when you give the SATURDAY REVIEW you give your friends *more* than ever before—complete, authoritative coverage of books, music, recordings, travel, art, stage, screen, radio and television . . . plus notable articles and editorials, sophisticated cartoons and "inside-stuff" anecdotes about the publishing world.

Special SATURDAY REVIEW Christmas gift rates are:

One 1-year gift subscription..... $6

Each additional 1-year subscription..... $4

At these money-saving rates, you'll want to write SATURDAY REVIEW subscription next to *every* name on your gift list . . . and to enter or extend your own subscription at the same time. But act now—while this special Christmas offer is in effect.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

More book coverage for more readers than ever before

IN the first ten months of 1950 The Saturday Review published 1,666 reviews of books, a 19% increase over the corresponding period for 1949, and 42% more than in 1948.

The Saturday Review is serving more readers —100,000 plus net paid circulation — with more news, features and reviews of books than at any time in its 26-year history.

A subscription to The Saturday Review will not only keep you abreast of the world of books; you'll find comprehensive coverage of music, the theatre, the films, the fine arts, records, radio and television, travel, plus timely and provocative articles and editorials that start tomorrow's conversations.

CLASSIFIED

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS are accepted for things wanted or unwanted; personal services; literary or publishing offers, unclassified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special, intelligent clientele; jobs wanted; houses or camps for rent; tutoring; traveling companions; ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature, opinions (limited to 50 lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the character of The Saturday Review. Ads of a personal nature are limited to an exchange of correspondence. Rates: 30¢ per word; 10-word minimum. Count 2 extra words for Box and Number. Rates for several insertions—52 times 22¢ a word; 26 times 24¢ a word; 13 times 26¢ a word; 6 times 28¢ a word. Full payment must be received fifteen days before publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers and submit postage bills periodically. Mail to be called for at this office will be held 30 days only. Address: Personals Department. The Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

BOOKS

BOOKS ON THE EAST: China, Japan, Siam, Burma, India, Central Asia, Persio, Arabia, Egypt, etc. Send for catalogues. Established 1902. ORIENTALIA, 11 East 12 St., NYC 3.

ATHEIST BOOKS. 32-page catalogue free. TRUTH SEEKER CO., 38 Park Row, NYC 8.

EXTENSIVE STOCK OF LITERATURE — History, Americana, Fiction, Science, etc., on hand. Catalogues issued. Inquiries invited. PYETELL'S BOOK SHOP, 333 Fifth Ave., Pelham 65, N. Y.

GOOD USED BOOKS. 50¢-$1, none higher. Remarkable values; postal brings lists. EDITIONS, Hempstead, N. Y.

SPANISH BOOKSELLERS, new catalogue, 25¢. 5225 Wilshire, Los Angeles, Calif.

SHAKESPEARE CONNOISSEURS. A new book on the bard, WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, GENTLEMAN, $2.75. Publisher William Downton, 236 Dickinson Ave., Swarthmore, Pa.

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW'S PLAYS for sale, 16 volumes, early edition, Brentano. E.M.B., Ponfret, Conn.

SCARCE BOOKS LOCATED. Write BOOKMAILERS, Box 147-S, Planetarium Sta., NYC 24.

IN PERFECT CONDITION, first edition of "SALOME" by Oscar Wilde, illustrated by Aubrey Beardsley. What offers? Box 162-E.

THOREAU CHRONOLOGY, arranged by L. Kleinfeld, regular edition, $1. Limited, signed on vellum paper, $5. MENDOZA'S, 15 Ann St., NYC 7.

BOOK PLATES

FREE CATALOGUE. Several hundred beautiful designs, address "BOOKPLATES," Yellow Springs, Ohio.

OUT-OF-PRINT

ANY BOOK LOCATED. Free 30-page catalogue. MIDWEST BOOK SERVICE, 4301 Kensington, Detroit 24, Michigan.

BOOKS . . . history, biography, literature, first editions. Experienced search service. Immediate attention to wants lists. HARLOW ROSS, 6724 Plymouth Ave., Minneapolis 22, Minn.

FRENCH BOOKS

THE FRENCH BOOKSHOP, 556 Madison Avenue, New York's only French bookshop where French books ONLY are sold exclusively. Mail-order catalogue 30¢.

BACK NUMBERS

BACK NUMBER MAGAZINE SPECIALISTS. Established 1889. ABRAHAM'S MAGAZINE SERVICE, 56 East 13 St., NYC.

NIELSEN'S BACK NUMBER SERVICE. Send want list. 7308 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles 46, Calif.

LIFE — Complete from #1 Nov. 1936 to date. FORTUNE 1934-1946, inclusive. All privately owned, clean condition. Box 197-E.

CLASSIFIED

LANGUAGES

IDEAL CHRISTMAS GIFT! Records all languages. Any method. Sold, bought, rented. ALIN, 475 Fifth Ave., NYC. MUrray Hill 3-1093.

FORMER COLLEGE INSTRUCTOR will teach Russian, conversation, grammar, literature. Also French, Spanish. Call NYC, LOngacre 4-6588. Evenings, Monday through Thursday.

FRENCH conversation, diction, grammar. Expert training by Parisienne (Sorbonne University) NYC. REgent 7-4606.

LINGUAPHONE MAKES LANGUAGES EASY. At home learn to speak Spanish, Portuguese, Italian, French, German, Russian or any of 29 other languages by quick, easy Linguaphone. Conversational Method. You learn by listening. Save time, work, money. Another language is a business, social asset. Send for FREE book. LINGUAPHONE INSTITUTE, 26-T Radio City, NYC 20.

LITERARY SERVICES

LITERARY AGENTS 30 Years. We sell short stories, articles, books, radio-scripts, plays, verse. Constructive criticism for new writers. Personal representation for established authors. Editing, revision. Write for information, references. ANITA DIAMANT, The Writers' Workshop, Inc., 280 Madison Ave., NYC 16.

MANUSCRIPT TYPING: intelligent, prompt, inexpensive. AMBASSADOR OFFICE SERVICE, 17 East 48 St., NYC. PLaza 3-1364.

QUALITY MANUSCRIPT TYPING at moderate rates. GLADYS & IRENE LEAHEY. Room 3414, 551 FIFTH AVE., NYC, MUrray Hill 7-2227.

REVOLT AGAINST FORMULA! EXCEPTIONAL Novels, Stories, Plays, Articles marketed. CHARLES CHUPET (Yale Drama School '29). Authors' Representative. 5657 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood.

BOOKS, BROCHURES, PAMPHLETS, expertly designed, printed, bound. Manuscript editing, typing, art work, engravings at reasonable rates. FELTON ADVERTISING, 55 West 42 St., NYC, Wisconsin 7-1978.

GHOST WRITING ARTICLES, THESES, books, speeches, revision. NEIL FARBER ASSOCIATES, 1472 Broadway, Room 612, NYC, 18.

ELEANOR KING, literary agent, books, plays, stories, novels, all languages marketed. 19 West 44 St., NYC 18.

WE PUBLISH, print and distribute your manuscript in pamphlet or book form. Send for free folder WILLIAM-FREDERICK PRESS; Pamphlet Distributing Company, 313 West 35 St., NYC. LAckawanna 4-0178.

TWENTY-THREE IMPORTANT SERVICES for all writers available to members. Write for information. NATIONAL WRITERS' CLUB, Denver 6, Colo.

PROFITABLE BOOK PUBLICATION on even the limited sale of your book is possible. Details in our free copy "We Can Publish Your Book," Dept. 47 EXPOSITION PRESS, 386 Fourth Ave., NYC 16.

PROFITABLE EDITORIAL GUIDANCE. Worldwide book, story, article sales. Movie, television contracts. Sympathetic attention given to beginners. AUTHORS' & PUBLISHERS' SERVICE, 24-25 77 St., Jackson Heights, N. Y.

STORIES, NOVELS, ARTICLES, BOOKS MARKETED. Highly recommended for publication of fiction and nonfiction. Editorially recognized advice, recommendations, editing for revision, sales, publication. Unestablished writers assisted. Information available before sending manuscripts. LAURENCE ROBERTS, LITERARY AGENT, 33 West 42 St., NYC 18.

MANUSCRIPT EVALUATION, editing, rewriting, collaboration. Wide experience. MARIE H. DOYLE, 341 Madison Ave., NYC 17. Murray Hill 6-7096.

MANUSCRIPTS PROFESSIONALLY PRESENTED. Quality typing at reasonable rates. STILLMAN ASSOCIATES, 215 East 73 St., NYC, CIrcle 6-7441.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED

GIFTS

A UNIQUE GIFT SHOP; unusual gifts and candies from the world over for man, woman and child. Delighted gift wrappings. PACKET BOAT, 163 East 48 St., NYC.

HONEYCOMB CANDLES for Christmas giving and Holiday carols. Creamy beeswax, spiralled colored edging. Pair boxed, 75c. Two boxes, $1.40. Add 15c postage. TREASURES, Box 374, Station A., Columbus, Ohio.

LITERARY TABLE MATS — "Benjamin Franklin", "Omar Kahyam", "Gay Nineties", "Table Graces". 8 different mats to each set. White waxed linenized paper printed in 2 colors. $1.50 per set postpaid. SIMPSON'S, 9204 Walden Rd., Silver Springs, Md.

A SUGAR BOOK AND SYRUP for Christmas, with every copy of THE MAPLE SUGAR BOOK (published by John Day, 288 pages, $3.75 postpaid) we will send a sample of maple sugar. Special offer: The Maple Sugar Book and a quart of pure Vermont Maple syrup, $5 postpaid. THE FOREST FARMERS. Jamaica, Vt.

MY FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT IN SCANDINAVIA *is the ideal gift book for intelligent 10-14 years* olds. Written by artist BRIDGET MOSS, during her travels in Norway, Sweden, Finland, and Denmark, with 260 colorful sketches. $2 postpaid from Dept. S, MEIKLEJOHN & SON, Ltd., 15 Bedford St., London W. C. 2, ENGLAND.

PLASTIC CUPS with name and design. State color desired. Small size: 50¢, large 60¢. LALLI'S STUDIO, P. O. Box 829, Milwaukee 1, Wis.

The Christmas gift for Cat-Lovers: "JUST ONE CAT," by Asa Wilgus. Autograph optional. Cloth, 160 pages. $2. Box 201-E.

PERSIMMONS FROM CALIFORNIA. For holiday decorations, gifts, salads, desserts. 8 pounds (17-18 luscious large fruit) $2.60 including express, until December 14. Recipes. HAVERLAND HOUSE-S, 1521 Hillcrest Rd., Santa Barbara, Calif.

CLEAR GLASS *Christmas tree balls, hand decorated* in charming patterns, 3 for $1.55 postpaid. TOY HOUSE, Tryon, N.C.

PERSONALS

YOUNG RADIO ENGINEER will correspond with refined, sincere, young woman. Box 157-E.

PROOF-READING, editing. Part-time or unit job. References. State your requirements. Box 158-E.

MATURE, liberal, *professional man* wishes to exchange ideas with refined woman, preferably school teacher. Box 159-E.

YOUNG MAN, college graduate (majors: Piano, English), desires position with select NYC residents as tutor, secretary-companion, starting January 1, 1951. Box 160-E.

YOUNG MALE DREAMER would like to be awakened by refined, young miss. Box 161-E.

REFINED WOMAN would correspond with cultured gentleman, older or retired. Box 163-E.

BOARD: Maine country home, artists, writers. $15 weekly. Box 164-E.

SOONER OR LATER everybody goes to the nation's capital, WASHINGTON, D. C. When you go, stop at one of the 3 fine, conveniently located Manager owned and operated hotels. The Annapolis, the Hay-Adams, the Hamilton offer special all-expense tour *rates to Review readers, from $10.95 up, which in*cludes air-conditioned rooms, breakfast, sightseeing tour, broadcast, etc. Write: Harry Weissinger, General Manager, at Hotel Annapolis, Washington, D.C. (Mention this ad for special Review booklets and detailed information.)

CHRISTMAS CARD RECORD-BOOK. Hundred large name spaces. 10 years check columns. Simplicity, convenience, 10¢ a year. $1 postpaid. Harry Thompson, CRAFTSHOP, 1 River St., Chester, Vt.

PERSONALS

WHY WAIT FOR YOUR HUSBAND (or wife) to come home? Milady's Household Kit, 1,100 piece collection: nails, screws, fuses, plugs, tapes, oil, cement, etc., each neatly compartmented. $4.95 postpaid. ARNOX SALES, 708 West 177 St., NYC.

WOMAN, wide interests, would like exchanging ideas with mature man. Box 171-E.

HOLIDAY LONELINESS in smoke rings? Write happy woman, modernly mature. Box 172-E.

CONGENIAL MAN, comrade-hearted, desires penpals. Box 173-E.

IMPORTED FROM SWITZERLAND—exquisite, colorful Christmas cards. 10 for $1. SUNNYNOOK, 4506 Skillman Ave., Sunnyside, L.I. 4, N.Y.

THROUGH LETTERS for mutual benefits, mentally mature, amiable gentleman seeks the unknown: woman of quality, winsome, understanding, and stimulating. Box 175-E.

ARTIST would like to hear from modern female artist, writer, model or girl Friday. Box 176-E.

YOUNG WOMAN, no special qualifications, pretty bright otherwise, invites correspondence from amiable, sometimes interesting man. Box 183-E.

GENTLEMAN of cosmopolitan tastes, invites adventurous, diverting correspondence. Box 178-E.

DECADENT, frustrated assistant professor, loves martinis and arguments, desires correspondence with vital, interesting female. Box 179-E.

ORDINARY, REGULAR GUY, congenial, innately decent, yet vital, would appreciate amiable feminine correspondence. Box 180-E.

LADY WITH SENSE OF HUMOR invites correspondence from mature gentleman. Box 181-E.

TOO POOR young married school teachers seek summer employment, prefer travel anywhere, anywhere, any kind. Recreation camp, work, will accept remuneration. Box 182-E.

GOING TO NYC? Live at one of NYC's truly great hotels. Live in luxury at budget prices . . . your choice of 7, 3-day all expense week-ends from $9.39 per person, includes large twin-bedded room with private bath, breakfast in bed or in famed Palm Garden, also night club and other entertainment or sightseeing tours. Write for booklet AE, HOTEL VANDERBILT, Park Ave. at 34 St., NYC.

YOU too can speak French in only 12 lessons. Parisian, NYC, MUrray Hill 5-4160.

GENTLEMAN, Mature, aesthetic, interests, literature, art, travel, invites correspondence. Box 104-E.

WHERE WRITERS MEET AND EAT — Broken Arrow Mountain Lodge, housekeeping cottages or American Plan, Hereford, Ariz.

WANTED: COLLABORATOR of wit, maturity, knowledge of life if not letters, to work up original film scripts. State age, job, specific reason for answering this notice. Box 202-E.

MIDDLE-AGED MALE invites correspondence from artistic, sensitive, disillusioned, lonesome, philosophical career girl who is interested in the subtle. Box 205-E.

YOUNG PIANO TEACHER welcomes correspondence *with interesting gal. Box 206-E.*

WILLING WELLESLEY SOPHOMORE, craving travel anywhere, summer 1951, seeks advice concerning worthwhile, unusual work. Box 207-E.

SECLUDED 150 acres Catskill mountain poultry farm. Suitable stock, sheep, summer home, camp, artist's haven. Price $12,000 terms. Box 208-E.

CANDIDLY, MIDDLE-AGED female invites euphoric, ambivert, male, correspondent. Box 209-E.

HAVE YOU SEEN THE ORIGINAL SERIGRAPHS in Christmas card format? SERIGRAPH GALLERIES, 38 West 57 St., NYC.

ATTRACTIVE WOMAN, college graduate, member liberal party, appreciates intelligent talk, fresh air, stimulating friendships, would correspond man. Box 166-E.

ENCHANTING INN-ESTATE, 2 hours from NYC. Wonderful value. Box 333, Old Lyme, Conn.

HISTORIC ST. AUGUSTINE in kodachrome originals —also Marineland. BRANDON'S CAMERA SHOP, Box 761-B, St. Augustine, Fla.

PERSONALS

WHY THINGS HAPPEN! "The Divine Providence" by Emanuel Swedenborg, gives convincing assurance of the existence of a benevolent purpose in all occurrences of life. 640 pages, pocket edition, 25¢ postpaid. THE SWEDENBORG FOUNDATION, Section 3A, 51 East 42 St., NYC 17.

HOTEL ALGONQUIN, 59 West 44 St., NYC 18. Half a block from Fifth Avenue. We are offering weekend rates for Friday, Saturday and Sunday (three nights) single room and bath, $15; double room and bath, $22; sitting room, bedroom and bath, $28. Excellent restaurant. Within walking distance better shops and theatres.

VOCATIONAL GUIDANCE. Helen Trimpe, 342 Madison Ave., NYC. MUrray Hill 2-5330.

"HOW CAN I FIND OUT?" You can! Information discreetly developed. Any matter, person, problem, anywhere. Worldwide. Officially licensed, bonded service. Established 1922. Reasonable. Confidential. WILLIAM HERMAN, 170 Broadway, NYC.

VILLAGE FOLK—GUITAR CLUB. Beginners' classes. *I. Carle.* NYC, MOnument 2-9588.

CAT-LOVERS! Send $2.75 for special National Geographic cat-number. Colored photographs all breeds. Free catbook list on request. Box 133-V.

YOU, your club, group can show free-loan movies. Directory $1. AMERICANA FILMS, Box 2526R, Hartford, Conn.

WOULDST intelligent, independent female correspond *with city-weary male. Box 185-E.*

AN OPEN FIRE on fine antiques and well-loved books —these lose their warmth when unshared. Would college professor, country doctor or lonely gentleman deviate from his usual custom and answer this ad because he discovers behind it a woman of worth and integrity? Box 186-E.

MALE, agreeable, interesting, literary-minded, seeks Manhattan apartment to share. Box 187-E.

TEACHER, M.A., extensive research background, seeks position with bibliographical society, magazine or author. Box 188-E.

YOUNG FRENCHMAN, with ideas, interests and warmth, invites letters from sincere, wholesome girl. Box 190-E.

WRITER'S CABIN, ideally secluded, lakeside, enquire early, address: Box A, Yantic, Conn.

TOPNOTCH PAINTER wants topnotch agent, male or female. Box 193-E.

REFINED GENTLEMAN wishes letters from cheerful, female amputees. Box 194-E.

YOUNG JOURNALIST desires correspondence with intelligent girl. Box 195-E.

VETERAN, hospitalized, lonely, would welcome stimulating correspondence. Box 196-E.

MATURE ENGINEER, creative, independent and versatile, invites correspondence from middle-aged fems. Box 198-E.

YOUNG MAN wishes correspondence, young lady, any type, with life. Box 199-E.

VACATIONS

SUDBURY INN at Lake Hortonia, Sudbury, Vt. provides best in country vacations.

GREEN SHADOWS, Lyme, Conn., quiet informal country life, good food, comfortable beds.

NAIDNI-ON-LAKE DUNMORE for vacations any time of the year. The Brittens, Brandon, Vermont.

MERRIEBROOK, POUGHQUAG, NEW YORK. Peaceful homestead. Adults only. Tempting meals. North Clove 2421.

BERKSHIRES, a charming spot to rest and to enjoy delicious French cooking. SUN-INSIDE, Monterey, Mass.

BUBBLING POND RANCH—Cornville, Ariz. Secluded. Modern, complete house-keeping cottage near Oak Creek Canyon. Privacy ideal for writing, rest. Reasonable rental.

CHRISTMAS AT MUSIC INN. New Year's too. Relaxed people, good records, ice-skating, sleigh-riding, ice-fishing, skiing, fire-gazing. Write: MUSIC INN, Lenox, Mass. NYC telephone: MUrray Hill 5-0866.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 870

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

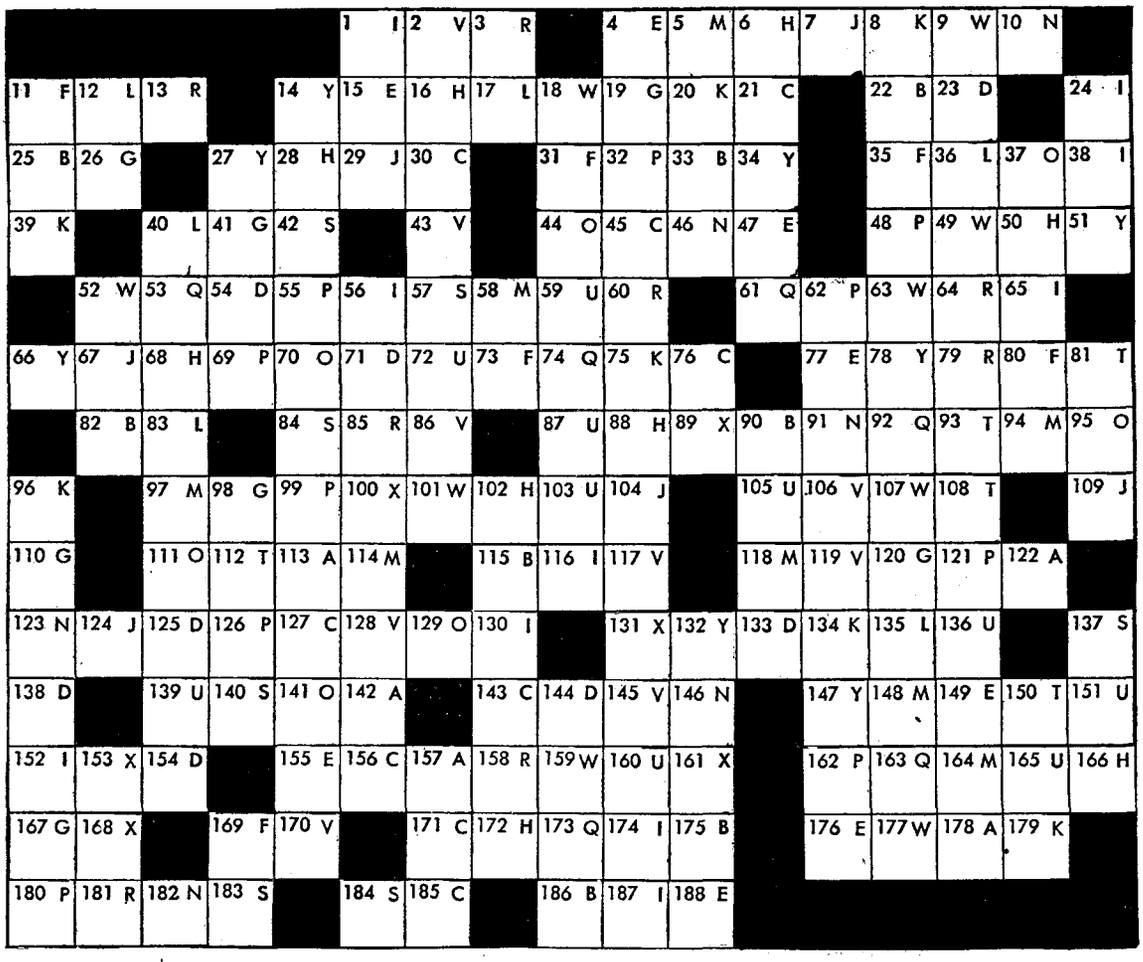
DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Daughter of Absalom (Bib.).	142 113 157 178 122
B. A nomadic Arab people in the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan.	175 33 82 186 90 22 115 25
C. A way of teaching reading first by letters (2 wds., the first being comp.).	30 171 76 156 127 185 143 45 21
D. Not cordial in social relations.	71 138 144 23 154 54 125 133
E. Nickname, forty-fourth state to be admitted to the Union.	4 149 15 176 188 155 77 47
F. English Greek scholar, Oxford Univ., translator of Plato, Aristotle, etc. (1817-93).	35 73 11 80 31 169
G. A work (French).	110 98 120 19 41 167 26
H. Not defended or warded off, as a blow, etc.	88 50 6 166 16 172 102 68 28
I. Puritan nickname for a Cavalier (Eng. hist.).	152 38 24 1 187 56 116 65 174 130
J. Sea god, father of Amphitrite (Gr. myth.).	104 29 67 7 124 109
K. Avenging spirits (ancient Gr. relig.).	20 8 75 39 179 134 96
L. Industrial seaport called the "Pittsburgh of Japan," often bombed in World War II.	83 12 40 36 17 135
M. An enveloping membrane, layer, or structure, as the skin, etc.	114 148 97 164 5 94 118 58

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. Compound conjunction: if not; otherwise (2 wds.).	182 10 91 46 123 146
O. Attic poet, 6th century B.C., reputed founder of Greek drama.	111 44 129 141 37 70 95
P. Hero of "Wuthering Heights."	32 121 99 55 69 162 48 62 126 180
Q. The basis for a comedy by Shakespeare.	173 53 92 163 74 61
R. Heroine in title of novel, 1840, by J. F. Cooper, with background the first voyage of Columbus.	79 85 181 64 3 60 158 13
S. The seat bone (anat.).	137 42 57 84 184 140 183
T. Refuse grease and fat from cooking, esp. on shipboard.	81 93 150 108 112
U. Superficial, piecemeal knowledge.	160 139 103 72 136 59 165 151 87 105
V. Pure archaic dialect of a Bantu tribe south of the Sahara.	106 145 43 2 117 86 119 128 170
W. Perpendicular (comp.).	18 52 49 63 101 107 9 177 159
X. To atone for; make amends.	100 168 131 153 161 89
Y. Fearless; bold.	27 14 34 147 132 66 78 51

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 28 of this issue.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SRL / RECORDINGS SECTION

HIGHLIGHTS

Page

ILL MET, AT MIDNIGHT
By Irving Kolodin..... 55

DEATH OF A MUSIC CRITIC
By Herbert Kupferberg..... 60

FOR THE CHRISTMAS STOCKING
By Charles Leonhard..... 66

THE RECORD CRITICS VOTE..... 68

PRADES ON VINYLITE
By Roland Gelatt..... 70

THE HOME-GROWN COPLAND
By Arthur Berger..... 72

PARNASSUS INTO HADES
By C. G. Burke..... 73

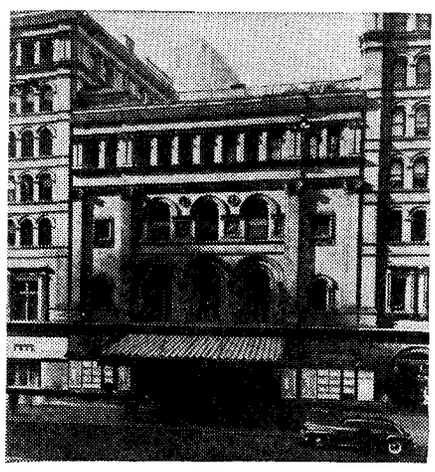
Ill Met, at Midnight

IRVING KOLODIN

AS A SUBJECT for casual conversation, the Metropolitan Opera in New York, occupying the odd-shaped block bounded by Thirty-ninth and Fortieth Streets, Broadway and Seventh Avenue, gives increasing evidence of supplanting the matter of a favorite quotation attributed to Mark Twain. Like the weather, "Everybody talks about it, but nobody does anything about it." On the eve of the first season under the direction of Rudolf Bing as general manager, word was let fall that the previous season's loss was the greatest in history—a neat $430,000. Since Americans are only impressed by extremes—the smallest profit or the greatest loss—this came close to registering "Bingo" on the public consciousness. (Actually, the loss was only the greatest in the history of the present "Association." In 1931, when the controlling company was the Metropolitan Opera Company, the loss reached $497,213.)

The ominous undercurrent that another such season would wipe out the last cash reserves and leave the institution gasping for financial breath was lost in the contemplation of a still greater loss, which would, in fact, "Break the Bank" and "Stop the Music" in one swoop. The ready explanations that have been advanced to explain this net of gold in which the operation is ensnared—such as the failure of the Federal Government to lift the 20-per-cent admission tax imposed in wartime, and the disappearance of those likable millionaires who were, according to legend, ready with drawn check book whenever they saw the whites of the auditor's eyes—are not wholly convincing. Remission of taxes would only pay for part of the deficit; and the contributions of old are still made by people in the aggregate, if not as individuals.

The simple fact is that with an income equivalent to the greatest of pre-Depression history (see table on page 58) the Met is, and will be, hundreds of thousands of dollars in the red, rather than in the blue, gray, and gold of new productions, as long as present inefficient, outmoded, desperately costly practices prevail. This is no fault of Rudolf Bing, an experienced executive and a qualified administrator. Rather it is inherent in the sixty-seven years the house has been in use, and the insufficiencies of the building from the day it was opened.



". . . the somber brown pile . . ."

The fact is, further, that with the bright attractiveness of the opening "Don Carlo" in the eye and the good sound of the second "Flying Dutchman" in the ear the Met at present is seriously ill. Rather than being at the dawn of a new day it is facing black midnight financially, whatever the beams of moonshine cast by an individual artist, or even a whole production. Nobody would give the average Broadway production much chance of survival if the cost of ringing up the curtain were $11,500, the capacity income $13,341. This almost unbearable premium on capacity attendance *throughout* a season is a fact that everyone at the Metropolitan must live with—before any thought can be given to new productions, extra rehearsals beyond those included in union contracts, the latitude of engaging a particular performer for a special part when warranted, etc.

Substantially speaking, the critical expenditures do not involve those prominent artists whose names are always mentioned when the high cost of opera is discussed. As far back as 1935, when, under Juilliard Foundation influence, Herbert Witherspoon succeeded Gatti-Casazza and, soon dying, was in short weeks succeeded by Edward Johnson, a top fee of $1,000 per performance was established. The few who were then in that bracket have largely passed from the scene, and not many (Traubel and Bjoerling, perhaps) have taken their

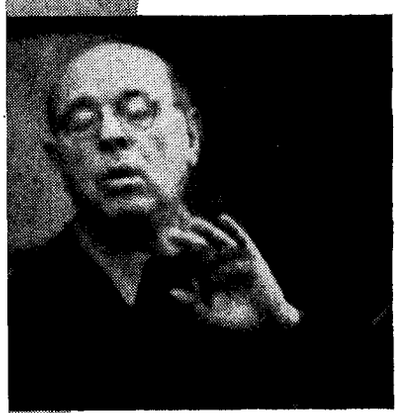
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"The most important and moving festival of music in our time..."

Prades Festival

directed by

Pablo Casals



Featuring the artistry of Rudolf Serkin, Eugene Istomin, Mieczyslaw Horszowski, Leopold Mannes, Pianos; Isaac Stern, Joseph Szigeti, Alexander Schneider, Violins; John Wummer, Flute; Marcel Tabuteau, Oboe; Daniel Saidenberg, 'Cello, and many other performers of highest distinction.

Columbia Records has preserved for posterity the memorable Bach Festival as presented last June in the cathedral of the picturesque French village, Prades.

This magnificent event in music is crowned by the reappearance from self-imposed exile of Pablo Casals, greatest of all 'cellists, as conductor and soloist.

COMMEMORATIVE LIMITED FIRST EDITION

The complete recorded works of the Bach Prades Festival, consisting of 10 LP records, are also offered in a De Luxe Edition, limited to 1,000 individually numbered sets. Handsomely packaged in a compact box container, each record is engraved as a "Limited First Edition," and contains a special "Limited First Edition" label. Record stampers on these 1,000 sets will be destroyed after initial pressing. There will be no re-runs. A magnificent collector's item.

Columbia Records

Ten magnificent Bach Prades Festival LP Records available individually at your dealer's

- Brandenburg Concerti, Nos. 1, 2 and 3—℗ Record ML 4345
- Brandenburg Concerti, Nos. 4 and 5—℗ Record ML 4346
- Brandenburg Concerto, No. 6; The Musical Offering: Ricercare a 3, Sonata a 3, Ricercare a 6—℗ Record ML 4347
- Suite No. 1 in C Major for Orchestra; Suite No. 2 in B Minor for Flute and Strings. ℗ Record ML 4348
- Sonata No. 1 in G Major for 'Cello and Piano; Sonata No. 2 in D Major for 'Cello and Piano. ℗ Record ML 4349
- Sonata No. 3 in G Minor for 'Cello and Piano; Chromatic Fantasy and Fugue in D Minor; Italian Concerto in F Major. ℗ Record ML 4350
- Concerto for Violin and Oboe in C Minor; Concerto for two Violins in D Minor. ℗ Record ML 4351
- Concerto in A Minor for Piano, Violin and Flute; Concerto for Violin in D Minor. ℗ Record ML 4352
- Concerto for Violin in A Minor; Concerto for Piano in F Minor; Trio Sonata for Violin, Piano, Flute. Toccata and Fugue in E Minor. ℗ Record ML 4353
- English Suite; Sonata for Flute and Piano in B Minor; Prelude and Fugue in E Minor, No. VIII (From Well-Tempered Clavichord, Vol. 1). ℗ Record ML 4354

"Columbia," "Masterworks," ℗ and ℗ Trade Marks Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. Marcas Registradas

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

places earning as much as $20,000 a year for a contract of twenty performances. Almost all others are on per-performance schedules or weekly wage arrangements which do not net them much more than $10,000 per season.

WHERE, then, does the major portion of the income go? It goes for the payment of *services*, those repetitive, unproductive, unending charges which hungrily devour an unbelievable portion of the ticket-buyer's dollar. No one could reasonably argue for anything like the days when choristers were paid $15 a week (they now receive $90) or orchestral players $35 (the minimum is now $140), but if ticket prices are to be kept within any reasonable range of the amounts that have prevailed for the last score of years, some relationship of service expenditures to dollar intake must be maintained. Thus, while individual compensation is, at the very best, less than half of the $2,500 per performance that Caruso received or the $2,000 for Gigli and Chaliapin and others of that period, and the top price rate is only 40 per cent more than the $5 amount of, say, 1910, other expenditures—such as choristers, orchestral players, and stagehands—have tripled.

Some comparative figures may be illuminating. In 1898-99, for a season of twenty-three weeks, the artist's payroll—for such performers as Melba, Calvé, the De Reszkes, *and* the conductors, etc.—was $557,465. The orchestra received $84,063 for its season's work, the chorus $31,000. The total income was $1,140,633 and there was a profit of $137,766. Fifty years later, for the performances at home and on the road, the income was $2,342,440. The payment to a much larger company of individual singers was not too far from what it was in the dim days of the Nineties—$625,679. But now the orchestra received $501,164, and the chorus $246,116, the stage departments $434,178, with railroad, transfer, and travel expense totaling another $279,228. The net loss for the year was relatively modest—$172,353.

To be sure, the world has changed since then, and so far as the organized employee is concerned vastly for the better. But one thing in all the world that has not changed to speak of is the somber brown pile occupying the previously mentioned odd-shaped block bounded by Thirty-ninth and Fortieth Streets, Broadway and Seventh Avenue. It still contains much the same number of seats, selling for not greatly increased prices. It still has a stage with so many square feet of performing room, air space, and somewhat expanded rehearsal facilities. In a time when manual labor is paid at a rate to compensate for displacement due to mechanical facilities, it has no mechanical facilities to speak of. Thus, it pays a substantially increased labor force the greatly increased wages to work its shows, and bring the "Break the Bank—Stop the Music" point ever nearer.

Some finger has been pointed at certain members of the stage crew for earning as much as $14,000 for a season's work, that season including the opera in New York and on the road, and a pre-opera ballet season. This, obviously, is more—perhaps twice as much—as is paid to some of the younger principals, who sing such responsible roles as Micaela, or Musetta, or Magdalene, hardly a relishable state of affairs. However, I am soberly informed that the gentleman works half-way 'round the clock, in season, and is well worth his substantial wage. Whether others who earn proportionate sums are equally well worth their wage is perhaps less clear. Some intimation that it is not may be deduced from the negotiations now in progress between the Metropolitan and No. 1 as it is called (Local 1 of the Theatrical Protective Union, which furnishes stagehands to the Broadway theatre). The first of four proposals outlined in *The New York Times* of October 31, as representing management requirements, reads: "The right of the management to select its own supervisory personnel in the stage departments." In plainer English, this expresses the desire of the management to oversee the working of the stage and determine whether a more than customary amount of feather-bedding is being done.

Assuming that only standard labor practices prevail, and that hard work is compensated for with hard cash, who is at fault that it comprises so large a proportion of the Metropolitan's overhead? The answer, so to speak, is not who but what. It is a venerable character of sixty-seven years, not quite suitable for the world into which it was born, and stubbornly resistant to change and improvement—namely, the hulking opera house itself.

Those who occupy its chairs and loges know something of the outmoded use of space in the auditorium itself; but only those who have worked in or lived with the area from the footlights to the rear wall know the penalty for inadequate facilities that the Met pays each time it raises and lowers its curtain. Some jokesters (myself included) have made humorous references to the piles of scenery sitting on the Seventh Avenue sidewalk waiting to be moved into the theatre on a busy week end. But it is no joke to the crews that move the material to and from the *two* warehouses the Metropolitan maintains on Manhattan Island — one on nearby Fortieth Street for shows in the current repertory, and another on 129th Street near the river for less-used material. As the stage can only accommodate the flat pieces and platforms for the work in progress, plus part of another, a perpetual cycle of movement takes place. When the per-

—*Louis Melançon.*

". . . no joke to the crews that move the material to and from the two warehouses the Metropolitan maintains . . ."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

formance is over, the night crew strikes the scenery and loads it on transfer trucks. At the warehouse the scenery is unloaded, and another load brought over. In the morning the evening show is set up by the day crew, and the one just brought from the warehouse is dispersed as best as possible, inside and out. Thus, between removal of the scenery, trucking it to the warehouse, loading, unloading, hundreds of dollars in charges are added to the cost of every opera given on the Metropolitan stage.

This is the obvious surface penalty to the company for carrying on its work behind "the great Golden Curtain," with its "historical associations." Another is almost as costly, and of more serious artistic detriment. Nobody, no matter how careful he may be, can move a whole elaborate opera production in and out the house five, six, or seven times (with the Bing plan of restricted repertory, some may be moved a dozen or fifteen or twenty) without some damage to some parts of it. Even with perfect handling, drops that are rolled and unrolled begin soon to look as if they have been rolled and unrolled. At the season's end a vast program of retouching and repainting must be undertaken. When some sets have been in use, as the "Aida" production has, since 1924, or the "Faust," since 1917, the cost of "retouching" becomes perilously close to what a new production would have cost halfway through this absurd period of use. Sometimes a piece gets lost or is so depreciated that it has to be replaced (a house, for example, in this year's presentation of "Il Barbiere"). Obviously, a new house can't be put in front of drops twenty-odd years old, with the result that everything else must be freshened, with appropriate labor and materials, to duplicate an outmoded style and a conception beyond acceptance today. Last year, at the tour's end in Rochester, the precious old "Faust" was so thoroughly rained on that it was nearer a wreck than a ruin. What must be done to get it in shape for the planned performances later this season would make an accountant's blood boil.

THE summary of the matter was succinctly given a few days ago by one who spent the last decade fretting about such problems: "Instead of forging new links, we spent all our time soldering old ones." Another ex-incumbent, when asked what he would propose to do with a building in which he had spent forty-two years of his life said simply: "Dynamite it."

Lacking a ready replacement, the formula is simpler than the execution. But the obvious fact is that like many other artistic institutions in this country—symphony orchestras included—the Metropolitan is trying to execute an outmoded artistic concept in an impractical economic setting. In a time when the one-set play with the line, "Setting: The same, next morning," is the Broadway producer's delight, the Metropolitan and similar repertory theatres the world over must give its "Don Giovanni" with ten changes of scene or its "Flying Dutchman" with three different sets or its "Don Carlo" with six, one used twice. Symphony orchestras are happily free of this problem, but to meet ever-increasing budgets—which are, reasonably enough, tied to prevailing cost of living indices—they have the same halls they used in the Nineties with their limited capacity, six months' utility, and constant burdens of taxation and upkeep.

The cost of putting the Metropolitan on its economic feet may seem staggering—various plans have been studied, with a $2,000,000 program, a $5,000,000 program, up to complete relocation and reconstruction involving a $20,000,000 program—but the more pertinent question is: can we afford not to? As the above figures display, the accumulated money spent, over income, in the Johnson period was more than two and a half million dollars (part of it was used to take title to the house). In the five earlier seasons of the Thirties, when the Depression was deepest and the house was not patronized as it since has been, another $1,400,000 were expended above income to keep the theatre going. In short, in twenty years nearly $3,500,000 have been poured into the bottomless pit at Thirty-ninth Street and Broadway, without altering its physical properties substantially or filling in a chink against future leakage. Adding in the half million dollars expended in 1933 and 1934 by the then owning company for rewiring the stage, cleaning one side of the building (only the front), and carrying out some much-needed maintenance work on the interior, we come to a total of $4,000,000 spent in twenty years, without basic change or utilizable improvement.

The profound certainty is that whatever the temporary benefit that the tax exemption may yield, or the increased income the ingenious Bing may contrive from various sources, the invisible "extras" will continue to accumulate, eating away at the company's vital financial resources like so many fungi. Rather than hiring the tree surgeon again, isn't it time that some thought were given to the root trouble?

So long as deficits were in the $100,000 category, the little aches and pains might be assuaged with the

(*Continued on page* 81)

A Twenty-Year Table of Metropolitan Opera Finance

Year	*Season's Weeks*	*B.O. Income*	*P or L*	*Public Contrib.*
1929-30	24	$3,052,395	— $ 14,745	
1930-31	24	$2,667,062	— $322,231	
1931-32	24	$2,115,911	— $497,213	
1932-33	16	$1,165,996	— $339,901	$150,000 D
1933-34	14	$1,085,036	— $317,582	$300,000
1934-35	14	$1,090,970	— $230,538	$75,000
		(JOHNSON)		
1935-36	14	$1,231,333	— $2,737	$250,000 J
1936-37	14	$1,437,385	+ $113,530	
1937-38	16	$1,645,329	+ $107,397	
1938-39	16	$1,780,794	+ $ 60,492	
1939-40	16	$1,780,861	+ $171,462	$1,500,000 P
1940-41	16	$1,860,511	— $ 50,975	
1941-42	16	$1,645,784	— $214,374	
1942-43	16	$1,502,708	— $202,607	
1943-44	20	$1,805,530	— $110,506	$336,581
1944-45	18	$1,911,655	+ $5,872	
1945-46	18	$2,251,069	+ $4,370	
1946-47	18	$2,444,516	+ $11,808	
1947-48	18	$2,554,753	— $233,357	
1948-49	16	$2,341,440	— $172,353	$250,000 G
1949-50	18	$2,460,266	— $430,502	

Figures for period 1931-49 do not include amounts received for radio broadcasts, or, from 1940-49, the income from rented portions of building.

Profit figures for 1936-40 and 1944-47 are related to small investment in new productions during those periods.

Key to symbols: D—This amount was largely subscribed by directors.
J—This amount was largely subscribed by Juilliard Foundation.
P—This amount was used, in part, to purchase the building.
G—This amount was raised in large part by the Opera Guild.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Zenith's Newest, Greatest Gift ...the music lover's dream

. . . Pitch and Tempo Control

now brought to record-playing

EVER WANT TO practice singing to an instrumental record tuned *exactly* to the pitch of your own voice? Ever want to dance to a slower or faster tempo? Ever dream of hearing records play—*one after another*—to the exact pitch that gives *you* greatest listening pleasure?

Then come prepared for a new miracle of radionic science. In the sensational new "Cobra-Matic," the simplest all-speed record player ever invented, Zenith now brings you "Pitch and Tempo Control," perhaps the greatest gift to the true music lover in all Zenith's great history.

Did you know that even the finest turntable motors can vary enough to make records sound off-key? Just as a fine watch varies in timekeeping accuracy.

Now—by simply touching a lever to adjust speed—you automatically adjust and *control pitch and tempo to suit your own ears.*

Here is *more* than a boon to the sensitive ear of the trained musical expert. Here is the opening of a whole new era of listening pleasure for millions. Here, for the first time, regardless of varying speeds in recording, regardless of personal preferences of conductors, *you* can satisfy *your own* idea of musical perfection.

And remember, please—you play the new Zenith "Cobra-Matic" with only two simple controls. Set one control for any record speed . . . 33⅓, 45, 78, and in addition, the coming 16 R.P.M., or *any* record speed yet to come from 10 to 85 R.P.M. Set the other control for record size . . . 7, 10 or 12 inch. *That's all there is to it!*

©1950

New Zenith® "Tudor" Radio-Phonograph Console. Crowning achievement in Radio-Record enjoyment. "Cobra-Matic" record player. Super-Sensitive FM. Long-Distance® AM. Radiorgan® Tone Control. All in a stunning period cabinet of Mahogany veneers.

New Zenith "Cobra-Matic" Record Player—The Music Lover's Dream. Available only in new Zenith Radio-Phonographs. See them now at your Zenith Radio and Television Dealer's.

ZENITH
LONG DISTANCE RADIO and TELEVISION
THE ROYALTY OF RADIO AND TELEVISION

Zenith Radio Corporation, Chicago 39, Illinois • Over 30 Years of "Know-How" in Radionics® Exclusively • Also Makers of Fine Hearing Aids

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Death of a Music Critic

HERBERT KUPFERBERG

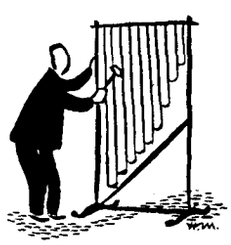
CORNO DI BASSETTO is dead. Even those who never heard the name may share in the sorrow, for Corno di Bassetto was a pseudonym adopted in 1888 by a young music critic named Bernard Shaw, who wanted an impressive name to sign to his articles but had none of his own worth using.

Sixty years and fifty plays have failed to dim the brilliance of Shaw's writings on music—the day-by-day criticism he wrote from 1888 to 1894 and the occasional magazine articles, tracts, and commentaries that have issued forth from him in more recent generations. It was as a music critic that Shaw scored his first sensation as a writer, that he first used the "GBS" trademark, that he first set people talking about him. For ten years in London he had lived with his mother in a state he later described as "shabby genteel destitution," writing five novels (unanimously rejected by editors), innumerable magazine articles (invariably returned by editors), and intermittent art and book reviews, which were printed in two current periodicals without causing any great stir among the readers thereof.

But as music critic for the London *Star* Shaw burst forth with the incisive, derisive wit that later became known as Shavian. For six years he berated Mendelssohn, pooh-poohed Brahms, propagandized for Wagner, and shrugged off the fact that he was living in the golden age of singing.

He dismissed concerts with such remarks as, "If they ever again send me a ticket numbered AA15 I shall destroy it as I would a mad dog." He steadfastly refused to confine his comments to music, complaining that "people seem to think I have nothing else to do than to go to concerts for them." His articles included tips on vegetarianism, advice on curing the common cold, pointers on the history of French drama, and a hundred other matters. He invited his readers to attend his Fabian street-corner orations, even when they conflicted with concerts he was supposed to cover. Upon missing the opening of the London Symphony concerts in 1890 he brazenly apologized: "By ill-luck I was performing in public myself on the night of Mr. Henschel's first London Symphony concert of the year; and as he did not come to hear me, I do not think he can reasonably complain about my not having been to hear him." After reading his pithily pitiless reviews, many other conductors, singers, and instrumentalists of the day wished the sharp-tongued Bassetto had stayed away from their concerts, too. Some of it was good criticism, some of it was good fun, all of it was good Shaw—the first time there had been such a thing as good Shaw.

Characteristically, Shaw himself contended that when he began to write a regular music column he knew more about music than did any of the great composers. This comprehensive knowledge he attributed largely to his mother, who was pretty well known as an amateur singer in Dublin and went to London in the 1870's to become a vocal teacher. Shaw records that his earliest sign of interest in music occurred when as a small child he encored his mother's singing of the Page's song from "Les Huguenots." In his teens he taught himself to play the piano; "without troubling Czerny or Plaidy," he sat down and arranged his fingers on the keyboard for the opening chord of the "Don Giovanni" Overture. It took ten minutes to accomplish this, but when it finally sounded right, Shaw thought it had been worth the trouble. He sometimes entertained his friends with his pianism, and spent much time studying orchestral scores and doing harmonic exercises. The first time that William Archer, the drama critic and journalist, ever saw him, he was seated in the British Museum, his red beard draped over two open volumes—Marx's "Capital" and the orchestral score of "Tristan und Isolde." Archer must have been impressed, for he helped keep Shaw alive in his lean years by farming out book reviews to him.



WHEN Shaw first applied to *The Star* at the age of thirty-two, he was hired as a political writer. But T. P. O'Connor, the editor, found Shaw's political thinking a bit too advanced for *The Star*, which was a Liberal paper, and hastily kicked him upstairs to the music department. His only stipulation to the new critic was that he "should, for God's sake, not write about Bach in B minor!"

Shaw had no thought of emulating the drab criticism that was standard in London at the time. He set out to do three things: create a sensation; demolish the current favorites, Mendelssohn and Brahms; champion the current abomination, Wagner. He insured the unorthodoxy of his column by signing it "Corno di Bassetto," which sounded like a titled foreigner but actually was a musical instrument—the dreary-sounding basset horn which Mozart scored into his Requiem.

His column was headed "Musical Mems., by *The Star*'s Own Captious Critic," ran several times a week, and intrigued the London musical public by its sheer bizarrerie. After a year and a half Shaw outgrew *The Star*, itself the fastest growing paper in London, and took himself and his musical mems. to *The World*, one of England's best weeklies. Here for the first time he began signing his work with his initials: Corno di Bassetto was dead (in name, at any rate) and GBS was born. As music critic for *The World* Shaw lasted four more years; then, realizing that both he and his subject were exhausted, he switched to drama criticism. Meanwhile he had started to work on a play called "Widowers' Houses"—the first of a new, and inexhaustible, line.

But Shaw never really stopped writing music criticism. His plays, his prefaces, his philippics are full of it, and one of his masterpieces, "Man and Superman," is frankly patterned on Mozart's "Don Giovanni," with an often praised and rarely presented scene in hell, wherein Don Juan, the stone statue, and the devil hold a Shavian-Mozartian discourse about heaven, hell, and earth. "Man and Superman," incidentally, derived much from a fanciful little story called "Don Giovanni Explains," which Shaw wrote in 1887 and never succeeded in getting published until long after he was famous. Mozart, Shaw once remarked, taught him "how to write seriously without being dull."

One of Shaw's contemporaries once commented that while most of the distinguished personalities of the 1890's challenged somebody or something, Shaw challenged everybody and everything. In music he certainly was a human question mark. He asked, for example, why it was that the wealthy Covent Garden audience was able to "impose upon the management impertinent sumptuary regulations by which I, for instance, am compelled to attend the opera in the cheapest, ugliest, and least wholesome suit of clothes I possess." He displayed no especial awe for the famous artists he was listening to, such as the De Reszkes (Corno di Bassetto

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

—*Bettmann Archive.*

Corno di Bassetto—"the incisive, derisive wit that later became known as Shavian."

called them "Brer Jean" and "Brer Edouard"), Patti ("she seldom even pretends to play any other part than that of Adelina, the spoiled child with the adorable voice"), Paderewski ("by the time I reached Paderewski's concert, his concerto was over, the audience in wild enthusiasm, and the pianoforte a wreck"), Sarasate ("I had as lief hear him play 'Pop Goes the Weasel' as any classic masterpiece; and what is more, I believe he would himself just as soon play one as the other"). He objected strenuously to the custom of placing a couple of rifle-bearing soldiers as a guard of honor outside the opera house and suggested that they be invited indoors to pick off people who talked in the boxes.

Shaw's two *bêtes noires* among composers were Mendelssohn, who was regarded by Victorian England as the master of masters, and Brahms, whose then new symphonies were being hailed as the antidote to Wagner's "music of the future."

"We now see plainly enough," wrote Corno di Bassetto, "that Mendelssohn, though he expressed himself in music with a touching tenderness and refinement, and sometimes with a nobility and pure fire that make us forget all his kid-glove gentility, his conventional sentimentality, and his despicable oratorio mongering, was not in the foremost rank of the great composers. . . . he is indeed, the great composer of the century for all those to whom Tennyson is the great poet of the century."

Brahms came off even worse, so badly, in fact, that Shaw many years later (in 1936) felt impelled to apologize for once referring to his music as "at bottom only a prodigiously elaborated compound of incoherent reminiscences." The apology made the substantial point that all composers draw upon the common stock of the music of their times and that "it is easy for a critic who knows that stock to recognize its contributions to the new work and fail to take in the original complexion put upon it." But Shaw appended no apology to this passage:

> The spectacle of the British public listening with its in-churchiest expression to one of the long and heavy fantasies which he [Brahms] calls his symphonies always reminds me of the yokel in "As You Like It" quailing before the big words of the fool. . . . His symphonies are endured at the Richter concerts as sermons are endured, and his Requiem is patiently borne only by the corpse.

Shaw's reputation as a Wagnerite, perfect or otherwise, has been exaggerated, largely by himself. "The Perfect Wagnerite," the Shavian exegesis of "The Ring of the Nibelungs," today reads as an outdated, almost whimsical interpretation that collapses altogether in the last act of "Siegfried." The "Ring," said Shaw, was "a poetic vision of unregulated industrial capitalism as it was made known in Germany in the middle of the nineteenth century by Engel's 'Condition of the Laboring Classes in England.'" But Alberich, the industrial plutocrat, Wotan, the moralizing social reformer, and Siegfried, the "born anarchist, the ideal of Bakunin," dwelt more in Shaw's imagination than in Wagner's.

In later years Shaw, who always was a great lover of Italian opera, showed no compunction about abandoning the Wagner revolution. He denounced Bayreuth for obeying only one law, "Do what was done last time," and in 1936 he wrote: "When the wireless strikes up the 'Tannhäuser' Overture I hasten to switch it off, though I can always listen to Rossini's Overture to 'William Tell,' hackneyed to death in Bassetto's time. . . . Though I used to scarify the fools who said that Wagner's music was formless, I should not now think the worse of Wagner if, like Bach and Mozart, he had combined the most poignant dramatic expression with the most elaborate decorative design. . . . Now that it is easier technically to compose another 'Parsifal' than another Mass in B Minor or 'Don Giovanni,' I am no longer a combatant anarchist in music, not to mention that I have learnt that a successful revolution's first task is to shoot all revolutionists."

Another composer championed by Shaw was Richard Strauss. In 1910—long after Corno di Bassetto was a memory—Ernest Newman wrote a criticism describing "Elektra" as "commonplace, banal, and ugly." Shaw, although he had not yet heard "Elektra," immediately denounced Newman's piece as "ridiculous and idiotic." Two years later the acrimonious debate resumed over Strauss's ballet "The Legend of Joseph," which prompted Newman to write an article entitled "The Strange Case of Richard Strauss." Shaw responded with "The Strange Case of Ernest Newman," to which Newman appended "The Sad Case of Bernard Shaw." Neither side displayed much inclination to confine the debate to Strauss's music, but it was a good scrap nevertheless, with both sides claiming victory.

Shaw never made a secret of the fact that he preferred Mozart's music to all others. "All my musical self-respect is based on my keen appreciation of Mozart's works," GBS wrote in *The World*. "It is as still true as it was before the 'Eroica' Symphony existed, that there is nothing better in art than Mozart's best."

TO THE music criticism of his day Shaw brought a conception of Mozart as the searcher of the soul, the supreme musical dramatist, rather than the composer of arabesques. It is a discovery that perhaps every generation has to make for itself; Shaw helped make it for his. Sarastro's music in "The Magic Flute" he once described as "the only music yet written that would not sound out of place in the mouth of God," and in a *World* column he wrote: "I am highly susceptible to the force of all truly religious music, no matter to what church it belongs; but the music of my own church—for which I may be allowed, like other people, to have a partiality—is to be found in 'Die Zauberflöte' and the Ninth Symphony." And, for a final word (in 1891): "Many Mozart worshippers cannot bear to be told that their hero was not the founder of a dynasty. But in art the highest success is to be the last of your race, not the first. Anybody, almost, can make a beginning: the difficulty is to make an end—to do what cannot be bettered."

Whether Shaw himself, as a music critic, was the first or last of a race is as yet an unanswerable question, though one may suspect he was both. His musical writings, just as his plays, so far, have had emulators but no successors. The equipment he brought to his job, aside from his native perversity, was that of the intelligent listener rather than the trained professional, but certainly no critic has ever applied words to music more artfully or more artistically. He owed music much, but it owes him more. For his death he gave but two instructions: that he be cremated, and that the "Libera me" from Verdi's Requiem be sung.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Recordings in Review

"Fledermaus" No. 1

JOHANN STRAUSS: *"Die Fledermaus" (complete score). Clemens Krauss conducting the Vienna State Opera Orchestra and Chorus, with Hilde Gueden, Anton Dermota, Julius Patzak, Wilma Lipp, Sieglinde Wagner, etc.* (London LP's 281/2, $11.90.)

EIGHTY-NINE minutes of music and not a dull one among them is the proud total of these two LP discs. London has gone to the fount of Johann Strauss and drawn therefrom a reservoir of pleasure and fine art which in this year of multiple "Fledermaus" recordings will remain unique, come what may. The musical score, as published in the Weinberger-Cranz edition, is complete save for the replacement of the scored ballet music with the customary interpolated waltz — in this case "Frühlingsstimmen." The language, of course, is the original.

Those conversant with the catalogue of recorded Strauss waltzes know Krauss as the conductor of a fine "Liebeslieder" and a sprightly "Perpetuum Mobile," but even these scarcely indicate the sympathy and spirit, the delicate yet racy way with which this performance begins, ends, and is carried through. It is that rarity in recorded opera, a sounding likeness of a dramatic and musical whole. Even without dialogue, the timing, pace, and high spirit of a thoroughly enjoyable "Fledermaus" are conveyed by Krauss and his remarkably able cast.

There is, in fact, not a weak link in the chain, for Dermota is a brilliant Alfred in sound and speech, Patzak a surprisingly (for those who know him only from more formidable things) able Eisenstein, the women all good or excellent. It is hard to imagine a better Rosalinde than Gueden and Lipp is almost as outstanding as Adele. Wagner (supposedly a remote kin of Richard) is less sure of herself and of the manner as Orlofsky, but she has a fine contralto voice. All the smaller parts are taken with distinction, and the ensemble has rarely been surpassed in recorded opera of any sort.

Thanks to the lovely balance and fidelity of sound London has achieved in the Grosses Saal of the Vienna Konzerthaus, every bit of artistry in the orchestral playing, the balancing of voices and textures reaches the ear with its expressiveness unimpaired. And the conductor, who was last month being admired for his remarkable "Don Juan," shows that Krauss rhymes with Strauss, whether it is Richard or Johann.

Lightness and Learning

LAMBERT: *"The Rio Grande." Constant Lambert conducting the Philharmonia Orchestra and Chorus, with Gladys Ripley, piano, and Kyla Greenbaum, piano;* also BRITTEN: *"Peter Grimes" (Four Interludes). Sir Malcolm Sargent conducting the London Symphony.* (Columbia LP 2145, $3.85.)

"BY THE Rio Grande," as all devoted Sacheverell Sitwellians know, "they dance no sarabande." Those who were buying records about 1930, when the previous edition of this work appeared, will doubtless want its expanded fidelity; those who were not may be advised that the greatly talented Lambert has achieved nothing else of this excellence. With one ear receiving echoes, cross-channel, from Debussy and Ravel, and the other picking up the surging energy, transatlantic, from Gershwin, he was galvanized into a median musical personality quite distinctive. It is hard to think of anyone (other, perhaps, than Poulenc) who has managed so neat a blend of lightness and learning in the music of the last twenty years. Perhaps, however, the blend was not so complete as it appears; the puzzle of being "either/or" has baffled Lambert since.

This "Rio Grande," it may be mentioned, is not the one immediately south of our border; rather it is the great Southern river, where, "through the soft Brazilian air, The Commendador and Alguacil are there." The envelope for the Columbia record fortunately includes the whole of the text, which is a keen pleasure to read without, and absorb with, Lambert's apt score. The performance is full of spirit, the reproduction excellent. Beside it the calculated "poetry" of Britten's music sounds uncommonly plain and undernourished, due in part to a transfer from the previously-issued English 78-rpm discs that is below Columbia's usual standard.

Constant Lambert—"a median musical personality quite distinctive."

Late Strauss & Early Dvorak

STRAUSS: *Duet-Concertino;* also HONEGGER: *Concerto da Camera. Harold Byrns conducting the Los Angeles Chamber Symphony.* (Capitol LP 8115, $4.85.)

DVORAK: *Symphony in E flat* (1873). *Henry Swoboda conducting the Vienna Symphony.* (Westminster LP 50-29, $5.95.)

WHEN historical justice is finally rendered it is my feeling that the flare-up of expression in the eighty-year-old Strauss will rank as a phenomenon without parallel since Verdi created "Otello" and "Falstaff." Previously we have had the Oboe Concerto and the great "Metamorphosen" for strings; this Duet-Concertino for clarinet and bassoon is of a similar order of workmanship, in which a past master of his craft has given up trying to find new ways of saying things, and is merely content to say what he wants to, as he wants to. The results are not matter for a League of Composers seance, but a constant pleasure for the ear which will settle for delight as well as surprise. The Honegger Concerto da Camera is another unexpected pleasure (a creation of 1948 as is the Strauss), played with outstanding skill by an ensemble that includes Arthur Cleghorn, a flutist prominent on numerous English recordings earlier in the decade. The Capitol West Coast recording is in both instances very satisfying.

The early Dvorak symphony is a work of little pretension and much presence, which antedates the formal sequence of five works by which he is known. I think that Nicolas Slonimsky, in his annotation, bears down unnecessarily on the "Wagnerian" derivations of this work: Dvorak was rarely free of them, even in such later works as the "New World" symphony. Here the strength of the individuality expressed by the thirty-one-year-old Dvorak is a good deal more conspicuous than the incidental Wagnerisms. We may add it to the early symphonies of Schubert, the one of Bizet, etc., as a special pleasure for those who do not need symphony societies to de-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

termine what their listening should be in a given twelve months. The performance is one of the best Swoboda has offered, with fine power mated to musicianly control. The second side is filled out by the Scherzo Capriccioso (Opus 66), whose previous phonographic interpreters have included Ormandy and Kleiber. Lacking those, this is a welcome venture.

"Frauenliebe" by Graf

SCHUMANN: *"Frauenliebe und Leben." Uta Graf, soprano, with John Newmark, piano.* (Allegro LP 73, $3.85.)

RUMORS persist that a Kathleen Ferrier version of this expressive cycle will come along sometime soon, but until that promise is realized the fervent, intelligent singing of Miss Graf has a good deal to commend it. I would call it a useful rather than a luxury issue, for her vocal technique is not always equal to her intentions, especially in the lower register, which tends to be guttural and without resonance. However, it is freer of mannerisms and blemish than those of Lehmann, Astra Desmond, Isobel French, and Traubel, which are the current alternatives. Miss Graf knows the music and the style, and delivers both with conviction. John Newmark plays the well-sounding accompaniment. I'd suggest a play-before-pay policy on this disc, for the copy I received stuttered once or twice on the first side and blasted on some forte tones.

Blood and Thunder

VERDI: *"Ernani." Fernando Previtali conducting the orchestra of Radio Italiana, with Gino Penno, Giuseppe Taddei, Caterina Mancini, Giacomo Vaghi, etc.* (Cetra-Soria set 1210, $17.85).

I CAN imagine the amusement of our forebearers of the Nineties to whom "Ernani" was too innocent a pleasure for those sophisticated times, at the spectacle of our latest mechanical marvels being put to such childish purposes. Our only answer must be that lacking new operas of the quality of "Otello" and "Falstaff" to enjoy we must perforce revert to what, for them, was really old hat. At the same time, I wonder whether either Covent Garden or the Metropolitan of the Nineties, for all their De Reszke and Sembrich and Scotti, heard as much lyric blood and melodic thunder as Previtali delivers with his excellent orchestra and chorus. Something like it was available in the Metropolitan revivals of the Twenties with

(*Continued on page 77*)

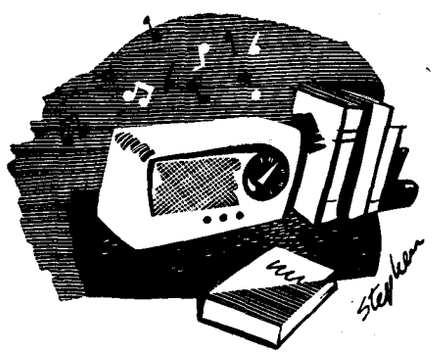
Spotlight on the Moderns

THERE is a new set of variations with an enigma to ponder. The composer is not Elgar. The enigma is: How did the theme get left out of the second of the three "Wozzeck" excerpts in Ormandy's recent Columbia recording (LP 2140, $3.85)? Berg's variations, like the rest of the opera, are in many ways radical and harmonically advanced, but they start in regulation fashion with a subject. If you do not read a score, you may check this in the recording by Charlotte Boerner, with the Los Angeles Symphony conducted by Werner Janssen, now reissued on LP (Artist LP 500, $3.85).

Apart from the variations that have, somewhere in the recording process, inexcusably lost the theme they are all about, the recording by the sumptuous Philadelphia Orchestra is admirable in many ways. Eugene Ormandy gives proper values to the polychrome and mordant effects and Gertrude Ribla, though she sounds far from the microphone, puts much more of the needed intensity into her singing than Miss Boerner, who is notable for her pitch and lovely voice. The Janssen recording as a whole levels off the frantic, uncanny moods of the score and makes it a bit too pleasing. Neither singer really does the *Sprechstimme* in passages so marked. The Columbia LP includes the "Song of the Wood Dove" from Schönberg's "Gurrelieder," with Stokowski conducting the New York Philharmonic and Martha Lipton giving too cautious an account of the vocal part.

After the neurotic atmosphere of "Wozzeck," the cool, immaculate climate of Stravinsky's "Apollon Musagète" (Victor LP 1096, $5.45) is a drastic change. It is incredible that anyone should be condescending to the creative achievement of an age that has given such perfect embodiment to two such very different attitudes. The pure beauty of "Apollon" is conveyed in long flowing lines by strings whose special quality derives from divided cellos and from basses used independently. Emphasis of the low strings gives grandeur and breadth. The string orchestra normally disposed yields very different sounds, on the reverse side of this LP, in the Concerto in D. Its stunning luminous qualities, sadly concealed by the concert performance that not long ago introduced this work to us, suggest "Danses Concertantes" — the playfully truncated phrases, for example. The Arioso shows how much a musical genius can still do above an old-fashioned accompaniment.

In both works, Stravinsky conducts the RCA Victor orchestra authoritatively. The new economy in dispensing with analytic notes (a sad omission where unfamiliar music is concerned) leaves us perplexed as to why this Concerto in D or "Basler" Concerto is labelled Concerto Grosso; and listeners must guess the names of the sections of "Apollon" and the relation to the ballet for which it was composed. It is advisable to check your copy before buying it, for the "Variation de Polymnie" in "Apollon" is anticipated faintly in my copy



in the pause before it—a very minor defect that may have to do with the individual pressing.

Two Stravinsky works from the period of "Apollon" (namely, the Twenties) have been recorded by his son, Soulima: the Piano Sonata and the "Sérénade in La" (Allegro LP 74, $3.85). Their dryness puzzles pianists who attempt them. This release should clear up misconceptions and is thus most welcome despite the poor reproduction of the piano tone. Dryness in music may be a virtue as it is in champagne. Soulima, not the strongest of virtuosos, nevertheless makes everything neatly etched and gentle. The "Sérénade" is clearer than in the old recording by the composer himself, who is, after all, not a practising pianist in the sense his son is.

The Third Symphony of Charles Ives is the first work to appear on the label of WCFM, of Washington, D. C. It is a landmark in other ways, for around 1900 it was prophetic of the hymn-tune style Copland and Thomson later developed as one means of being American in idiom. Though prophetic, it is far more conservative than the next Ives symphony. It goes on too long at too even a temper, but certain given sections here and there (notably the opening), taken by themselves, must be considered music of quality. Richard Bales, conducting the National Gallery Orchestra, does well by the music.

—ARTHUR BERGER.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Recordings Reports: Classical LP's and Albums

See page 75 for Pop Roundup

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Adam: "Giselle." Robert Irving conducting the Royal Opera House Orchestra. RCA LP 1092, $5.45.	A substantial replica of the score as used by the Sadler's Wells ballet on its current tour; and an even too faithful likeness of Irving's stodgy, rather unvital way of leading this music. Good recording, but the shorter Lambert version on Columbia LP 2117 is more desirable.
Beethoven: Symphony No. 2. Erich Kleiber conducting the Brussels Radio Symphony. Capitol LP 8116, $4.85.	Assured, authoritative direction and able execution, but the string tone is glassy, the total ensemble more than a little searing in *tuttis*. Either Monteux or Reiner LP alternatives are better values.
Borodin: Symphony in B minor. N. Rakhlin conducting the Moscow Philharmonic. Colosseum LP 103, $4.85.	Those who would embrace this first LP of a worthy work are warned that the sound is considerably inferior to the outmoded domestic versions by Mitropoulos and Defauw, and far inferior to the splendid one by Constant Lambert on English Columbia. Rakhlin's conducting has its virtues, but the dead studio sound and buzzy surfaces effectively mask them.
Gluck: "Don Juan" Ballet. Rudolf Moralt conducting the Vienna Symphony. Westminister LP 50-28, $5.95.	More instrumental Gluck than has ever been offered at one time before, consisting of thirty-one (!) short numbers, in varied meters and moods. A big group of strings is used, and one can discern a harpsichord in the background, also an oboe; but whether this is the authentic scoring is not discussed in David Randolph's annotation. Moralt's manner is appropriate, the clarity of the recording excellent. On mine the surface was gritty.
Elgar: Concerto in B minor. Jascha Heifetz, violin, with Sir Malcolm Sargent conducting the London Symphony. RCA LP 1090, $5.45.	A beautifully balanced, well-integrated replacement for the Elgar-Menuhin version of the early Thirties. Needless to say, the special feeling of the composer for his own music is not duplicated, but it is in other respects a shining accomplishment for Heifetz and a distinguished one for Sargent. If it tends to make the piece more of a virtuoso exploit than Elgar perhaps intended, that does offset some of the dull spots in a beautiful but uneven work. Not the most mellow English recording, with a partiality to shrillness.
Lehar: "Merry Widow" Waltz, etc. Helen Traubel, soprano, with Frank Black conducting. RCA Victor LP 39, $3.85.	The great Isolde and Brünhilde does a remarkable job of focusing her tones for the easy, suave sound appropriate to the indicated excerpt and other standard "alt Wien" by Sieczynski, Stolz, Oscar Straus, etc. I could do without the English texts used in several instances, but Miss Traubel in all cases forms the musical line with rare sweetness and feeling. Black's accompaniments are suitable, the recording uncommonly good.
Mozart: "Requiem Mass." Josef Krips conducting the Wiener Hofmusikkapelle, and solo quartet. London LP's 230/1, $9.90.	An excellent performance by Krips, in a wholly different style from the Cetra-De Sabata effort widely admired. Young male voices are used for the two parts usually sung by soprano and alto, a practice I find distracting, not only for its unfamiliarity, but also because the performers cannot uphold their duties consistently. Walther Ludwig is the tenor, Harald Proglhof the bass. Wonderfully rich orchestral sound, especially in the brass, and not so much reverberation as in the Cetra. The chorus work and instrumental detail are splendid.
Mozart: Six Sonatas. Lili Kraus, piano, and Szymon Goldberg, violin. Decca LP Set X103, $14.55.	A reissue on three LP's of the well-known and long-favored performances by Kraus and Goldberg. Included are the sonatas in C (K.296), F (K.377), B flat (K.378), G (K.379), E flat (K.380), and E flat (K.481), all played with dash, authority, and fine insight. The transfer is uncommonly successful, save for a little lack of bass. Special mention should be made of the remarkably quiet surfaces, and the comprehensive annotations by Alec Robertson and Frank Walker (an increment of the English origin).
Mozart: "Il Ratto dal Seraglio," etc. Lina Pagliughi, soprano. Cetra Soria LP 50,032, $5.95.	The Italian title suggests the spirit implicit in Pagliughi's brilliant but insufficiently stylistic treatment of "Ach, ich liebte" and "Welch wonne, welche lust." The brilliance remains and the style is enhanced in the excerpts from "I Puritani" ("Mad Scene"), "L'Elisir d'Amore" ("Prendi, per me sei libero"), "Semiramide" ("Bel raggio"), "William Tell" ("Selva opaca"), and "Guarany" ("Oh, come è bello il ciel"). The recording varies from fair to excellent, the Mozart being about the best.
Rachmaninoff: Concerto in C minor, No. 2. William Kapell, piano, with William Steinberg conducting the Robin Hood Dell Orchestra. RCA Victor LP 1097, $4.85.	The last time I looked, the Rubinstein version of this work ranked as the No. 1 best seller among records in its category, which suggests the extent to which another version is desirable—considering the others in existence by Moiseiwitch, Eileen Joyce, Cyril Smith, and Rachmaninoff himself. Kapell's playing is technically proficient, but rather finger-conscious and fussy for a work of this power and expressiveness. Fine sound from the outdoor version of the Philadelphia Orchestra, and a good if not remarkable reproduction.
Schumann: "Carnaval." Claudio Arrau, piano. Decca LP 7502, $3.85.	Another in the new Decca-Parlophone "Gold Label" LP series, but on a lower level of acceptability than the Mozart sonatas noted above. Arrau's sound is rather percussive in this prewar reproduction, his feeling for the music mannered, for my taste. The adaptation from 78 rpm to LP has been skilfully done.
Schumann: Sonata in D minor. Louis Kaufman, violin, with Artur Balsam, piano. Capitol LP, $3.85.	A good choice of repertory (the Busch-Serkin set is available only in England), but Kaufman's tone is more than a little too richly Russian for this music. It is also full of vibrato where a little variation in character would be desirable. Balsam, also, is too much the accompanist, too little the individualist he should be here. The overside "Romantic Pieces" of Dvorak (Opus 75) are mildly attractive, but overslicked with tonal sauce in Kaufman's performance.

—Irving Kolodin.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SPECIAL RELEASE

die fledermaus
(THE BAT)

Johann Strauss

(Complete Recording)

LONG PLAYING 33⅓ rpm

GABRIEL VON EISENSTEIN.....JULIUS PATZAK (Tenor)
ROSALINDE.....HILDE GUEDEN (Soprano)
ALFRED.....ANTON DERMOTA (Tenor)
DR. FALKE.....ALFRED POELL (Baritone)
FRANK.....KURT PREGER (Baritone)
ADELE.....WILMA LIPP (Soprano)
ORLOVSKY.....SIEGLINDE WAGNER (Contr.)
DR. BLIND.....AUGUST JARESCH (Tenor buffo)

CHORUS OF THE VIENNA STATE OPERA
and the
VIENNA PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA
conducted by
CLEMENS KRAUSS

LLP-281/282 — $11.90

The performance is musically complete and includes the waltz, Voices of Spring as the ballet music in Act. 2. Full German and English libretto is enclosed in art album free of charge. The production uses the authentic German language.

ffrr

LONDON
RECORDS

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

For the Christmas Stocking

THERE are good reasons for putting recordings in every child's stocking this Christmas. There has been consistent improvement in the quality of children's recordings and there are excellent ones for all ages and tastes. Another happy consideration in these inflationary times is that in most instances prices have not advanced.

From releases of the past year I have selected those which are, in my opinion, the most desirable. They are described under two classifications: "Stories with Music" and "Music." A few "Budget Records" are listed at the end.

Stories with Music

CINDERELLA. (RCA Victor Y399, two 10" unbreakable, $3.57.) A musical dramatization of the familiar story with several songs from the movie. A favorite of fives to tens.

BAMBI (RCA Victor Y391, three 10" unbreakable, $4.04.) Shirley Temple tells the story of the life of Bambi, the deer, with her customary charm. Threes to eights will love it and the illustrated album.

THE NEIGHBORS' BAND. (Young People's Records 726, one 10" unbreakable, $1.45.) Four musicians play a trumpet, a French horn, a trombone, and a tuba at cross purposes until a little boy gets them to form a band. Music with a modern flavor by Walter Hendl. It pleases sevens to elevens greatly.

WORKING ON THE RAILROAD. (Young People's Records 427, one 10" unbreakable, $1.45.) A dramatic treatment of the building of American railroads. Tom Glazer and the Gene Lovell Chorus sing several good railroad songs effectively. Excellent for sevens to elevens.

THE GREAT BIG PARADE. (Allegro Junior 25, one 10" unbreakable, $1.05.) Children from four to seven are thrilled by this child participation record. Subtle and effective sound effects make the parade a vivid experience.

CHAMPION, THE HORSE NO MAN COULD RIDE. (Columbia set MJV 62, two 10" unbreakable, $2.15.) Gene Autry breaks Champion in a story that gives a real thrill to younger cowboys. Gene also sings a little.

THE CARROT SEED. (Children's Record Guild 1003, one 10" unbreakable, $1.10.) Ruth Kraus's appealing story about the boy who plants a seed and harvests a huge carrot. Several instruments are heard and there are songs for each member of the family. For twos to fours.

'TWAS THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS. (Columbia set MJV88, one 10" unbreakable, $1.19.) Arthur Godfrey recites the familiar poem with pertinent sound effects. A chorus joins him in singing an attractive arrangement of "Jingle Bells." Very suitable for young children at Christmas.

THE STORY OF THE NATIVITY. (Columbia set MJV 82, two 10" unbreakable, $1.19.) Gene Autry tells the Christmas story to three small children with music by a chorus and orchestra. Excellent for young tots.

Music

ANIMAL FAIR. (Columbia set MJV 59, two 10" unbreakable, $2.25.) Burl Ives sings familiar and favorite folk songs about animals. The best recording of the year for children and adults.

MORE PLAYTIME SONGS. (Young People's Records Y 729, one 10" unbreakable, $1.45.) Charity Bailey sings two Louisiana Creole songs and two American play songs of folk origin. First choice for children from two to six.

THE SING SONG MAN. (Decca CUS 23, two 10" unbreakable, $2.25.) Frank Luther sings zestful and attractive songs in a song story by Harold Rome. A child names typical subjects of interest and Frank sings about them. Children from three up will enjoy it.

HYMNS FOR CHILDREN. (Columbia set MJV 65, one 10" unbreakable, $1.19.) Floyd Sherman, tenor, sings hymn favorites with sensitivity and good taste. Highly recommended for all ages.

CHRISTMAS MUSIC BY THE BOYS' TOWN CHOIR. (Capitol album 4914, three 10", $4.) A noteworthy performance of familiar and unfamiliar hymns for Christmas. The singing is characterized by the beauty, spirit and musicianship we have come to expect from this organization. A superior recording for the family.

ON LEMMER LEMMER STREET. (Children's Record Guild 5006, one 10" unbreakable, $1.10.) A tuneful and amusing Dutch narrative folk song about a father's efforts to cheer his unhappy daughter. Excellent singing with orchestral accompaniment. For fives to eights.

IOLANTHE. (Allegro Intermediate 57, one 10" unbreakable, $1.05.) A fine performance of selections from the Gilbert and Sullivan opera. Children from seven to twelve will be charmed and amused.

MOTHER GOOSE SONGS. (Columbia set MJV 67, one 10" unbreakable, $1.19.) Burl Ives turns his amazing talent to eleven nursery songs. His singing combined with effective accompaniments and imaginative sound effects makes this a superb recording for twos to sixes.

SHIP AHOY. (Children's Record Guild 5003, one 10" unbreakable, $1.10.) An exciting recording of sea chanteys in their authentic setting. The music and sound effects are stirring and there is opportunity for dramatic play and musical participation by the child. Highly recommended for fives to eights.

THE LITTLE RED WAGON. (Children's Record Guild, 1004, one 10" unbreakable, $1.10.) Children from five to eight enjoy singing, whirling, and dancing when they play these familiar folk spirituals which include "Get on Board," and "Ezekiel Saw the Wheel."

MARY MARTIN SINGS FOR CHILDREN. (Young People's Records 731, one 10" unbreakable, $1.45.) Miss Martin sings songs of improvisational character. Children from two to six will love to listen, sing with her, and make up their own songs.

TRAIN TO THE ZOO. (Children's Record Guild 1001, one 10" unbreakable, $1.10.) Excitement and fun for children from two to four with songs about animals and the train. A two year old of my acquaintance has played it almost constantly for the past two months.

Budget Records

These are Columbia Playtime recordings all of which retail for twenty-five cents: 366-PV, "Rumpelstiltskin"; 363-PV, "Jack and the Beanstalk"; 364-PV, "The Little Red Hen" and "Chicken Licken"; 365-PV, "The Three Billy Goats Gruff"; 355-PV, "The Three Little Pigs"; 356-PV, "Hansel and Gretel"; 358-PV, "School Days" and "Daisy Bell"; 359-PV, "'Twas the Night Before Christmas."

—CHARLES LEONHARD.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FREE

TO CREATIVE CHILDREN WHOSE PARENTS WANT THEM TO LOVE, UNDERSTAND AND GROW WITH GOOD MUSIC

Your child is certain to respond to the stirring rhythms of Children's Guild records — rhythms like the clippety-clop which moved these children to play horses.

Your child's phonograph can be a source of pre-tested learning and entertainment—if you give him or her Children's Guild records!

Hopping, running, skipping, bending and rolling are good, healthy play—the natural rhythmic response to good music!

Swaying to a see-saw song is not only great fun, but it builds fine body control and coordination. Not just a coincidence, but *planned* that way!

The Children's Record Guild *offers*

ABSOLUTELY FREE

ONE OF THESE DELIGHTFUL UNBREAKABLE 10" RECORDS

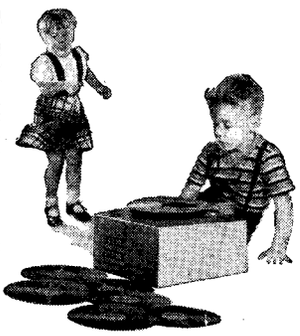
FREE for Children 2-4 "SKITTERY SKATTERY"
Your child will join in the rhythmic tapping and knocking to the delightful nonsense lyrics of THIS OLD MAN —play-act the skittery skattery of CAT AND MOUSE— and enjoy the most famous of all cumulative folk songs, the BARNYARD SONG.

FREE for Children 5-8 "GOLDEN GOOSE"
The beloved Grimm fairy tale, told and played with all the imagery of "Peter and the Wolf"! Each character has his own melody—and each melody is played on a different and appropriate instrument. A delightful way to discover orchestral color and melody!

FREE FOR YOU—"Your Child Is Musical"
For the first time, an insight to the role of "culture" in your child's life and the important part music plays.

BECAUSE YOUR BOY OR GIRL, like *all* children, needs and loves music, songs, stories, facts and play ideas prepared especially for his age — we invite you to send for a delightful new record created by The Children's Record Guild, *absolutely free.* We make this offer so that you may conveniently discover this new plan for helping your child enjoy, understand and grow with *good music.* "Good music" for your child is music that he hears . . . sees . . . feels . . . IS—music that transforms him into a galloping horse, a dashing fireman, a rocking boat, or a swimming fish. It is music that contains the simple rhythms, melodies and musical ideas which gave birth to our great symphonies and dance forms . . . music which one day will lead your child to an appreciation of the masters.

We will include with your free record a booklet—"Your Child Is Musical"—also absolutely free. In this fascinating booklet leading teachers, child guidance experts and musicians explain what music can do for your boy or girl, how you can help him obtain the greatest pleasure and benefit from the music he hears, and how to keep his natural love for music alive and growing—a companion and treasure for all his years.



ENRICH YOUR CHILD'S LIFE FOREVER WITH MUSIC

Through This Approved Plan That Brings Your Child Wonderful New Records Regularly

AT ONLY $1.00 EACH

The Children's Record Guild creates for its young members in each age group (2 to 4 and 5 to 8) a new unbreakable record every month. And, to make sure that every selection delights and entertains children, each is pre-tested in nationally famous nursery and primary schools, under the supervision of many of the nation's leading authorities. The material and ideas for the records are based on the latest universally accepted findings announced by such renowned experts as Dr. Felix Guenther at the Connecticut State Teachers College; Edna Buttolph at the Bank Street Schools (Harriet Johnson Nursery School), Beatrice Landeck at the Mills School for Nursery and Primary Education; and many others.

Games, Songs, Stories, Music

Every Children's Guild record contains something of real and lasting value for your boy or girl. They teach him new skills or games, singable songs and fascinating stories. Every selection encourages your child to "join in" and find carefree and healthful expression for his own imaginative ideas.

And, finally, every 10-inch, unbreakable Children's Guild record is performed with matchless artistry by well known musicians, singers and actors, and recorded with the same high-fidelity techniques used for the finest adult records. They are mailed in beautifully illustrated jackets, containing complete lyrics and information for both parent and child.

Send for Free Record and Booklet—Now!

See for yourself how much these records add to your child's happiness and growth. Help him discover the wealth of wholesome play ideas, fascinating songs and stories, and irresistible humor, which abound in Children's Guild records. Start your child now toward a fuller appreciation and enjoyment of good music by mailing the coupon at once. We will promptly send your child the gift record for his or her age group, and a copy of the booklet "Your Child Is Musical"—both ABSOLUTELY FREE, and will reserve a membership in your child's name. If, after enjoying the free record and booklet for 10 days, you decide not to join the Guild, you may cancel the reservation by merely mailing us a post card or letter to that effect. Otherwise, as a member, your child will receive a Children's Guild record appropriate to his age every month, and you will be billed for only $1.00 plus a few cents for tax and shipping for each record. Whether or not you decide to join, the gift record and booklet are yours, ABSOLUTELY FREE, and, if you join, you may cancel your membership any time you please. Mail the coupon NOW.

THE CHILDREN'S RECORD GUILD • 27 Thompson Street, New York 13, N.Y.

THE CHILDREN'S RECORD GUILD, Dept. 248
27 Thompson St., New York 13, N.Y.

ABSOLUTELY FREE

☐ "Skittery Skattery" 2-4 ☐ "Golden Goose" 5-8
Check one unless you wish two enrollments
ALSO FREE TO YOU—a Copy of "Your Child Is Musical"

Please send me at once the record checked above and a copy of the booklet "Your Child Is Musical," both ABSOLUTELY FREE. At the same time, reserve a membership for my child. If I do not cancel this reservation within 10 days after receiving the free record, send me a record each month and bill me for only $1.00 each, plus a few cents for U.S. tax and shipping. I may cancel this membership any time I please, but the gift record and booklet are ABSOLUTELY FREE in any case.

Name of Child.....Age.....
Address.....
City.....Zone.....State.....
Child's Birthday: Month.....Day.....Year.....
My Name.....
Address.....
City.....Zone.....State.....

☐ Check here if you are enclosing $12.00 for one year's subscription to save the bother of monthly billing, tax, and postage. You may cancel at any time—money back of course.

SRL-11 Canadian Address: OWEN SOUND, ONT.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Record Critics Vote

RESPONDENTS to RECORDINGS' annual inquiry regarding favorite records may this year be divided between those who consider Columbia's recording of the Bartók six string quartets (Juilliard Quartet) the outstanding enterprise of the year and all others. Since the question was put as "My Favorite LP's"—with a space for entries at other speeds—this preference may be considered to extend to the music as well as the manner of its performance and reproduction.

Among those on the Bartók bandwagon are **Herbert P. Kenney, Jr.,** of the *Indianapolis News*, **David Hall,** author of "Records—1950 edition," **Irving Sablosky,** of the *Chicago Daily News*, **Felix Borowski,** of the same city's *Sun-Times*, and **Harold C. Schonberg,** American correspondent for *The Gramophone*. The complete Cetra-Soria "Falstaff" rates high with Borowski and Schonberg, and the equally complete "Entführung" (London) with Sablosky. Hall directs attention to the quality of the Vox version of Bach's "St. Matthew Passion" and also the Third Symphony of the Danish composer Carl Nielsen (London). This is one of those "other speed" preferences, as is **Jerome Bohm**'s, of the *New York Herald Tribune*, for the Bruckner No. 8, a Deutsche Grammophon issue. Bohm also thinks well of the complete "Falstaff," and the Clemens Krauss-directed "Also Sprach Zarathustra" on London.

A smaller group agrees that the four Chopin "Ballades," played by Robert Casadesus on Columbia, is a choice offering. Among them are **Cecil Smith,** editor-in-chief of *Musical America*, and **Thomas M. Sherman,** of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*. Smith adds to the total of those favoring "Falstaff" and makes mention of Purcell's "Fairy Queen" (Allegro). Sherman is also operatically minded, but gives his favor to the complete "Rigoletto" as RCA Victor has done it with Erna Berger, Jan Peerce, and Leonard Warren.

Surprisingly scant in this year of major activity on behalf of Bach are "favorite" mention for works of this composer. Hall's reference to the "St. Matthew Passion" above is echoed by Smith's esteem for the unaccompanied violin sonatas in the performance of Alexander Schneider on Mercury; Borowski nominates the "Brandenburg" Concertos on RCA Victor and **Conrad B. Harrison,** of the *Deseret News* (Salt Lake City) agrees, but prefers the Reiner version for Columbia. **Lauretta Thistle,** of the *Ottawa Citizen*, puts Rosalyn Tureck's playing of the Bach Partitas (Allegro) at the head of her list, and **Albert Goldberg,** of the *Los Angeles Times*, cautions us not to forget the Cello Suites, Nos. 4 and 5, as produced by RCA Victor in the performances of Pablo Casals, or the unforgettable Landowska "48." Other than these, the choices expressed by a score of critics range widely, forward and backward, but not Bachward.

Clifford Bloom, for example, of the *Des Moines Register and Tribune*, gives prominent place to the Heinrich Schütz "Weinachts Historie" as directed by Arthur Mendel on the R.E.B.

label, but also enjoys the Bartók "Music for String Instruments, Percussion, and Celesta" (Capitol) and the Brahms No. 4 in the Krips edition for London. **Philip L. Miller,** of the *Library Journal*, is another Schütz-Mendel man, and isolates the fine Westminister disc of two Mozart Serenades (No. 11 in E flat, K.375, and No. 12 in C minor, K.388) as his favorite in the instrumental category. His "other speed" preference is the "Compenius Organ Album," by Finn Videro, a Gramophone Shop issue.

From opposite ends of the continent come words of favor for the Strauss "Elektra" in the Cetra-Soria version by Mitropoulos, the eastward voice being that of **Carl E. Lindstrom,** of the *Hartford Times*, the western one belonging to **Bruno David Ussher,** of the *San Diego Evening Tribune*. Ussher also casts a vote for Decca's "Consul" recording, for the Roussel disc on Capitol-Telefunken, Toscanini's "Parsifal" recording for RCA Victor, and the songs of Hugo Wolf as sung by Blanche Thebom for RCA's 45 rpm. **Alexander Fried,** of the *San Francisco Examiner*, considers Erna Berger's singing in the RCA Victor "Rigoletto" the vocal feat of the year, with Jennie Tourel's "Shéhérazade" (Ravel) for Columbia or Giuseppe Valdengo's operatic recital for London close behind. The new Ansermet "Petrouchka" (Suisse Romande orchestra) is his favorite orchestral LP.

THE latter disc is prominent in the list of **Walter Grueninger,** of the *Consumers Research Bulletin*, with generous mention also for the Schubert "Forellen" Quintet on Westminster, the Franck symphony by Monteux and the San Francisco orchestra on RCA, the Mozart symphonies No. 38 and 41 by Sir Thomas Beecham and the Royal Philharmonic (Columbia), the Grieg "Haugtussa" cycle on RCA by Flagstad, and the Kathleen Ferrier recital of folk songs on London. Save for the Cetra-Soria "Falstaff," **Hilmar Grondahl,** of the *Portland Oregonian*, reports a list quite individual: the Francescatti playing of Paganini and Saint-Saëns concertos on Columbia, Reginald Kell's version, with Horszowski, of the Brahms clarinet sonatas (Mercury), and the third "I Can Hear It Now," by Edward Murrow and Fred C. Friendly (Columbia).

Children's records and jazz have a scattering of auditors among those polled, with Columbia's "South Pacific," Dorothy Kirsten's Gershwin songs, Burl Ives's "Animal Fair," and the reissued "Tubby the Tuba" (Columbia) recurrently mentioned. "Sparky in Orchestraville" has its adherents, as does Ted Lewis's "Jazz Classics."

Here at home **Roland Gelatt** reports a persisting enthusiasm for the one volume of Wanda Landowska's "48" thus far issued on RCA Victor, and Flagstad's "Haugtussa" cycle on the same label. Mark well, too, he says, the Bach concerto for oboe and violin as recorded in Prades by Columbia, and Victoria de los Angeles's singing of "Adieu, notre petite table" (HMV). As for **the editor,** he confesses that few things have given him so much pleasure this year as the London "Fledermaus," Cesare Siepi's recital on Cetra-Soria, Beecham's "Dance of the Hours" from "Gioconda" (Columbia), the Toscanini "Parsifal" excerpts (RCA), Renata Tebaldi's opera airs on London, Boris Christoff's singing of excerpts from "Boris Godunoff" on HMV, the Mozart C minor Serenade and Schubert's "Forellen" on Westminster, and the Beethoven Piano Concerto No. 1 by Gieseking. Add the Benny Goodman jazz concert on Columbia, and you have a complete picture of an ear-weary editor.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MUSIC IN WESTERN CIVILIZATION

By PAUL HENRY LANG. The first modern cultural history of music. "All in all, the most fascinating general book on music I have ever read." —VIRGIL THOMSON. *Illustrated.* $8.50

STUDIES IN MEDIEVAL AND RENAISSANCE MUSIC

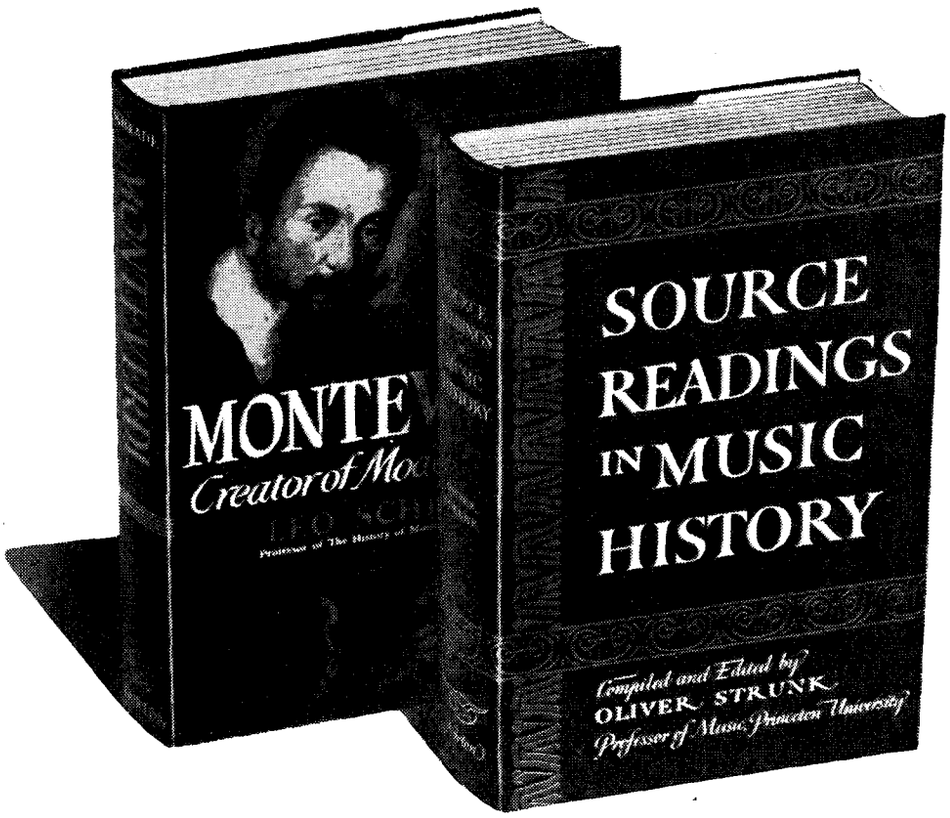
By MANFRED F. BUKOFZER. A new work dealing mainly with the music of the fifteenth century. *Halftones and many musical illustrations.* $6.00

THE BACH READER

Edited by HANS T. DAVID and ARTHUR MENDEL. A comprehensive collection of the most significant, original source material on Bach. "Tremendously valuable." —*Philadelphia Inquirer. Illustrated.* $6.00

HARMONY

By WALTER PISTON. The harmonic materials commonly used by composers and the way these materials have been used. An illuminating study of how music has been written. *Illustrated.* $4.50



TWO OUTSTANDING NEW BOOKS ON MUSIC

SOURCE READINGS IN MUSIC HISTORY

Compiled and edited by OLIVER STRUNK. An impressive event in music publishing, this book brings together for the first time a selection of all the great writings on music from ancient Greece through the Romantic era. A one-volume library of the history of musical thought, it is an essential addition to every music collection. *Musical examples, Index. Over 900 pages.* $8.50

MONTEVERDI

Creator of Modern Music

By LEO SCHRADE. This fascinating musical biography of the first modern composer is the first to explain fully the music of Monteverdi and its influence on all subsequent music. With Monteverdi and his music constantly receiving more attention, Dr. Schrade's penetrating study, based wholly on first-hand sources, is an important and welcome contribution. *Illustrated with halftones and musical examples.* $6.00

NORTON

"Books that Live"

IN MUSIC

Write for Free descriptive catalog of Norton Books on Music

A CHECK LIST

ESSAY ON THE TRUE ART OF PLAYING KEYBOARD INSTRUMENTS *C. P. E. Bach*	$6.00
HAROLD BAUER, HIS BOOK *Harold Bauer*	$3.75
THE STORY OF MUSIC *Paul Bekker*	$3.50
MUSIC IN THE BAROQUE ERA *Manfred Bukofzer*	$6.00
HISTORY OF MUSIC IN PERFORMANCE *Frederick Dorian*	$5.00
STEPS TO PARNASSUS *Johann Joseph Fux*	$3.50
HAYDN *Karl Geiringer*	$5.00
THE MUSIC OF ISRAEL *Peter Gradenwitz*	$5.00
COMPOSER AND CRITIC *Max Graf*	$4.00
THE MUSORGSKY READER *Jay Leyda and Sergei Bertennson (Eds.)*	$6.00
MUSIC IN THE ROMANTIC ERA *Alfred Einstein*	$6.00
FROM BACH TO STRAVINSKY *David Ewen (Ed.)*	$4.00
PABLO CASALS *Lillian Littlehales*	$3.75
FROM MADRIGAL TO MODERN MUSIC *Douglas Moore*	$4.50
LISTENING TO MUSIC *Douglas Moore*	$3.50
COUNTERPOINT *Walter Piston*	$4.50
MUSIC IN THE MIDDLE AGES *Gustave Reese*	$7.50
THE HISTORY OF MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS *Curt Sachs*	$7.50
THE RISE OF MUSIC IN THE ANCIENT WORLD *Curt Sachs*	$6.00
MUSIC IN OUR TIME *Adolfo Salazar*	$6.00
THE LISTENER'S MUSIC BOOK *Olga Samaroff Stokowski*	$3.50

AT ALL BOOKSTORES • *W. W. Norton & Company* • 101 FIFTH AVE., N. Y. 3

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Prades on Vinylite

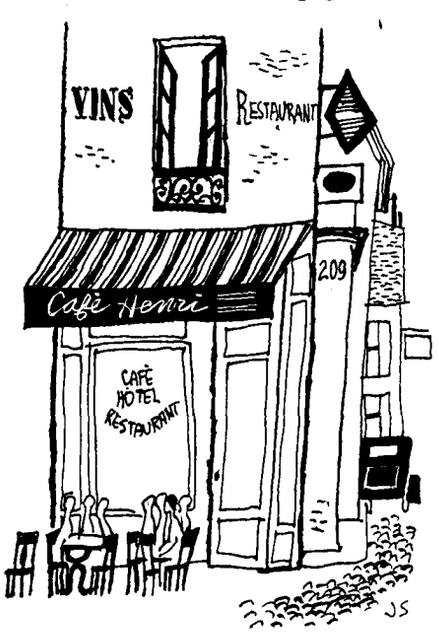
ROLAND GELATT

THAT skeptical instrument the microphone was among the pilgrims to Prades in June of this year, when Pablo Casals broke a self-imposed silence to pay homage to Johann Sebastian Bach. It listened acutely, and diligently captured seven hours of music for the benefit of those who could not manage a junket to the Pyrenees. Posterity should be grateful for its efforts. But posterity should also be reminded of the suspicious nature of the contrivance that cocked its ear so obligingly for record collectors across the sea. Alone among the devotees at Prades the microphone remained intransigently objective. Its pulse did not quicken as a thousand spectators from a dozen countries filed into the medieval Eglise Saint-Pierre; it experienced no wave of exhilaration at its first sight of Casals; it was not imbued with wonder at the rapt, fanatical attention bestowed on *le maître* by an adoring orchestra.

In short, it did nothing but listen—and what it heard turned out to be of decidedly varying quality. On the occasions when Casals appeared before it with his cello, even its naturally skeptical ear was overwhelmed. The three sonatas (originally scored for clavier and viola da gamba) are undoubtedly the plums of this collection. Save that the extraordinary tactile beauty of Casals's tone is indifferently reproduced, these records bear persuasive testimony to the state of the cellist's powers as he approaches his seventy-fourth birthday. Far from declining in these years of silence, Casals has been ever refining and improving his technique. His sense of pitch is still miraculous—of which the gamba sonatas offer impressive demonstration. Each of them contains at least one passage in which the piano carries the whole burden of melodic movement while the cello provides a mere harmonic underpinning with a single sustained note. The attention in such instances should, by all rights, focus on the sounds from the keyboard; but here the strength of Casals's bowing and the trueness of his pitch inevitably draw it away. What is a melody compared with purity of this order? Equally splendid in their 1950 estate are his celebrated rhythmic verve (cf. the repeated thwacks in the third movement of Sonata No. 3), his inimitably nuanced sense of phrasing, and that aura of celestial repose, which is unique to Casals. Indeed, his genius in making the cello speak as no one else can quite paralyzes the critical faculty. One forgets that the Swiss pianist, Paul Baumgartner, is an inadequate associate, that he plods where Casals soars and cuts jagged corners where Casals has sketched a sinuous curve. One even forgets to ask whether this is the most appropriate style for Bach.

If Casals's warm, pliant tone emerges from the loudspeaker rather cold and wooden, it is because the microphone at Prades found itself somewhat at a disadvantage. We who journeyed to Prades heard Casals perform in an old and reverberant church. Added to the excitement of the moment was the tonal patina bestowed by resounding acoustics. The microphone, heathen that it is, was not permitted within these sacred walls. For its benefit Casals played and conducted again, this time in the refectory of a girls' school. Now, these records make it abundantly evident that, however suitable it may have been for the proper appreciation of *oeufs mayonnaises*, this room had definite drawbacks for the appreciation of musical sonorities. Its dimensions proved to be inadequate for the amount of music it was asked to accommodate. The sound that comes from these records seems boxed, constricted, hard. It lacks acoustic glow.

Happily, this disability is far from extinguishing musical glow. One of the glorious moments at the Prades Festival was the middle movement of the C minor Concerto for oboe and violin. And — astounding good fortune!—here it is again to savor repeatedly with all the magic of that original performance. Just as Caesar saw cause for distrusting men with lean and hungry look, so I would have misgivings about any person who could listen unmoved to the sweet melancholy of this movement. Marcel Tabuteau's oboe is the very essence of restraint and nobility, and Isaac Stern comes within a hairsbreadth of equaling him.



To understand why the performances at Prades evoked such enthusiasm, one need only listen to the concerto for oboe and violin—or to the F minor Piano Concerto, with Clara Haskil as soloist. Admittedly, in the latter much of the original bewitchment is missing. The orchestral execution is more prosaic, and Miss Haskil's tones do not float with the ardor that they did in the spacious Eglise Saint-Pierre. Perhaps the recorded performance was brought to a more mundane level by the repeated honking of an automobile horn outside the studio. (The quick ear will readily detect it in the slow movement.) But even with these debits the disc is one to savor. Clara Haskil belongs to that rare company of artists who can take liberties without ever disturbing es-

THE TEN records are available as a set (Columbia set 161, $50); they may also be purchased singly ($4.85 each). All orchestra records are by the Prades Festival Orchestra (PFO), Pablo Casals conducting.

ML 4345—"BRANDENBURG" CONCERTOS, NOS. 1, 2, AND 3. PFO.
ML 4346—"BRANDENBURG" CONCERTOS, NOS. 4 AND 5. PFO.
ML 4347—"BRANDENBURG" CONCERTO NO. 6. PFO. "THE MUSICAL OFFERING": TWO RICERCARES AND ONE SONATA. Leopold Mannes and members of PFO.
ML 4348—ORCHESTRAL SUITES, NOS. 1 AND 2. PFO.
ML 4349—SONATAS FOR CELLO AND PIANO, NOS. 1 AND 2. Casals and Paul Baumgartner.
ML 4350—SONATA FOR CELLO AND PIANO NO. 3. Casals and Baumgartner. "CHROMATIC FANTASY AND FUGUE"; "ITALIAN CONCERTO." Rudolf Serkin.
ML 4351—CONCERTO IN C MINOR FOR VIOLIN AND OBOE. Isaac Stern, violin, Marcel Tabuteau, oboe, and PFO. CONCERTO IN D MINOR FOR TWO VIOLINS. Isaac Stern and Alexander Schneider, violins, and PFO.
ML 4352—CONCERTO IN A MINOR FOR PIANO, VIOLIN, AND FLUTE. Mieczyslaw Horszowski, piano, Schneider, violin, John Wummer, flute, and PFO. CONCERTO IN D MINOR FOR VIOLIN (arr. Szigeti). Joseph Szigeti and PFO.
ML 4353—CONCERTO IN A MINOR FOR VIOLIN. Stern and PFO. TOCCATA AND FUGUE IN E MINOR. Eugene Istomin, piano. CONCERTO IN F MINOR FOR PIANO. Clara Haskil and PFO. TRIO SONATA FOR VIOLIN, PIANO, AND FLUTE. Stern, Istomin, and Wummer.
ML 4354—ENGLISH SUITE NO. 5. Horzowski, piano. SONATA in B MINOR FOR FLUTE AND PIANO. Wummer and Mannes. PRELUDE AND FUGUE IN E FLAT MINOR. (Book I.) Yvonne Lefébure, piano.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sential musical outlines, and she possesses an ease and relaxation that beautifully complement Casals's own style.

In both these concertos much of the magnetic aura of the festival has been recaptured. It is, unfortunately, something that cannot be said of all the performances on these ten LP records. As a saddening example I instance the Second "Brandenburg" Concerto. At Prades one was conscious of an impelling tempo, a zest that made this music skip irresistibly. On the record one feels that the speed is manifestly too fast for comfort. A nervous and hectic quality informs the playing, and the ensemble which seemed beyond reproach at Prades here sometimes frays around the edges. Again, I do not remember ever wondering at the church performances whether the balances were inappropriate; yet over the loudspeaker they are often open to question.

How explain this inconsistency between the memory of June and the reality of November? Much can be attributed to the insufficiencies of the improvised recording studio and the inexorable schedule set for the whole project. But some blame must surely be laid to the objective microphone. At Prades the exaltation of the occasion and the personal magnetism of Casals contrived to close all ears to defects. All ears, that is, except the microphones. The only magnetism that swayed *its* perceptions was the electrical kind measurable in microvolts.

All of which brings us to the thorny question of Casals as an interpreter of Bach. Casals, Landowska, and Harold Samuel—concurrently but not conjointly — revolutionized the interpretive approach to Bach. They liberated this composer from a rigid Teutonic mold in which he had all but suffocated, irradiating and Latinizing his music. In many important aspects their styles are antithetical, but toward the end of re-creating the joyous, dancelike elements of Bach's musical thought they were partners in a joint enterprise. Casals's sense of tone coloration, the poised shapeliness of his phrasing, the vitality of his accentuation breathe electrifying animation into Bach's grand conceptions. His playing of the six unaccompanied suites and the three gamba sonatas convinces entirely. These are interpretations kindled with marvelous flashes of intuition. Only the most hidebound musical puritan could object to Casals's rubati or to his highly imaginative molding of musical patterns—when he is playing the cello. When he conducts an orchestra (and, in this case, an orchestra assembled for only a few weeks), the end effect is not always so persuasive. Magnified thirty times, the once-cogent intuition now appears as a stylistic lapse. What was a subtle freedom of the cellist becomes the orchestra's fall from grace. The point is not to be stressed unduly. These are criticisms on an Olympian plane—as befits an Olympian musician. Taken by and large, the Prades recordings are compacted of vigor and grace. As in the case of Toscanini, Casals's worst is often more interesting than another conductor's best.

And now there is no room to dilate further on this musical treasure. An exhaustive report would deal with the vitality of Szigeti's solo violin in the Fifth "Brandenburg"; it would give an appreciative account of John Wummer's agile flute playing in the B minor orchestral suite; it would reckon with the fine contributions of Horszowski and Schneider. But to start distributing honors piecemeal is unfair to the project as a whole. Let me merely indicate the order in which I would buy these records if budgetary considerations precluded going whole hog. ML 4349/50—the three gamba sonatas (plus a solo side by Serkin)—would head the list. After that I would make my purchases in the following order: ML 4351, ML 4353, ML 4346, ML 4348, ML 4352, ML 4347, ML 4354, ML 4345.

Newest additions...

Capitol Classics including CAPITOL-TELEFUNKEN

to America's most distinguished new library of recorded music

MILHAUD—"Opus Americanum No. 2" ('MOSES')
Milhaud conducting the French National Radiodiffucion Orchestra—$4.85

SCHOENBERG—"Verklaerte Nacht" (Transfigured Night) Original Version
Hollywood String Quartet with Alvin Dinkin, Viola, and Kurt Reher, 'Cello—$3.85

GERMAN LIEDER—Songs from Schubert's "Die Winterreise" and songs of Brahms and Hugo Wolf
Karl Schmitt-Walter, Baritone with Ferdinand Leitner, Piano—$4.85

BACH—"Art of Fugue"
Fritz Heitmann, Organ. This is on two 10" 33⅓ rpm records—$3.85 each

R. STRAUSS—"Duet-Concertino for Clarinet, Bassoon, Strings, and Harp"

HONEGGER—"Concerto Da Camera for Flute, English Horn, and Strings"
Harold Byrns conducting the Los Angeles Chamber Symphony—Both works available on one 12" Long-Play record—$4.85

For Other New Capitol Classics . . .
See Your Local Record Dealer . . .

Capitol Records Hollywood

WORLD-FAMED CLASSICS ON ALL THREE SPEEDS: 33⅓...45...78 rpm

As to 33⅓ rpm records, prices shown are suggested for record, package and excise tax, complete, excluding State and local taxes—for all other records, add excise tax. All prices are subject to change without notice.

CAPITOL'S MARK OF MUSICAL MERIT

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Home-Grown Copland

ARTHUR BERGER

AARON COPLAND'S fiftieth birthday (November 14), besides making this a month for playing an imposing number of his works, has rekindled two old controversies: whether serious American music has its own language and whether Copland, as one of our main spokesmen, uses it. Experts do not agree that this is important, for there is talk that we are re-entering a phase of internationalism comparable with that of Palestrina's day, when his Spanish contemporary Vittoria wrote very much as he did, or to Mozart's day, when the Italian and French styles were for anyone anywhere to practise.

To Copland, however, it is a very important matter. There has been a peculiar swing between periods when he has deliberately used colloquial material itself to Americanize his style and periods when this material has been absorbed into a technique synthesizing the colloquial. With disarming candor he has told us in print or in lectures precisely what means he has employed to be American. Such statements are no arbiter of results. Some people resent a composer expressing himself any way but in tones. When he said he "wanted frankly to adopt jazz" to rid himself, around 1925, of the Parisian influences noticeable in his First Symphony, the cynics were aware that using jazz need not have this effect. Darius Milhaud, after all, had wrapped up his impressions of Harlem a few years earlier in a thoroughly Parisian package called "The Creation of the World," and Copland might have been motivated by nothing more than his student days in France.

Taking account of Copland's past development in this anniversary season, we are more than ever aware that such was not the case. He was not borrowing jazz clichés to use in another context; he was distilling their essence to establish the context. In this regard he is different from Gershwin, whose many inspired pop tunes had enriched the source material of jazz itself but who chose a European symphonic mold for them in his "Rhapsody in Blue" of 1924.

We have only to consider the following stage in Copland's development—the pendular swing back to a more abstract music—to realize how much the elements of jazz were consolidated in his style. Around 1928, as he later admitted, he was convinced that jazz "was an easy way to be American in musical terms," but American music could not limit itself to its two moods, "the 'blues' and the snappy number." Yet, when specific allusions to it were removed, there remained the bulwark that had been determined by this popular genre. Jazz devices, as the psychoanalysts might put it, were now screened behind broader associations, patterns difficult to pin down in time and space. It is tempting to become metaphysical and suggest that Copland was expressing not merely the American obsession with jazz, but the layers of nostalgia that lie behind this obsession.

The intricate and, to many listeners, forbidding rhythmic patterns of his music from 1928 to 1935 may often be analyzed as elaborations of the principles of polyrhythm and asymmetrical division within the fox-trot bar (eight to the bar divided into three and five, for example, rather than—as in traditional long-haired music—four and four). It was like seeing familiar objects distorted in a cubist painting. Despite the colloquial influences, his music of that period was described as esoteric, cerebral, austere, pure mathematics. But a critic of Paul Rosenfeld's stature found in the Piano Variations (1930) something in common with the Empire State Building.

This quality, derived from jazz, has remained the foundation of Copland's style, and it is to a great extent what gives it its American character. If we fail to recognize it as such, it may be that we are guided by the aggressive nationalism and unrelieved local color of composers less cosmopolitan than he is. (Copland is an insatiable traveler.) Or it may be that we are not the best judges of our own native values. We take them for granted and would no sooner describe them to ourselves than we would analyze the automatic steps of entering our closet to pick out a tie. The English critic W. H. Mellers is perhaps better equipped to say what is American about Copland's music: the brief phrases "molded under the influence of American speech," the "characteristically American bounce" of his melodies, "the suggestion of timelessness . . . not unconnected with America's geographical vastness."

—*Boosey & Hawkes.*

Aaron Copland — "in the process of swinging the pendulum back."

IN THE late Thirties there was a pendular swing back to a conscious Americanism based not on jazz alone, but on folk music in general, of which jazz is only one manifestation. The Government, through the WPA, was supporting people to explore America and its traditions. Excellent guidebooks, more artful than European Baedekers, were compiled under this project, and artists in all fields who received such support were anxious to do the same sort of thing. American folklore provided a wealth of substance, and it also provided a means of reaching a wider public—in such works, for instance, as the "Lincoln Portrait." The Government was not paying artists to sit in their attics and continue their lucubrations with abstract formulae. It was paying them to perform a civic function and bring art to the people. The movement rapidly spread to those not actually supported by WPA who considered it a very good trend from any point of view. In those years, too, there was the Good Neighbor Policy, which expedited some of Copland's excursions to Latin America and of which "El Salón México" was a souvenir. These made him more than ever aware of our neighbors as a public, and he spoke of some local stamp so that our music might be recognizable as American there.

This may sound a bit calculated, and his earlier reasons for turning to jazz may also seem so. But let us not forget that, a native New Yorker, he had jazz inevitably in his veins, and in the Twenties was merely acknowledging a predisposition. In the Thirties the many areas of folk music brought to light by WPA research merely set the spark to something already in our consciousness. It is significant, too, that before "Billy the Kid" and "Rodeo," with their quoted cowboy tunes, his "Music for Radio" (1937) brought forth in a CBS contest for a descriptive title the winning suggestion, "Saga of the Prairies." His use of cowboy tunes and, later, New

(*Continued on page 76*)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Parnassus Into Hades

HAPLY the only reputable inn in the United States able to make a reasonable boast of itself as the Parnassus of polyphony is the Hotel New Yorker in New York, where the second Audio Fair attracted many thousands of lost souls with a bait of noise: an endless and merciless counterpoint compounding "Petrouchka" and "Pop! Goes the Weasel" at effective volume level against "Good Night, Irene" and the "1812" Overture. All the delights of music were there at once, and satiety was, of course, inevitable for those who tried to taste them all. After ten hours' submission to untrammeled rheostats this writer was subdued and distressed, with a high-frequency sting in both ears and a bass tremor in both legs. For a few days he hated everything audio and electronic. The uproarious despair of "Good Night, Petrouchka" lingered with a malevolent stridency.

Now by divine grace relatively serene again, I am going to set forth some of my impressions of some of the elements displayed at the Fair, using the first person in acceptance of a personal responsibility for a report necessarily incomplete and uneven, dictated by the striking success of the show itself, which produced overcrowding, superheating, and hyperblatancy. The editor of RECORDINGS intends to publish later some careful evaluations of the best of the equipment shown, after complete and conscientious examination of their features, but in the meantime phonophiles unable to visit the Fair can perhaps benefit by some of the following observations on items I thought of interest and probable utility and a few I thought of outstanding merit.

Arms have shown an unprecedented development during the last fifteen months, and various types were on display. The newer types have been designed generally to meet tracking problems exposed by microgroove records, which have also instilled a need for arms adaptable to various kinds of cartridges, exchangeable at the user's easy convenience. Fairchild, Gray, and Pickering all showed arms that minimize tracking difficulties, the two former by the use of viscous damping, the last by means of a very light cartridge receptacle that acts independently of the arm, to which it is hinged. A demonstration of this arm faithfully following the microgrooves of a record artificially warped and inclined at thirty degrees made a natural impression on visitors. In this arm Pickering cartridges can be inserted and removed with quick ease, but other cartridges must be screwed at each insertion and unscrewed at each removal. The Gray arm permits quick substitution of most types of cartridges with little difficulty. Both will track microgrooves and 78's with very low pressure, and both permit easy pressure adjustment. For convenience no arm compares with Fairchild's, equipped with a "turret head" containing three tiny magnetic cartridges with styli of the purchaser's selection.

The Audak arm is intended primarily for use with the Polyphase reproducer, which can be changed from microgroove to standard-groove application by a 180-degree turn. The Clarkstan arm offers what is undoubtedly the easiest device for quick change of cartridges, and a visible sliding counterweight makes pressure-adjustment equally convenient.

Amplifiers were displayed in a bewildering variety, but a significant testimonial to the quality of some was offered by exhibitors of other prod-

(*Continued on page* 78)

NEW RELEASES
33⅓
LONG PLAYING
ffrr
LONDON
RECORDS
PIANO CONCERTO No. 1, B FLAT MINOR (Tschaikowsky)
Clifford Curzon & The New Symphony Orch.—George Szell
LLP-276—$5.95
PIANO CONCERTO IN G MAJOR (Ravel)
PIANO CONCERTO FOR LEFT HAND (Ravel)
Nicole Henriot & Paris Cons. Orch.—Chas. Munch
Jacqueline Blancard & L'Orchestre de la Suisse Romande—Ernest Ansermet
LLP-76—$5.95
SYMPHONY No. 3, E FLAT MAJOR "Eroica" (Beethoven)
Erich Kleiber & The Concertgebouw Orch. of Amsterdam
LLP-239—$5.95
EUGENE CONLEY SINGS AN ITALIAN OPERATIC PROGRAM
Eugene Conley & The New Symphony Orch.—W. Braithwaite
LPS-280—$4.95
KATHLEEN LONG PLAYS FAURE
Kathleen Long, Piano
LPS-246—$4.95
A CONCERT OF JOHANN STRAUSS
Josef Krips & The London Symphony Orchestra
LPS-212—$4.95
GILBERT AND SULLIVAN SPECIALS COMMEMORATING D'OYLY CARTE OPERA CO. AMERICAN TOUR
THE YEOMEN OF THE GUARD—Complete Recording
LLP-241/242—$11.90
RUDDIGORE—Complete Recording
LLP-243/244—$11.90

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HITS AND MISSES

WE HAVE made it a stern rule never to listen to the special Christmas offerings of the popular record foundries unless they come highly and detachedly recommended, and this year there have been no such plugs. If this policy seems narrow, it is to be defended on the ground of keeping the season's sentiments fairly unsullied, which is hard enough, indeed, even without the usual reyawpings of "White Christmas" and the altogether too tinselly trimming of the noted carols. All in all, the commercial celebration of Christmas is not so bad as that of Mothers' Day, but it is bad enough.

If our Yuletide readers wish a fragrant, natural rendition of some of the touching, simpler items in Christian music we can suggest the album "Hymns Sung by Burl Ives" (Columbia C203, $3.75); the hymns in question are of the evangelical order—"Forty Years Ago," "Beautiful Isle," "When I Get to the End of the Way," "Fairest Lord Jesus," "When the Roll Is Called up Yonder," "Blessed Assurance," "The Ninety and Nine," "Beulah Land"—and Ives sings them as if he meant them, which, I gather, he does.

If these hymns speak as a part of the tenderer strains in American history, so do some of our stabler popular songs, reminding us of what we are now obliged to consider a more innocent world; I am thinking at the moment of Jerome Kern's "Babes in the Wood" from "Very Good Eddie," which has just been delightfully resuscitated by Hugo Winterhalter's orchestra (RCA Victor 20-3807, 79¢), although that modern bane, the mixed choir, gets in a conventional number of dispensable licks. But the tune wins—the fresh, lovely air, like others of the period, assuring us of the possibility of a sentimental delicacy which we can only hope has been mislaid, rather than lost, in this period of history.

We have not heard Ethel Merman's leather-lunged fantasia on the theme of Pearl Mesta, but some seven records of numbers from "Call Me Madam" and the other new Broadway musical, "Guys and Dolls," have come our way. The music has seemed generally skilful but low in allure save for Irving Berlin's patter song "You're Just in Love" — from "Madam" — which is turned off with piquant effect by Perry Como, the Fontane Sisters, and Mitchell Ayres's orchestra (RCA Victor 20-3945, 79¢).

Morton Gould presents an LP record of his arrangement of six more or less well-known pocket tone poems on Manhattan themes — "Manhattan Moods" (Columbia LP 2144, $3.85). The numbers are "Manhattan Serenade," "Park Avenue Fantasy," "Big City Blues," "Nocturne," "Manhattan Moonlight," and "Street Scene." The Gould orchestra is stylish, as always, and the music, whether by Gould himself or the other composers represented, has a strong drift toward Gershwin. Unfortunately, it is toward the Gershwin of the more pretentious concert works rather than the irresistible popular tunes. The Manhattan suggested is the sleek, well-heeled, somewhat melancholy Manhattan, possibly riding for a psychiatric fall; of the city of dazzling contours, vibrant racial variety, and any god's quantity of color there are very few overtones.

On the jacket of the newest album by the historic hot trombonist Kid Ory, New Orleans's uncompensated gift to Southern California, is the unhappy intelligence that three colleagues in his previous Columbia album have died since it was made: trumpeter Mutt Carey, guitarist Bud Scott, pianist Buster Wilson. These were all New Orleans worthies. Their sixty-two-year-old leader has replaced them with the cornetist Teddy Buckner, pianist Lloyd Glenn, and has substituted clarinetist Joe Darensbourg for Barney Bigard. The result is still superlative New Orleans music, with the well-known wearing capacity. The album is called, simply, "Kid Ory" (Columbia album C216, ($3.75) with diversified and lovely approaches to "Savoy Blues," "Creole Song," "The Glory of Love," etc.

A companion piece is to be found in "Muggsy Spanier Favorites" (RCA Victor album P301, $4.) containing reissues of four of the most famous Dixieland records ever made, for long collectors' items. The delectable and punchy cornetist, with George Brunies on the trombone and the late Red Cless on the clarinet, unlimber themselves with polished mastery in "Jazz Band Ball," "Mandy," "Big Butter and Egg Man," "Livery Stable," "Da Da Strain," "Relaxin' at the Touro," "Dipper Mouth," and "Eccentric." Between them, Kid Ory and Muggsy Spanier would warm anyone's Christmas tree.

—WILDER HOBSON.

For majestically superior listening . . .

two new, incomparable Webster-Chicago units

The supreme joy that comes from listening to fine recorded music becomes multiplied when your recordings are played on the new Webster-Chicago completely automatic three-speed record changer, amplified for high-fidelity enthusiasts with a new audio amplifier that is as tone-true as it is versatile. ★ Beautifully styled in burgundy leatherette, the Model 100-641 Diskchanger and the Model 166 High Fidelity Audio Amplifier will provide many years of unequalled, realistic reproduction of all recorded music. *Both units for less than $135.00*

WEBSTER-CHICAGO CORPORATION 5610 West Bloomingdale • Chicago 39

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Pop Roundup

MUCH has transpired in the jazz world since 1938. Be-bop has come, left its mark, and virtually passed on. Dixieland underwent a brash, ephemeral revival stimulated by a few Tin-Pan Alley novelties that happened to lend themselves to the idiom. Jazz concerts, like Norman Cranz's fabulously successful Jazz at the Philharmonic series, have occasionally jammed the once staid music halls of our principal cities. These same concerts, recorded in a dozen Mercury albums, are now accepted beyond the jazz collectors' clique. Granted, JATP introduced a brand of sensationalism that, while providing a good show, has alienated the purists. Still, disregarding for a moment the stratospheric screeches and one-note honk choruses, these packages reveal a refreshing spontaneity, and manage to capture on discs the electrically charged atmosphere created by the performers as one pole and an audience as the other.

Add these considerations, throw in the great jazz cast of our time, spice to taste with personal nostalgia and you have, in the BENNY GOODMAN CARNEGIE HALL JAZZ CONCERT, the most satisfying jazz program on records. Goodman and most of the other participants are presented here at the height of their creative powers, unimpaired by commercialism, old age, or apathy. This particular concert, which took place in 1938, was perhaps the high point of the entire "swing" era. Shortly thereafter Harry James and Gene Krupa struck out for themselves and the decline started. Fortunately, the entire program was privately recorded, and now, twelve years later, Columbia has been able to effect a virtually complete transfer to two twelve-inch LP discs. These are offered together as a set (COL SL-160) or as singles (ML-4341, ML 4342). Many of the selections were once available on RCA Victor, but the difference between the studio recordings of the Thirties and the wide-open hall recording of the concert discs is remarkable. Goodman has never played better on records, but the real stars to these ears are drummer Krupa and pianist Teddy Wilson. Krupa's feat of maintaining the exciting pulse throughout the entire affair is unparalleled. Wilson's piano, heard in the generous Trio and Quartet repertoire, is sparklingly clean, inventive, and inspired. The Goodman band was unique in its ability to combine precision with free-wheeling drive.

(*Continued on page 80*)

New DECCA GOLD LABEL SERIES ALBUMS

MOZART

CONCERTO NO. 18 IN B FLAT MAJOR *for Piano and Orchestra, K. 456*
LILI KRAUS, *Piano* with the LONDON PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA, WALTER GOEHR, *Conductor*
SONATA IN C MAJOR *for Piano and Violin, K. 404—Unfinished*
LILI KRAUS, *Piano* • SZYMON GOLDBERG, *Violin*
SCHUBERT: LÄNDLER, *Opus 18* • LILI KRAUS, *Piano Solo*
DL 8505 • 12-inch Long Play Microgroove Unbreakable Record • Price $4.85

HAYDN
CONCERTO IN C MAJOR
for Violin and Orchestra

HANDEL
SONATA No. 4 IN D MAJOR
for Violin and Piano

SZYMON GOLDBERG, *Violin*
with THE PHILHARMONIA ORCHESTRA
WALTER SUSSKIND, *Conductor*
with GERALD MOORE, *Piano*
DL 8504 • 12-inch Long Play Microgroove Unbreakable Record • Price $4.85

MARTINU
THREE MADRIGALS
for Violin and Viola

MOZART
DUO No. 2 IN B FLAT MAJOR, K. 424
for Violin and Viola

JOSEPH FUCHS, *Violin* • LILLIAN FUCHS, *Viola*
DL 8510 • 12-inch Long Play Microgroove Unbreakable Record • Price $4.85

HAYDN THREE TRIOS *for Piano, Violin, and 'Cello*
TRIO No. 3 in C MAJOR
TRIO No. 5 in E FLAT MAJOR
TRIO No. 2 in F SHARP MINOR
LILI KRAUS, *Piano* • SZYMON GOLDBERG, *Violin*
ANTHONY PINI, *'Cello*
HAYDN: ANDANTE CON VARIAZIONI IN F MINOR • LILI KRAUS, *Piano Solo*
ALBUM DX-104 • Two 12-in. Long Play Microgroove Unbreakable Records
(DL 8507 & DL 8508) • $9.70

An **EILEEN JOYCE** *Piano Recital* • VOLUME 1
Selections include: FANTASIA IMPROMPTU, Opus 66 (Posthumous) (Chopin)—RUSTLE OF SPRING, Opus 32, No. 3 (Sinding)—SCHERZO IMPROMPTU, Opus 73, No. 2 (Grieg)—BUTTERFLY, Opus 43, No. 1 (Grieg)—MELODIE, Opus 47, No. 3 (Grieg)—PREMIÈRE VALSE OUBLIÉE (Forgotten Waltz) (Liszt)—PRELUDE IN G MINOR, Opus 23, No. 5 (Rachmaninoff)—VALSE IN E MAJOR, Opus 34, No. 1 (Moszkowski)
DL 7504 • 10-inch Long Play Microgroove Unbreakable Record • Price $3.85

OTHER DECCA *Gold Label Series* ALBUMS

GIAN-CARLO MENOTTI'S **THE CONSUL** • *An Original Cast Album*
Featuring MARIE POWERS • PATRICIA NEWAY and *Members of the New York Production*
DECCA ALBUM DAU-769 • Eight 12-inch 78 RPM Deccalite* Records with complete libretto • Price $12.85
DECCA ALBUM DX-101 • Two 12-inch Long Play Records with complete libretto • Price $11.70

MOZART • *Concerto for Clarinet and Orchestra in A Major, K. 622*
REGINALD KELL, *Clarinet* with ZIMBLER SINFONIETTA
DL 7500 • 10-inch Long Play Record • Price $3.85

HINDEMITH • *Theme and Four Variations (The Four Temperaments)*
LUKAS FOSS, *Piano* with ZIMBLER SINFONIETTA
DL 7501 • 10-inch Long Play Record • Price $3.85

MOZART • *Six Sonatas for Piano and Violin* • LILI KRAUS, *Piano* • SZYMON GOLDBERG, *Violin*
ALBUM DX-103 • Three 12-inch Long Play Records • Price $14.55

STRAVINSKY *Duo Concertant* • **COPLAND** *Sonata for Violin and Piano*
JOSEPH FUCHS, *Violin* • LEO SMIT, *Piano*
DL 8503 • 12-inch Long Play Record • Price $4.85

SCHUMANN Carnaval, *Opus 9* • CLAUDIO ARRAU, *Piano*
DL 7502 • 10-inch Long Play Record • Price $3.85
*Unbreakable Under Normal Use

DECCA® *Gold Label Series* RECORDS.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The brand new RCA VICTOR RECORDS people are talking about

POP HITS:

- ☐ Mommy, Won't You Buy a Baby Brother — SPIKE JONES
- ☐ A Bushel and a Peck — PERRY COMO—BETTY HUTTON
- ☐ Love Bug Itch — EDDY ARNOLD
- ☐ Mr. Touchdown USA — HUGO WINTERHALTER
- ☐ Thinking of You — EDDIE FISHER
- ☐ Sleigh Ride — THE THREE SUNS
- ☐ Patricia — PERRY COMO
- ☐ A Rainy Day Refrain — MINDY CARSON
- ☐ You're Just In Love — PERRY COMO & FONTANE SISTERS
- ☐ A Marshmallow World — VAUGHN MONROE

CLASSIC HITS:

- ☐ Rigoletto (Complete Opera) — WARREN, BERGER, PEERCE
- ☐ Rigoletto Highlights — WARREN, BERGER, PEERCE
- ☐ Heart of the Ballet — LEOPOLD STOKOWSKI
- ☐ Heart of the Piano Concerto — JESUS MARIA SANROMA
- ☐ Heart of the Symphony — ARTHUR FIEDLER
- ☐ Heart of the Violin Concerto — MISCHA MISCHAKOFF
- ☐ The Firebird Suite — LEOPOLD STOKOWSKI
- ☐ Piano Concerto No. 2: Rachmaninoff — WILLIAM KAPELL
- ☐ Gems from Sigmund Romberg Shows — SIGMUND ROMBERG
- ☐ Old Vienna — HELEN TRAUBEL
- ☐ Toast of New Orleans — MARIO LANZA
- ☐ Religious Songs — RISË STEVENS
- ☐ Symphony No. 4: Brahms — CHARLES MUNCH

SMALL-FRY HITS:

- ☐ Happy Mother Goose — KUKLA, FRAN & OLLIE
- ☐ Cinderella — ILENE WOODS
- ☐ HOWDY DOODY & His Laughing Circus
- ☐ Treasure Island — BOBBY DRISCOLL
- ☐ Roy Rogers Rodeo — ROY ROGERS
- ☐ McFadden & His Wonderful Lump — GEORGE "GABBY" HAYES
- ☐ Little Black Sambo's Jungle Band — PAUL WING

Clip this column

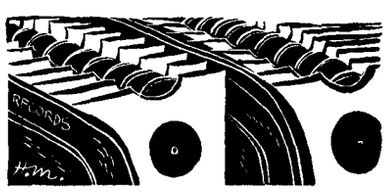
as a check list to show your record dealer the ones you'd like to hear. In case he doesn't have the record you want, simply write us, and we will see that he is promptly supplied. RCA Victor Division, Dept. #3, Camden, N. J.

COPLAND

(Continued from page 72)

England and Quaker hymnody was not an end in itself. True, the tunes attracted many new listeners. But he also retained his old friends, exacting and critical listeners who saw that beneath the tunes the Copland mastery was operating, shaping music of real quality and realizing the implications of the tunes to render still more indigenous the idiom that had been shaped out of jazz. There were also works like the violin and piano sonatas and Third Symphony, which did not quote such tunes but contained their essence. Ingeniously as it catches the curve of jazz improvisation, even his new Clarinet Concerto (written for Benny Goodman, who recently introduced it with the NBC Symphony) is not simply a work that reverts to his jazz preoccupations of the Twenties. It is full of intriguing complexities that he developed in his more "austere" years around 1930.

Now, at fifty, Copland is in the process of swinging the pendulum back in the other direction, as his latest work, a piano quartet, indicates. There is the danger that if he keeps on with folk tunes and music too concerned with an appeal to a wider public his



seriousness may be doubted. What he has gained from these tunes is the ability to write melodically. He now feels he can do so even without evoking them. He feels confident, too, that he can do so and still not revert to the ingrown expression of the early Thirties. At the same time, it is interesting to observe that this music of the Thirties is no longer so forbidding when we now hear it. The Sextet, an arrangement of the "Short Symphony" of 1933, may in particular endure as his masterpiece to date, and one of the brightest sidelights of this anniversary season is Columbia's intention to bring it out presently in its new five-year contemporary music project. The Sextet makes it clear that even when Copland is not trying to do so he writes music that is American and, not least of all, music that is thoroughly inspired.

This article is based on Mr. Berger's forthcoming book on Aaron Copland, which will be published in 1951 as part of Schirmer's Contemporary Composers series.

Original ULTRAPHON
(Special Series)

Anthology of BOHEMIAN MUSIC

The "Bohemian "Anthology" covers Czech compositions ranging from anonymous 11th Century Church Music through 19th Century works of Smetana and Skroup. There are Hussite Battle Hymns, Trios, Quartets and Quintets with unusual combinations of instruments, Folk Dances and Ballet excerpts, complete Symphonies, Art Songs, Operatic excerpts and even Dramatic Monologues with orchestra. The performances are by the Czech Philharmonic Orchestra (with Rafael Kubelik), a group of "ancient instrumentalists," Czech Madrigalists, et al. There are compositions for organ, cembalo, etc. The recordings are of HIGH FIDELITY quality.

Only 49 of the 50 records are available, and we are, for this reason, offering these 49 records singly as well as in a unit, with the unit price providing

A SAVING OF MORE THAN 30%

Of course, symphonies taking up more than two sides will be sold in 2- and 3-record units only. The 49-record unit is priced at only $58.80

Individual records will be sold for $1.84 per record.

LIST ON REQUEST

THE RECORD HUNTER
1200 Lexington Ave., (nr. 82nd St.)
New York 28, N. Y.
OPEN DAILY 10 A.M. TO 8 P.M.

Wonderfully funny drawings of Grand Opera from the soprano on-stage to the yawning husband out-front gleefully served in a frothy

OPERA SOUFFLÉ

60 Pictures in Bravura
By MARC SIMONT
At all bookstores, $2.50
HENRY SCHUMAN, INC. New York 21

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Ponselle, Martinelli, Ruffo, and Pinza, but very little of it survived on discs to prove the point.

Here, however, it is permanently engraved in a performance of remarkable intensity and sustained interest, if incidental blemishes. Giacomo Vaghi is no more reliable a singer in the key part of Don Ruy Gomez than he was of recent years at the Metropolitan, but the microphone is a help to him; Gino Penno, as Ernani, is something of a shouter, but both Giuseppe Taddei (Don Carlo) and Caterina Mancini (Elvira) are admirable dramatic artists as well as qualified vocalists. It is Previtali, however, who gives us pulse and color, line and meaning in a work of 1844 whose many likenesses to Donizetti (especially "Lucia") make us marvel anew at the capacity for self-improvement that inhered in Verdi.

Cetra-Soria's mechanical standard here is higher than ever before, though one unwelcome characteristic afflicted the set I heard. That was a rather undependable volume level, with a tendency to bring a singer forward in a kind of aural closeup after a solo or ensemble had begun. Also side four is distinctly louder, at the same volume setting on the reproducing instrument, than its predecessors.

Schonberg, Au Naturel

SCHONBERG: *"Verklärte Nacht." The Hollywood String Quartet, with Alvin Dinkin, viola, and Kurt Reher, cello.* (Capitol LP 8118, $3.85.)

THOSE who have long pondered the pros and cons of this original version of "Verklärte Nacht" for string sextet against its expanded form for string orchestra have, finally, a chance to validate their argument, sonority by sonority, phrase by phrase, thanks to the enterprise of Capitol and the excellence of these West Coast musicians. I have been, since the work attained its spurt of popularity under the influence of the ballet which Anthony Tudor called "Pillar of Fire," a partisan for a reissue in the original form. Now that it is here I am more convinced than ever that it is the only proper way in which to hear the music.

As in the instance of Mozart's K.525 String Quintet, a larger ensemble adds mass but not meaning. Schönberg's work—which might be called, in a blending of titles, his "Eine Kleine Verklärte Nachtmusik"—is no less a

(*Continued on page 82*)

"We three shall meet again"

writes A.J. Cronin about Erna Berger

"I'm told her voice is one of the most highly perfected of virtuoso instruments. As such it goes beyond my musical understanding . . . but I do like Mozart and Miss Berger likes Mozart. When recently I heard her bring forth, freshly and happily, all his bubbling wit and sparkle, it was as if 'we three sat down together and understood our own hearts' speech!' We three shall meet again . . . and again!"

—*A. J. Cronin*

Have you heard Erna Berger sing
Mozart: Martern aller Arten
Mozart: Et Incarnatus Est (Mass in C Minor)
Verdi: Rigoletto

We have put together in a little book, titled "Words and Music," photographs of the world's greatest artists, together with word sketches by 36 famous authors. If you would like a copy, write RCA Victor, Record Department 205, Camden, N. J.

Lincoln

Automatic Turn-over Record-changer

. . . the complete answer to record collectors' fondest dreams

• Automatically plays 20 standard or 22 long-playing records —ONE SIDE or BOTH SIDES, in PROPER SEQUENCE. Intermixes 7", 10" and 12" Records of same speed. Plays through your present Radio, Phonograph or Television. • SYMPHONIES, concerti and other works complete on one Long-Playing record, are played without interruption on the LINCOLN. • Come in and ask for a demonstration of this remarkable record-changer, or write for brochure.

• IN OUR MORE THAN THIRTY YEARS OF EXPERIENCE, WE HAVE NEVER SEEN A RECORD-CHANGER ITS EQUAL.

exclusively at

LIBERTY Music Shops

450 MADISON AVENUE • 795 MADISON AVENUE
NEW YORK 22, N. Y.
228 EAST POST ROAD
WHITE PLAINS

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ABSOLUTE TOP QUALITY*
...at Popular Prices!

REK-O-KUT

America's Leading Manufacturer of Hi-Fi Recording Instruments and Playbacks!

The "Recitalist"

Portable 3-Speed High-Fidelity Phonograph

Plays records from 6" to 16" and broadcast transcriptions

The phonograph that's used and recommended by music critics. Irving Kolodin says, "... the *Recitalist* ... was conceived for schools, businesses, forums, etc., where high grade reproducing equipment is in demand ... appeals to a music lover who wants accurate, undistorted reproduction. The special features are (1) Heavy rim-driven turntable, reliable at all speeds, (2) Dual point pick-up, (3) Excellent amplifier, (4) Speaker mounted in detachable cover of carrying case."

$199.95 net

Write for full reprint of Mr. Kolodin's article as it appeared in the Saturday Review of Literature.

The "Challenger"

Professional 3-Speed 13¼" Disc Recorder for Standard and L.P. Records

3 INSTRUMENTS IN ONE!

1. ***A Professional Recorder***
2. ***A High-Fidelity Phonograph***
3. ***A High-Fidelity P.A. System***

The *Challenger*, the world's finest professional 13¼" disc recorder, is built expressly for the inexperienced recordist who wants to make permanent, professional recordings. Embodies most advanced engineering developments which simplify the art of disc recording.

RECORDS discs from 6" to 13¼" masters.

PLAYS BACK discs from 6" to 16" transcriptions, standard or micro-groove.

Standard Model $362.95

DeLuxe Model, with Hysteresis Synchronous Motor $439.95

**As stated by one of America's top authorities on sound equipment ... reprints on request.*

Sold by Leading Music Stores, Radio Parts Distributors and Audio-Visual Dealers, or Write for Literature.

REK-O-KUT CO., Inc.
38-11 Queens Boulevard
Long Island City 1, N. Y.

PARNASSUS

(*Continued from page 73*)

ucts, without any direct economic interest in the amplifiers they were using in conjunction with their own equipment. Thus the multiple appearances of McIntosh, Brooks, and Leake amplifiers as equipment chosen to demonstrate the good points of loudspeakers, pickups, arms, and changers must be regarded as an avowal of widespread professional esteem. I can attest to the excellent quality of these amplifiers, none of which is cheap, and also to that of the Bogen PX-15, which gives a good performance at a considerably lower price. The first three are available with remote-control boxes, a feature fashionable now. Bell Sound Systems introduced a new thirty-watt amplifier with remote control and six inputs. Its performance led me to suspect that it may rank with the best of amplifiers intended for home use, but I had no opportunity for a thorough examination. The new twelve-watt remote-control amplifier of Somerset Laboratories also seemed, under difficult conditions, an excellent instrument, with a noise suppressor of remarkable efficiency.

There were two **turntables** at prices not inconsistent with use at home that I considered excellent. One was the Proctor-Soundex Multi-Speed Turntable and motor with speed variable from 20 to 120 rpm, with immediate adjustments for 33, 45, and 78 rpm, a well-machined, true-turning, substantial mechanism. The other was the Rek-O-Kut constantly variable speed turntable with comparable advantages of function and workmanship. I should like to interpolate here that no one should buy a multi-speed turntable which lacks a speed control: I have never tested one that was not inaccurate at one setting or another or at both or all.

Record changers are a convenience many people insist on having. The degree of convenience varies considerably among changers; the degree of mechanical complexity and quality of material substance and artisanship vary as much. The best all-around changer I saw at the Audio Fair was the Garrard "Triumph."

Less emphasis was placed on speakers than on **speaker enclosures.** The Pickering columnar speaker was the most radical deviation from tradition, and its minimized floor space offers obvious convenience in an apartment; but in my opinion the circumstances of its demonstration, where several were sounded at once, were misleading, since the steresonic effect of

RECORD HUNTER
Exclusive
Famous Imported
DEUTSCHE GRAMMOPHON
Records

Sparkling, jet black discs of top fidelity and high shellac content. Great artists — rare selections.

UP TO 50% to 60% OFF LIST

(Ordinarily $6.29 to $16.80 Xmas priced $2.98 to $6.75)

	Regular Price	Sale Price
Beethoven: CREATURES OF PROMETHEUS—Overture & Ballet—Dresden Phil., Van Kempen	6.29	2.98
Beethoven: AN DIE FERNE GELIEBTE—Heinrich Schlusnus	6.29	2.98
Beethoven: GOETHE'S EGMONT—Incidental Music, Songs & Monologue—Bi-Centennial	11.55	5.75
Johann Christian Bach: CEMBALO CONCERTO IN A MAJOR	8.93	3.98
Johann Christian Bach: SINFONIA Op 18, #4—von Benda, Berlin	6.29	2.98
Brahms: SYMPHONY No. 1—Karajan Amersterdam Concertgebouw	16.80	6.75
Cannabich: SYMPHONY B MAJOR Leipzig Gewandhaus Orchestra	8.93	3.98
Cherubini: SYMPHONY D MAJOR Leipzig Gewandhaus Orchestra	11.55	4.98
Haydn: SYMPHONY #90 IN C —Leipzig Gewandhaus Orchestra	8.93	3.98
Lemnitz: TANNHAUSER — Dich Theure HALLE / ELISABRETHS GEBET	2.62	1.29
Lemnitz: Duets from Die Grosse Suenderin	2.62	1.29
Lemnitz: Berger. ROSENKAVALIER—Final trio & duet	2.62	1.29
Lemnitz: Duets from Die Grosse Suenderin	2.62	1.29
Liszt: MAZEPPA—von Kempen — Berlin State Opera Orch. (Outstanding)	6.29	2.98
Liszt: TASSO—von Kempen	8.93	3.98
Leopold Mozart: DIVERTIMENTO MILITARE SINE SINFONIA	8.93	3.98
Mozart: MAILANDER QUARTETS, K. Anh 4 Nos. 210 to 213—Dessauer String Qu.	11.55	4.98
Mozart: DIVERTIMENTO K.251 for Oboe 2 Horns & String Quartet	8.93	4.38
Patzak: TRAVIATA—Dei Miei Bollenti—BARTERED BRIDE—Aria	2.62	1.29
Reger: MOZART VARIATIONS—van Beinum—Amsterdam Concertgebouw Orchestra	14.18	6.98
Respighi: FESTE ROMANE—de Sabata—Berlin Philharmonic	11.55	4.98
Schumann: PIANO QUARTET IN E FLAT—Elly Ney Quartet	11.55	4.98
Stamitz: SYMPHONY IN E FLAT	8.93	3.98
Strauss: CAPRICCIO—Final scene —Ursuleac	2.62	1.29
Strauss: DON QUIXOTE tone poem —conducted by composer	14.18	6.75
Strauss: EIN HELDENLEBEN — Conducted by Composer	14.18	6.75
Strauss: TOD UND VERKLAERUNG —de Sabata—Berlin Philharmonic	8.93	3.98
Svendsen: CARNIVAL IN PARIS	6.29	2.98
Vivaldi: CONCERTO GROSSO IN A MINOR for 2 violins & string Orch.	6.29	3.98

Thousands of other similarly priced domestic and imported singles and sets—LONDON ffrr, OISEAU LYRE, TELEFUNKEN, etc. Extensive list on request.

SHIPPING: Please add 3% of total (minimum 50c) East of Mississippi; 5% (minimum 75c) West of Mississippi; on mail orders for less than $5.00, add 50c for packing and handling

THE RECORD HUNTER
1200 Lexington Ave., (near 82d St.)
New York 28, N.Y.
Open Daily Until 9 P.M.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WESTMINSTER'S NEW RELEASES
DURING DECEMBER
Recorded for the FIRST Time *

WL 50-37-39
J. S. BACH:
Mass in B Minor (Complete)
Vienna Symphony Orchestra.
Akademie Kammerchor.
Soloists: Emmy Loose—Hilde Ceska—Gertrud Burgsthaler — Schuster — Anton Dermota—Alfred Poell.
Conducted by Hermann Scherchen
3 LP Records in deluxe album $18.75

WL 50-40
K. P. E. BACH:
Piano Concerto in A Minor*
Piano—Franz Holletschek
Vienna Symphony Orchestra
Sinfonia in D Major*
Sinfonia in C Major*
Vienna Symphony Orchestra
Conducted by Henry Swoboda

WL 50-41
SCHUBERT:
Quartet No. 15 in G Major, OP. 161
Vienna Konzerthaus Quartet

WL 50-42
L. BOCCHERINI:
Trio No. 5, C Major, OP. 35*
Trio No. 2, G Major, OP. 35*
Trio No. 4, D Major, OP. 35*
Violins: Walter Schneiderhan
Gustav Swoboda
Cello: Senta Benesch

WL 50-43
HEINRICH SCHUTZ:
Four Small Sacred Concerti*
(Vier Kleine Geistliche Koncerte)*
Four Symphoniae Sacrae*
Hugues Cuenod, Tenor, and Instrumental Ensemble of the Vienna Symphony Orchestra Conducted by Daniel Pinkham

SPECIAL RELEASE
First Record of
BEETHOVEN PIANO SONATA CYCLE
WL 50-44
Piano Sonata in D Major, OP. 10, No. 3
Piano Sonata in C Major, OP. 53 (Waldstein)
Piano—Kurt Appelbaum

WESTMINSTER RECORDS MAY BE HEARD ON WABF (99.5 on FM DIAL) EVERY WED from 7:30 to 8:00 PM & ALTERNATE SUNDAYS from 2 to 2:30 PM

EACH RECORD IS $5.95
All 12" Long Playing 33-1/3 RPM

Order today from your dealer. If he can not supply you, send us his name. Sales made through retail dealers only.

For complete list of releases, write

WESTMINSTER RECORDING CO., Inc.
233 West 42 St., N. Y. 18, N. Y.

WONDERFUL GIFT BOOKS for MUSIC LOVERS

The "WHY" and "HOW" by **G. A. BRIGGS**
world famous sound authority
OF GOOD SOUND IN YOUR HOME.
NON-TECHNICAL SIMPLE LANGUAGE

'LOUDSPEAKERS' Speakers, baffles, acoustics, frequency response etc. $1.25

'SOUND REPRODUCTION' Records, pick-ups, recording systems, design, etc. $2.25

At your radio parts jobber or order direct from
BRITISH INDUSTRIES CORP.
164 DUANE STREET NEW YORK 13, N. Y.

several speakers properly placed is gratifying by itself. It is true that the Pickering representatives complied at once with requests to permit a single speaker to be heard, but many persons may have received an impression that a single speaker was producing the tonal depth that no single speaker can. Electronics of Staten Island gave a very convincing demonstration of the superiority in bass clarity of their corner cabinet, "Musicorner," when compared directly with an ordinary bass-reflex cabinet containing an identical speaker. The enormous Altec "800" two-way system, which is a musical if not a physical adornment of my house, easily proved its tonal splendor despite its naked clumsiness. Electro-Voice had a roomful of corner cabinets manufactured under license from Klipsch & Associates, containing Electro-Voice speakers of various dimensions. A small corner enclosure containing a folded exponential horn and equipped with a twelve-inch Electro-Voice speaker is available for a little more than ninety dollars, and in a long period of listening to phonographs I have never heard such evenly splendid response from a speaker-combination in this price class. In fact the best sound I heard at the Audio Fair—the truest, cleanest, richest sound, emanated from the Electro-Voice room. It was produced by tape on a Magnecorder leading into a McIntosh amplifier feeding an Electro-Voice-Klipsch four-way system in a Klipsch-licensed corner enclosure. It was marvelous, and obviously all components contributed to the marvel.

The Flewelling Audio System had excited a good deal of interest before the Fair and maintained it during the Fair's progress. I am unable to give a valid impression of its merits because I have none, Kostelanetz, Haymes, and "Tubby the Tuba" having shattered me with unbearable simultaneous sweetness near the FAS display. An audio system compounded of unorthodox elements and vigorously presented, like the Flewelling, is worth careful consideration and comparison.

Scores of accessory items shown are not mentioned here because their utility depends on the equipment associated with them: for example, the Pickering pre-amplifier and compensator are at their finest with Pickering cartridges although they are utilizable with others; the RCA 45-rpm changer is a good changer for 45-rpm records; 45-rpm records are good for short bits of music.

Anatole France considered music organized noise. The Audio Fair did not refute his judgment. Separately, some of the noises were wonderful.

—C. G. BURKE.

VOX PRODUCTIONS INC
LONG PLAYING RECORDS 33⅓ RPM Microgroove

FOR XMAS GIVING

From our December Releases

BEETHOVEN
SONATA No. 29, B Flat Major, Opus 106 "Hammerklavier"
Mieczyslaw Horszowski, *pianist*
PL 6750—1-12" record—$5.95

GLUCK
ORPHEUS & EURYDICE (abridged vocal score)
Alice Raveau, *contralto* — soloists, chorus and orchestra of the Paris Opera—Henri Tomasi, *conductor*
PTL 6780—1-12" record—$5.95

MOZART
CONCERTO FOR PIANO AND ORCHESTRA #17, G. Major (K.453)
Gaby Casadesus, *pianist*—Pro Musica Orchestra—Eugene Bigot, *conductor*
TWELVE MINUETS (K.176)
Vox Chamber Orchestra
Edvard Fendler, *conductor*
PL 6720—1-12" record—$5.95
MASONIC MUSIC (Complete)
Gérard Souzay, *baritone;* Hugues Cuenod, *tenor;* Hélène Salome, *pianist;* chorus; Pro Musica Orchestra;
J. V. Meyer, *conductor*
PL 6540—1-12" record—$5.95

PROKOFIEFF
PIANO CONCERTO #1, Opus 10
Andor Foldes, *pianist;* Lamoureux Orchestra;—J. Martinon, *conductor*
KODALY: DANCES OF MAROSSZEK
Andor Foldes, *pianist*
PL 6590—1-12" record—$5.95

From Previous Releases

BACH
ST. MATTHEW PASSION
DL 6070—4-12" records—$24.75
ST. JOHN PASSION
PL 6550—3-12" records—$18.80

BARTOK
RHAPSODY FOR PIANO AND ORCHESTRA—15 HUNGARIAN PEASANT SONGS SONATINA
PL 6410—1-12" record $5.95

BEETHOVEN
MASS IN C MAJOR, Opus 86
PL 6300—1-12" record $5.95

BERLIOZ:
HAROLD IN ITALY
G. Breitenbach, *violist*—Vienna Symphony Prof. R. Moralt, *conductor*
PNL 6700—1-12" record—$5.95

CHOPIN
PRELUDES
VL 6170—1-12" record—$4.85

HINDEMITH
REQUIEM (FOR THOSE WE LOVE)
PL 1760—2-10" records—$7.70

MOZART
PIANO CONCERTO #20, D Minor
PL 6290—1-12" record—$5.95

SCHUBERT
MASS IN E FLAT MAJOR
PL 1750—2-10" records—$7.70

For COMPLETE catalog ask your DEALER or write to

VOX PRODUCTIONS, INC.
236 W. 55th St., New York 19, N. Y.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CETRA-SORIA Long Playing Records

Coast-to-Coast Acclaim

"ELEKTRA"

Recorded in Florence at the XIII Maggio Musicale
under the direction of
DIMITRI MITROPOULOS

Album No. 1209.....$11.90

"A distinguished contribution to phonograph literature."
NEW YORK TIMES (Howard Taubman)

"A stunning achievement. The sound is overwhelming. Most remarkable, valuable album."
BOSTON HERALD (Rudolph Elie)

"Mitropoulos says: 'Elektra is the story of my people. It is in my blood.' This recording is mighty enough to stir yours."
SEATTLE POST-INTELLIGENCER

"A notable 'first'. Performance is possessed of an electric atmosphere and excitement."
DESERET NEWS, SALT LAKE CITY

"Memorable performance. Brilliantly projected." UNITED PRESS (Delos Smith)

"I can recommend without reservation 'Elektra'. The singing is exceptionally fine."
AKRON BEACON JOURNAL (Oscar Smith)

"For pure musical and dramatic excitement the Cetra-Soria recording of 'Elektra' stands in a foremost place in any recorded presentation of opera."
CHICAGO SUN-TIMES (Felix Borowski)

"Done with all its force and fury. Recording excellent." TIME Magazine

"It carries a terrific impact."
HARTFORD TIMES

"One would have thought that it couldn't be done. It seemed impossible that the raging fury of 'Elektra' could ever have been captured on records. Cetra-Soria nevertheless has come very close to accomplishing the impossible in its recording of the masterpiece. Mitropoulos heads a magnificent list of singers."
DETROIT FREE PRESS

"Musically volcanic album."
MADEMOISELLE (Leo Lerman)

"There is probably no more complex score in the whole literature of opera and its performance on these disks is an immense technical triumph for Mitropoulos."
SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE
(Alfred Frankenstein)

"Performance of herculean intensity. One can recapture the excitement of the audience that applauds so wildly at the end." JACKSONVILLE HERALD

"White-hot, overwhelming performance." OPERA NEWS (Stephen Fassett)

For Complete Catalogue write:
CETRA-SORIA RECORDS
38 West 48th St., New York 19

POP ROUNDUP

(*Continued from page 75*)

There's also a jam session of "Honeysuckle Rose" in which several distinguished guests participate—all recruited from the Count Basie and Duke Ellington bands. Included are tenorman Lester Young (whose solo is a high spot in the set), Johnny Hodges, Basie, and Buck Clayton.

Most of us can't tell the players without the program, and RECORDINGS editor Irving Kolodin, who annotated the original concert, has provided Columbia with a blow-by-blow description of the affair.

Show Stuff for Xmas

Columbia has landed the original cast for its recording of Cole Porter's score for OUT OF THIS WORLD, starring Charlotte Greenwood, Will Eythe, David Burns, and others. The twelve-inch LP, to be issued shortly after the New York opening on November 30, was not available for review at press time.

An especially pleasant surprise is offered in the same company's release of scores from two fabulous musicals of the Thirties—ANYTHING GOES and BANDWAGON—on ten-inch LP's. Both sets feature Mary Martin, who has never sounded better on records, and has never had better material to work with. Including the overtures and finales, all numbers are decked out in new arrangements by Ted Royal. As conducted here by Lehman Engel, they have the vitality, excitement, and luster of a first night, vintage 1950. ANYTHING GOES (COL ML-2159) includes such all-time Cole Porter favorites as "You're the Top," "I Get a Kick Out of You," "Blow, Gabriel, Blow," and the title song—six numbers in their entirety. BANDWAGON (COL ML-2160), the Howard Dietz-Arthur Schwartz score, includes the familiar "Dancing in the Dark" and "High and Low," along with such specialties as "I Love Louisa," "New Sun in the Sky," "Hoops," etc.

Folk Fare

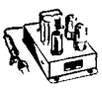
Burl Ives has returned to the type of material he familiarized—or vice versa—in his original "Wayfaring Stranger" album. The new set is MORE FOLK SONGS BY BURL IVES (COL CL-6144), including such choice Americana as "Lavender Cowboy," "Old Blue," "Green Broom," and "High Barbaree." In most he is accompanied by guitar alone. Children will like most of these, too.

—BILL SIMON.

a message to music lovers and record playing enthusiasts!

Your records, (LP's or Standard) need not produce fuzzy, noisy, distorted music. Inherent in their sound grooves is fine musical realism of concert hall quality that can be recreated by record players equipped with fine audio components: pickup, arm, compensator, preamplifier, etc. Such components by Pickering are the finest available: the choice of engineers, leading record critics, music lovers and specialists in the production of custom record playing systems.

Pickering High Fidelity Components are available through leading jobbers and distributors everywhere; detailed literature will be sent upon request.

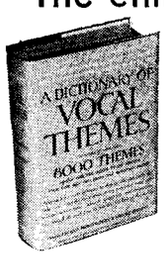


Pickering & Co., Inc. Oceanside, N.Y.

For the utmost in quality specify Pickering Audio Components!

NOW—FOR THE FIRST TIME

The entire body of music for the voice in one ready-reference volume



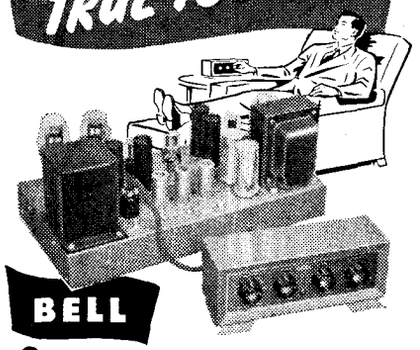
A DICTIONARY OF VOCAL THEMES

• This revolutionary new musical dictionary contains the 8,000 most important themes in vocal music, makes it possible for you to find the exact music, title and composer in less than a minute. Contains complete music of every theme, the words, and all pertinent information. Lists all themes alphabetically under composers. Index of Titles and First Lines. The unique Notation Index makes it possible to identify instantly any important vocal composition ever written, even though the only clue is a few bars of the melody. *Compiled by HAROLD BARLOW and SAM MORGENSTERN.* A companion volume to A DICTIONARY OF MUSICAL THEMES. *Only $5*

Order from CROWN PUBLISHERS, Dept. D-4, 419 4th Ave., N.Y. 16. Save postage by remitting now. Refund in 10 days if not completely satisfied.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Relax and enjoy listening that's
TRUE TO LIFE!



Custom HIGH FIDELITY AMPLIFIER
with Remote Control

Keep your seat for *amazingly selective* control of broadcast, telecast, or recorded sound with the Bell 2145! Its small, signal-type *remote control* unit, console or table mounted by your easy chair, lets you switch to and from phono (all types of domestic and foreign records) and AM-FM radio (or TV), also adjust tone and volume. The master amplifier, tucked out of sight, connects to built-in or custom music system, phono, radio, or TV set. Assures clear, *natural* reception. Modestly priced.

Write for folder.

BELL SOUND SYSTEMS
BELL Sound Systems, Inc.
562 Marion Rd., Columbus 7, Ohio
Specialists in home music system components

YOU HAVE NEVER HEARD
a "live" orchestra in your living room

Unless you have listened to a
Childs Handmade-to-Order Sound System.

For an eye-opening demonstration
WITHOUT OBLIGATION
WITHOUT SALESTALK—phone
Ulric J. Childs, *Audio Engineer*
TRafalgar 9-8290
1601 First Ave., (cor. 83rd St.) N.Y. 28, N.Y.

Now in its 17th Year
The AMERICAN RECORD GUIDE
America's Only Exclusive RECORD MAGAZINE
The ideal Christmas Gift
for your music loving friends
Introductory Subscription Offer—5 mos. $1.00
(Our regular rate is $3.00 annually)
The true record consumers magazine with widest coverage of monthly classical releases, importations, technical articles, collectors items, etc. The record buyers freest agent with no advertisers coaching from the sidelines.
The American Record Guide
115 Reed Ave. Pelham 65, N. Y.

WCFM RECORDING CORP.
1120 Connecticut Ave.
Washington 6, D.C.
CHARLES IVES— THIRD SYMPHONY (Pulitzer Prize, 1947) WCFM—LP-1, 1—12" LP
HANDEL— THE CELEBRATED WATER MUSICK COMPLEAT (20 Movements) WCFM—LP-2, 1—12" LP
The National Gallery Orchestra
RICHARD BALES, Conductor
Available at all fine record shops. $5.95 each

ILL MET

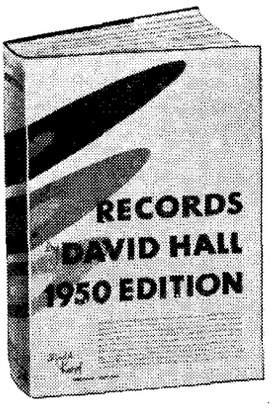
(*Continued from page 58*)

ointment of small public subscriptions. But if the problem is one of raising half a million dollars, certainly a concerted effort should be organized to do the necessary bigger job, to stabilize this situation for a quarter century or so.

I was long an advocate of sell it off, tear it down, move away—in short, the "dynamite it" school. But the heavy cost of relocation plus the extended interruption of schedule thus involved bend one strongly to the renovation school. In this scheme the area from the proscenium back to Seventh Avenue would be shorn off, and two towers would rise beside the stage to house all of any season's scenic requirements, dressing rooms that are not the insults to an artist that the present ones are, adequate rehearsal facilities, and rent-bearing space that would contribute to meeting operational overhead. It would provide the sorely needed mechanical facilities and a stage where only useful work would be paid for. If the New York restriction against building over a stage area were rescinded—as it almost was a year or so ago—much more lateral space would be available without going so high. With this would go a certain amount of revamping of the auditorium to eliminate the orchestra circle and add more chairs on this floor, also elimination of all boxes on the Grand Tier floor. Air conditioning, of course, would be a must, for a ten or eleven months' season (opera, ballet, operetta, etc.) in such a refurbished plant would be the essence of successful operation. Conceivably, this plan could be executed in about nine months. That is, work could begin in April and the job be completed —with luck—by the first of the next year. If the company spent November and December touring—as has happened in other days—the twenty-week season could be arranged from January through May.

Aside from money—that horrid tangible—execution of the plan calls for initiative, daring, and a good deal of reckless courage, for there is always the chance that, at the end, somebody influential would say he liked it better the other way. However, can we continue to afford to like it at something like $300,000 a year? In the words of the celebrated advertisement: "Eventually, why not now?"

A new edition of Irving Kolodin's "The Metropolitan Opera" will be published in 1951 *by Alfred A. Knopf.*



The most valuable and up-to-date guide to fine music on records

RECORDS: 1950
by DAVID HALL
author of *The Record Book*

Mr. Hall lists, alphabetically by composer, every classical recording (33⅓, 45, and 78 RPM) issued in this country from the end of 1947 to the middle of 1950 —plus a large selection of the most important foreign recordings pressed in that period—giving record or album numbers and manufacturers' names throughout.

Each recording is criticized for performance and technical quality; different recordings, new and old, of the same work are compared. There are suggestions for the care and storage of records as well as for the best method of building a record library; available sets and cabinets are discussed and compared.

USE THE COUPON BELOW
TO ORDER YOUR COPY TODAY

ALFRED A. KNOPF, Inc.
501 Madison Ave., New York 22, N.Y.
Please send me RECORDS: 1950 to examine free for one week. At the end of that time I will remit $5.00 plus postage charges. Otherwise I will return the book within seven days and without obligation.

Name_____
Address_____
City & State_____

SAVE! ☐ Check here if you enclose $5.00 and book will be sent you postpaid. In this case you reserve the right to return the book within seven days for full refund.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ARROW

spotlights ...the NEW portable

Brush SOUNDMIRROR

. . . . the most advanced of all tape recorders

The new SOUNDMIRROR has everything . . . Hi-fidelity PERFORMANCE, simple OPERATION, fine CONSTRUCTION! For performance and beauty THERE IS NONE FINER!

For specifications, SEND for FREE LITERATURE or stop in for a DEMONSTRATION!

ARROW features the world's OUTSTANDING HI-FIDELITY SOUND EQUIPMENT! Send for our FREE CATALOGUE #SR11.

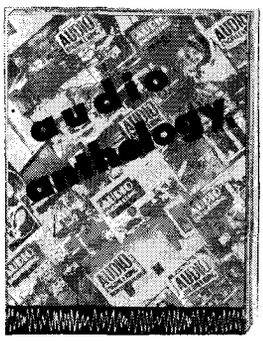
Beauty in Sound

ARROW ELECTRONICS

82 CORTLANDT ST., NEW YORK 7, N. Y.

HIGH FIDELITY SYSTEMS

Authoritative reference on amplifiers and loudspeaker cabinets for best record reproduction in the home. Read it and assemble or build your own equipment.



37 important articles from AUDIO ENGINEERING, reprinted in one handy volume. Get concert hall realism — Audio Anthology tells you how!

Paper Cover $2.00
Board Cover $3.00

SUBSCRIBE to AUDIO ENGINEERING — *the magazine* for those who want the finest in home radio and phonograph equipment.

9-month trial subscription $2.00

RADIO MAGAZINES, INC., Dept. LE
342 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

DIAMOND NEEDLES $9.75 POST PAID

Save money—save your records—let us re-tip your present replaceable stylus assembly with a diamond.

Buy diamond styli direct from the largest manufacturer. Send us your replaceable needle assembly and we will replace the worn sapphire tip with diamond. Available for LP or 78 R.P.M. records. Mail check or money order to:

The TRANSCRIBER CO.
Diamond Stylus Engineers-Designers-Manufacturers
172 Green St., Boston 30, Mass.

• Price subject to change without notice

GOOD NEWS FOR MUSIC LOVERS

Pocket-sized, **Low-Priced** Editions

BACH: 3 Cello Sonatas, 7 Flute Sonatas .98
BEETHOVEN: All Violin Son. in 2 vols., ea. .98

WRITE FOR FREE CATALOG & MANY OTHERS

Order From your Dealer, or Direct From

LEA POCKET SCORES Dept. A, Box 138 New York 32, N.Y.

REVIEWS

(*Continued from page 77*)

matter of detail and much more a matter of emotion. Consequently, it seems to me unwarranted to multiply sonorities, thus obscuring detail, and to pile on personnel, thus limiting personal participation, for the sake of the posturing "poetry" of an Ormandy or a Golschmann. I find the individual expressiveness of Felix Slatkin, first violin, or Paul Robyn, viola, or Eleanor Aller, cello, much more to my taste.

The present Capitol issue profits particularly from an expressive commentary by the man most qualified to write it—that is to say, Schönberg himself. How much the excellence of the performance itself owes to the "personal supervision" of the composer—as credited on the envelope—is hard to say, but it is in any case remarkably fine. I note further the closing adjuration of Schönberg's commentary: "It should not be forgotten that this work, at its first performance in Vienna, was hissed and caused riots and fist fights." Is this an "Apologia pro vita sua" on behalf of the later works which, unlike this one, did not "very soon . . . become very successful"? Whether or not, we shall heed the warning. The reproduction is fine. —IRVING KOLODIN.

The Bach Guild

December Release

BG 504 JOHANN CHRISTIAN BACH
Sinfonia Concertante for two violins, oboe and orchestra

CARL PHILIPP EMANUEL BACH
Symphony No. 3 in C
Symphony No. 1 in D

VIENNA SYMPHONY — Dr. Felix Guenther, conductor

CHRISTMAS GIFTS OF DISTINCTION

"The five Cantatas . . . completely justified the care and planning which had gone into their making. Here is Bach at his best, with voices, chorus, orchestra and soloists sounding the glory of God with majestic music."
Newsweek, Sept. 25

BG 501 CANTATA NO. 21
BG 502 CANTATAS NO. 34 and 56
BG 503 CANTATAS NO. 46 and 104

VIENNA SYMPHONY AND VIENNA CHAMBER CHOIR with Soloists, Jonathan Sternberg, conductor

Premier Vanguard Releases

VRS 412 GUSTAV MAHLER
Das Knaben Wunderhorn Lorna Sydney, Alto and Vienna State Opera Orchestra

VRS 411 ROBERT SCHUMANN
Liederkreis, Op. 39 (complete in German)

JOHANNES BRAHMS
Two songs for alto, viola and piano, Op. 91 Sung by Lorna Sydney, contralto

12" LP RECORDS — $5.95 EACH

For a complete catalog of releases write
VANGUARD RECORDING SOCIETY, INC.
Dept. S-11, 799 Broadway, New York City

RECORD MART

RECORD MART is designed to provide a bulletin board on which may be posted buyers' or sellers' notice of anything odd, unusual, rare, or out of print on discs or the accessories thereto. Individuals as well as dealers may submit their offerings of duplicated discs, rare labels, old acoustics, society sets, private issues, or withdrawn items, albums, needles, record brushes, or the like. Rate: 30¢ per word; 10-word minimum. Count two extra words for box and number. Full payment must be received fifteen days before publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers and submit postage bills periodically. Mail to be called for at this office will be held thirty days only. Address: RECORD MART, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45 Street, New York 19, N. Y.

RECORDS . . . BARGAINS . . . 75 operas, all Wagner, Mozart, Mefistofele, Louise, Manon, etc. 17,000 records, imported and domestic, pre-war, symphonies, concertos, orchestral and many thousand singles, vocals, operatic and instrumentals. Wolff Society 1-6; Haydn Society 1-8. Box 234, NYC 16. MUrray Hill 3-5298.

LEARN TO PLAY PIANO! Stress on music theory and aesthetics. Adults and children. Box 217-E.

LP RECORDS—write for free catalogue, HERALD NON-BREAKABLE Record Co., 6722 Sprague St., Philadelphia 19, Pa.

78's ARE STILL GREAT! Send for our HUGE fall catalogue of rare albums, singles, imports, vocal rarities, etc. HOUSE OF SOUND, 1812 El Camino Real, Redwood City, Calif.

RARE CUT-OUT RECORD search service. Send want list. No obligation. PHONOGRAPH RECORD RESEARCH, P. O. Box 160, Wall St., Sta. NYC 5.

MONTHLY SALE of rare vocal and instrumental records. Early Victor, Columbia, G.&T., Fonotipia, Odeon, etc. Write for list. Collections bought. DARTON RECORD LIBRARY, 160 West 56 St., NYC 19.

RARE EUROPEAN RECORDS. Society sets, deleted orchestral, instrumental, chamber music, rarities, European LP, Microsillon, V.M. Vocal collectors' items, Diction, etc. Also sheet music, Books, Catalogues, etc. Airmail genuine detailed enquiries to: John G. Kolben, 5, Square Perronet, Neuilly, Paris, France.

FREE CATALOGUE Long Playing records, 53 makes—45 or 33-1/3 (specify). Write to: MODERN RECORDS, 326 Park Row Bldg., NYC 7, Dept. R.

RARE DISCS lists. Bought, sold. E. Hirschmann, 100 Duncan Ave., Jersey City, N. J.

DETROIT AND MICHIGAN record collectors. For the most complete classical library in the area visit CAMPUS RECORD SHOP'S new downtown store at 116 West Fort St. WO 2-6556, west of City Hall. Large selection of LP records. Also 78 RPM imports. We mail anywhere. Uptown: 6314 West McNichols at Livernois, UN 3-0900. Open evenings.

FREE—Complete LP catalogue sent on request—Prices on all classical records. We pay postage anywhere in U. S. RECORDS BY MAIL, Box 900-H.

GREAT SINGERS' records available. Write or visit RECORD COLLECTORS' SERVICE, 502 East 88 St., NYC 28. REgent 7-7611.

The finest DIAMOND styli made. $15.50 for replacement of sapphire tips, $16.50 metal tips. *Unconditionally guaranteed.* TELEVEX, 474 West 238 St., NYC 63.

RECORD CLEARANCE SALE 59¢. Imports, cut-outs, 98¢. CLASSICAL RECORD SHOP. 825 Seventh Ave., NYC.

YOUR DELETED FOREIGN RECORD requirements cheaper when bought from Europe. Send for regular lists of collectors' items, containing records by Golden Age and other famous singers. Large selection hard-to-get orchestral, instrumental items, cut-outs of famous film stars, musical comedy artists; *light orchestral lists also available. Safe, sure* delivery to all parts U.S. and Canada. ROSS COURT & CO., 92 Trafalgar St., Brighton, Sussex, England.

PRINTED BY
BLANCHARD PRESS
NEW YORK

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED